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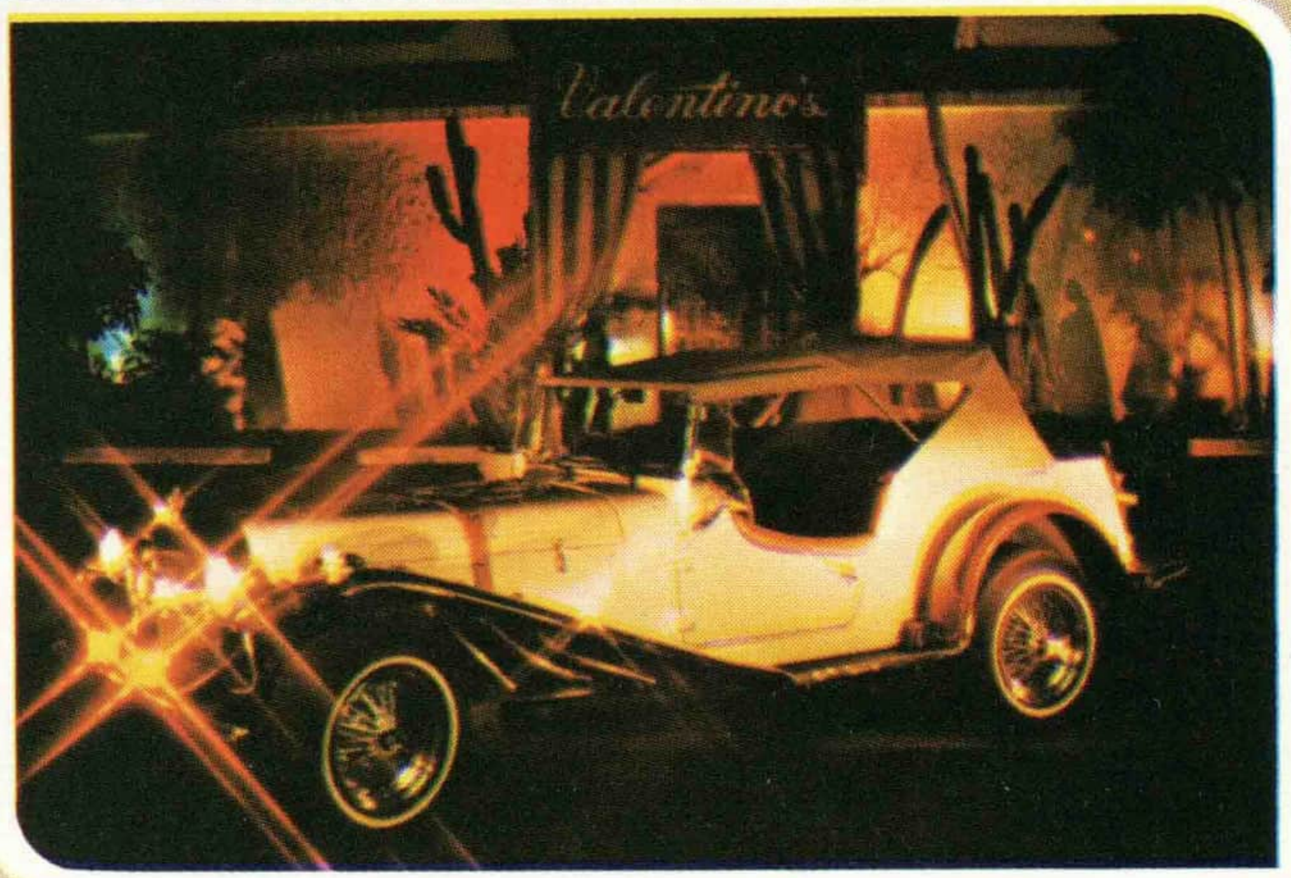

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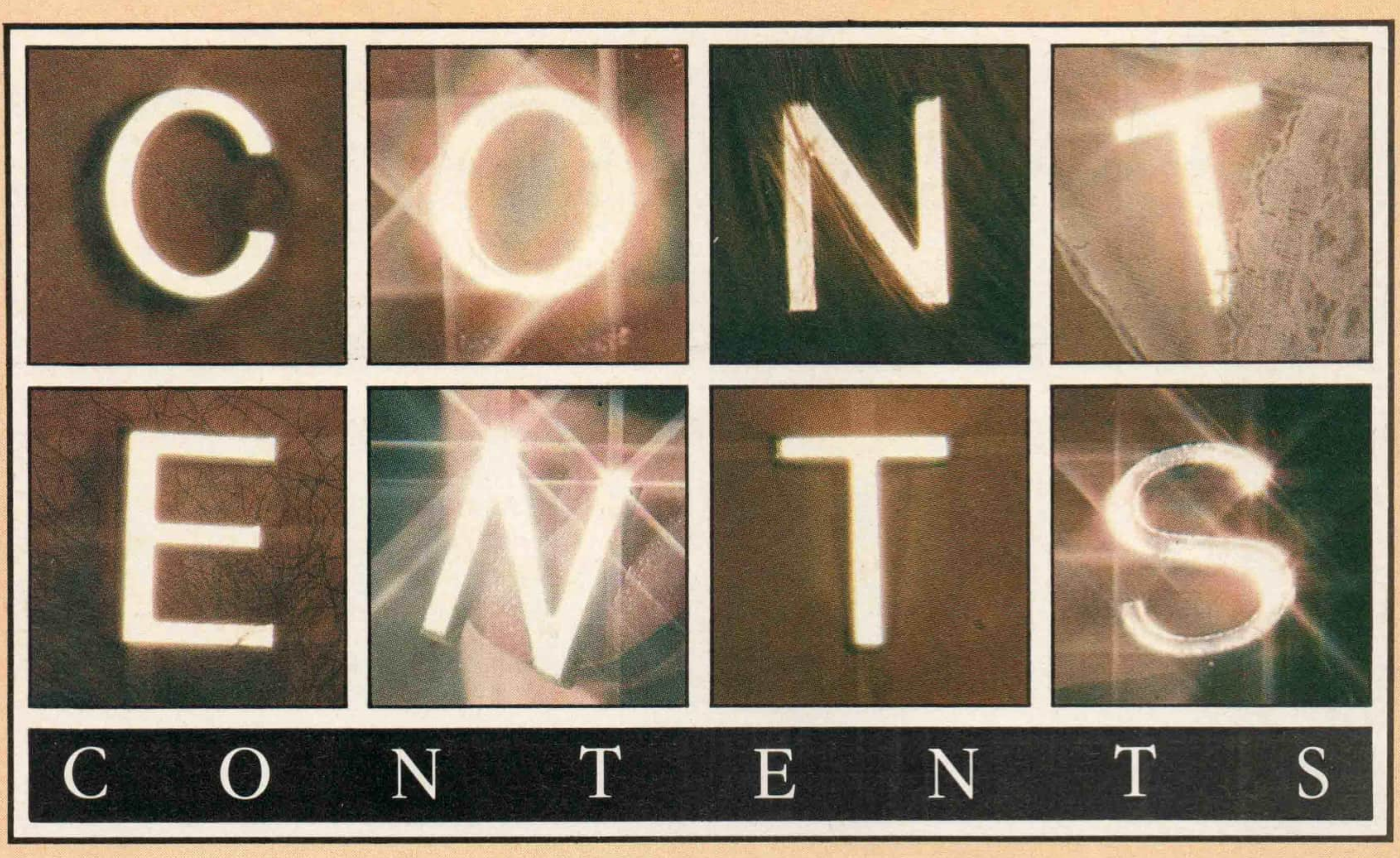

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Beware of cheap imitations! As the owner of the world's longest, genuine dong, I was much amused by the appearance, in a rival magazine, of a guy called Chocolate Thunder! My dong is, and always has been, available for a medical close-up, as shown in our large, blowup pictures of my ebony weapon. Apparently Chocolate Thunder's is not. Why? Frightened it might MELT, Chocolate good buddy? *Long Dong Silver*♣

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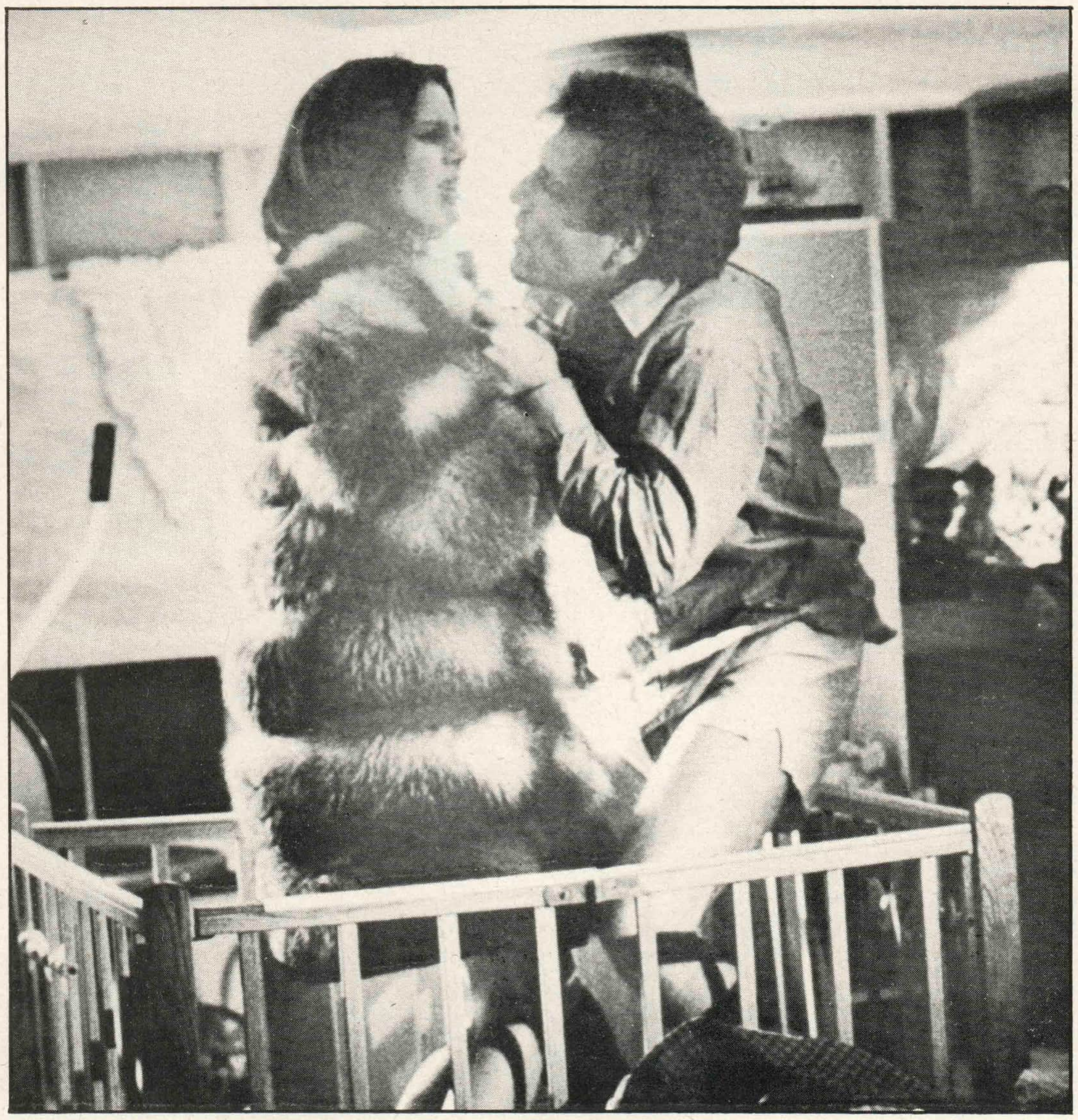
# Celebrity Sleeping Partners

*Sherring Lansing and George Segal in* Loving.

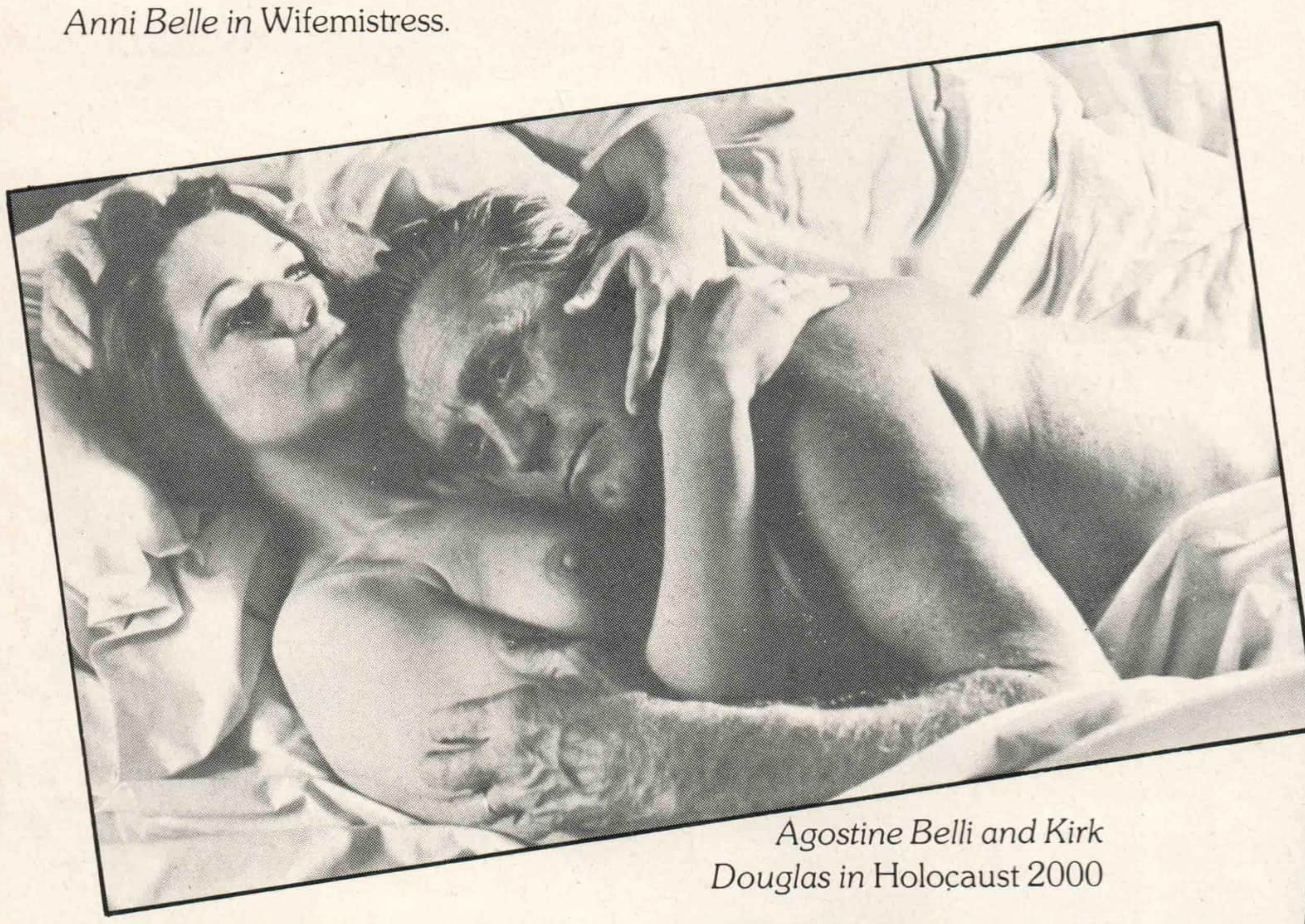


*Angie Dickinson and Burt Reynolds in* Sam Whisky.

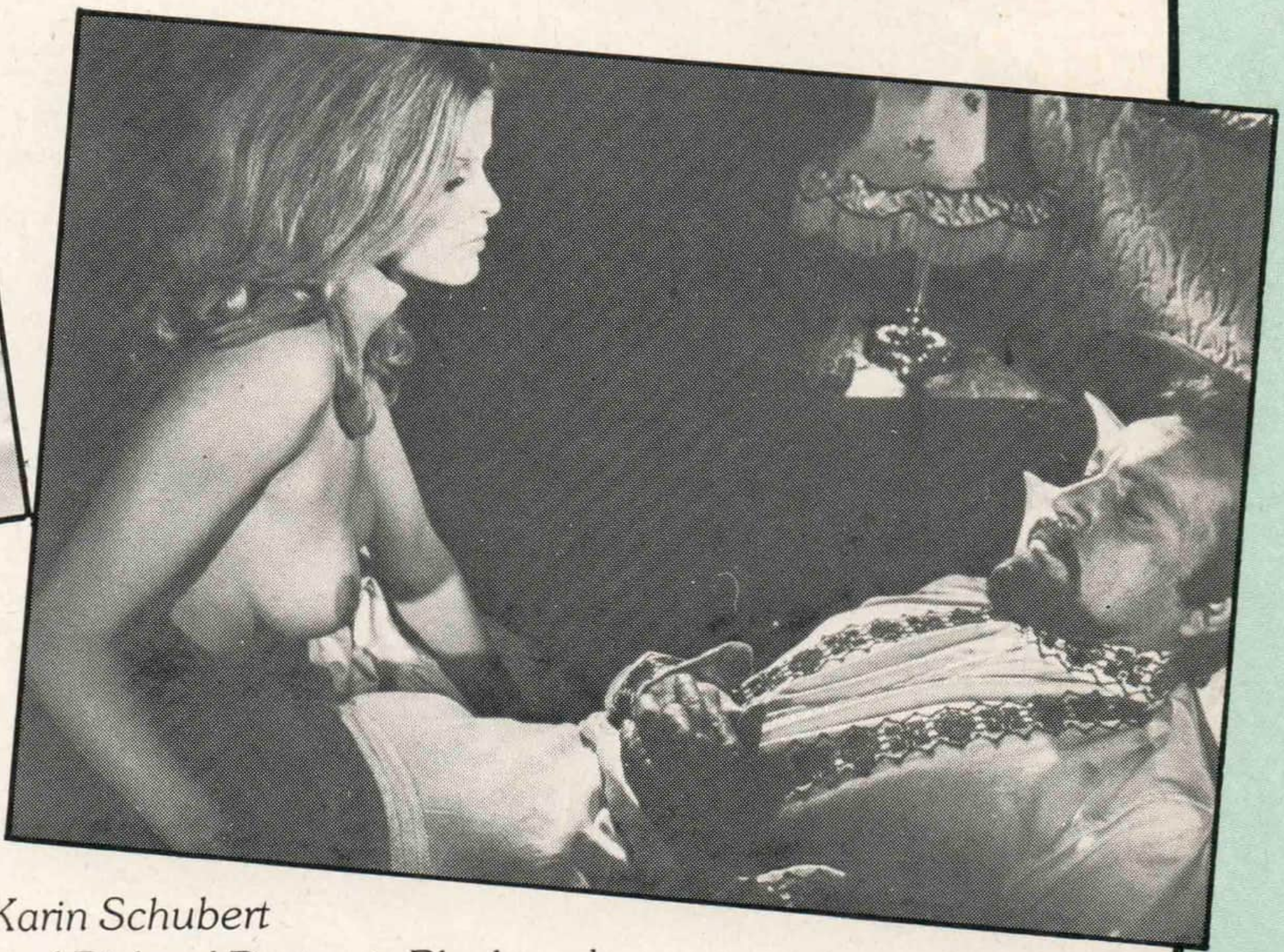
*Kris Kristofferson and Isela Vega in* Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia.

*Anni Belle in* Wifemistress.

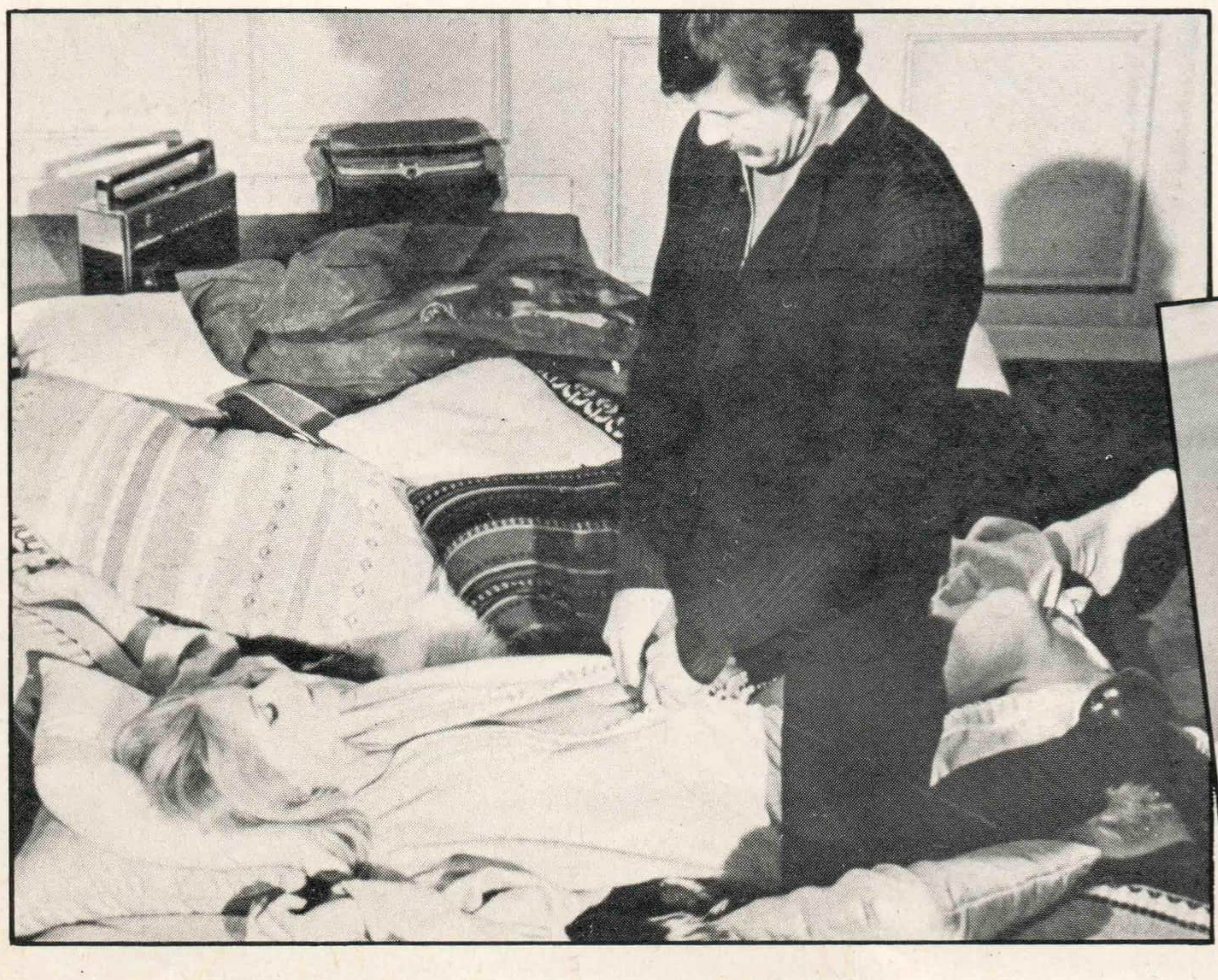
*Sally Kirkland in* Futz.



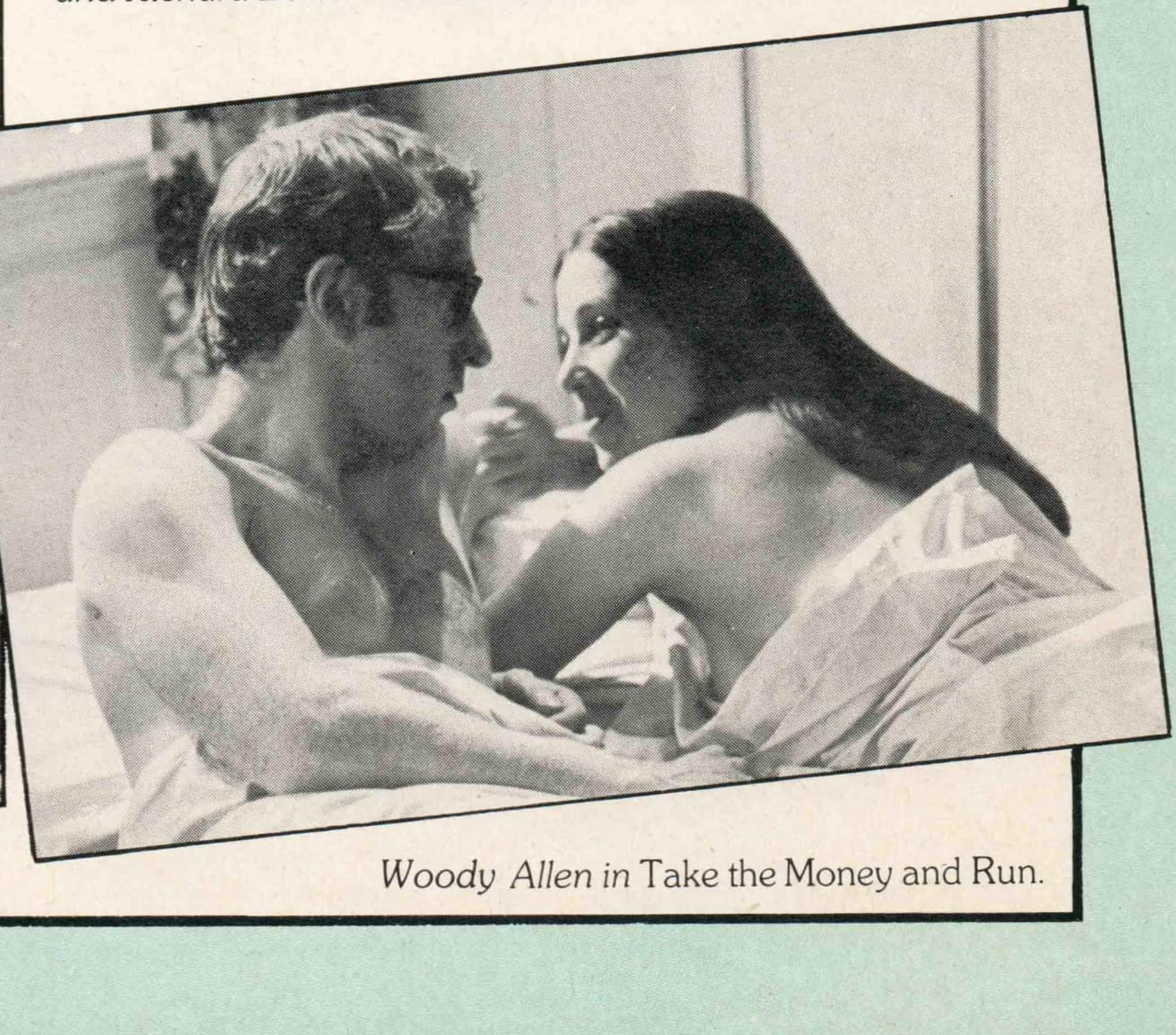
*Agostine Belli and Kirk Douglas in* Holocaust 2000



*Karin Schubert and Richard Burton in* Bluebeard.



*Jill Ireland and Charles Bronson in* Violent City.



*Woody Allen in* Take the Money and Run.

RON McTRUSTY

# THE ZOO TRIP

BY JOE SMOKE WITH ILLUSTRATION BY RON McTRUSTY

**This story defies description. It's author, Joe Smoke (a pen name to protect the rest of his career) has a strange way of seeing life which will soon become apparent to you. What is all important is that you consume this bizarre tale in order to realize how lucky you are to be sane.**

RON McTRUSTY

Well, it's the middle of summer in London, England, and I've seen enough dog shit, transsexual street creeps, urine scented telephone booths, and scarey, desperate junkies to last me for my next dozen reincarnations. It's as hot as vegetable oil, there is a pall of pollution hanging in the air, old people are toppling over like ninepins, and life in general is pretty depressing. Everybody I know with any sense has split for the country, or wandered abroad to drink too much wine and have fun, in order to escape from this city – and this has left me without any customers. Not that this matters, since I sold my last ounce of Moroccan two weeks ago, and we are in the middle of the annual grass drought. Tricia Toke says the Dutch traffickers are purposely holding up shipments in order to make a big killing in the winter, after the new narcotics laws drive the price up. Which will be cool in December but sucks now, since I have nothing to sell. Furthermore, even *my* personal stash is becoming demolished, and it will be difficult at this stage of my life to return to alcohol since I can no longer take the hangovers. So I am hanging out in my apartment tonight, crouched by the fan and trying to follow the plot intricacies of the great Starsky and Hutch free-for-all when my phone rings, and who should it be but Cocaine Katie.

"Are you busy, Nathan?" she asks.

"I have been busier," I say.

"Good," Cocaine Kate says. "I'll pick you up in half an hour. We are going to Jamaica to score some weed."

"What? You mean you want to drive to Brixton on a night as hot as this to –"

"I mean, we are flying on a plane to the island of Jamaica, crumb," says Cocaine Katie. "So get it together." And she hangs up.

Well, all things considered, this sounds like a pretty good proposition. With London in its present condition, I would rather be on the *Isle of Wight,* than here. And with Cocaine Katie, I could undoubtedly handle anything! If there is one woman I always wish to ball with, more than all the other women I wish to ball with, it is Katie. Not only will she make your groin bug out and give your eyes a hard-on, she is also one of the slickest dealers I know, and she has a beautiful head besides. In short, I think of her as a heavenly lady. But although we have had sporadic dealings during the first three years since she first blew in from New York, we've never gotten around to balling. Not that I haven't made a few stabs in that direction, but it always seem to be the right time at the wrong place, or something like that. But if Cocaine Katie wishes me to accompany her to a faraway Caribbean island, our time may well have come.

Greatly excited, I throw a few things in my pack, roll some long joints for the flight, and, when my doorbell rings, go trundling downstairs. There Katie sits in a cab, looking fantastic.

She gives me a big hello and a hug, and lays quite a smooch on me. In fact, it is as steamy and delicious a kiss as I've ever scored from Katie, and somewhere in my lower trunk something is saying, "Hey, hey, hey!"

Some long hours later we are walking down the ramp from our plane into Montego Bay, where a warm, sweet breeze is hitting me in the face, and even in the glare of the airport lights you can see about four zillion stars in the sky. At this point I realize that this Jamaica is a very far out place. Until tonight the only islands I had visited are the Seychelles and the Isle of Wight, and those islands aren't like this one at all. Soon we are in the terminal, where Katie goes off to rent us a car, then we drive through the velvet night to the western tip of the island, where there is a place called Nagril.

All this name suggests to me is, perhaps, a school for African interrogators. But no, what is there is a bay and a boat onto which a thousand kilos of Prime Jamaican reefer, called Kingsbread, is being loaded. In fact, it is this very loading operation that Katie has been sent to oversee, and so, for an hour or two, I stand around, freaking out on the stars and the palm trees while Katie checks the goods and haggles with these very weird Jamaican dudes over how much money they get now, how much later, and other related matters. From time to time one of these native dudes, who are some sort of freak-mystics called *rastas,* who have long, snake-coiled hair and look about as heavy as it's possible to look, comes over and offers me a few blows from his *sklif,* which is the way these guys smoke reefers. A sklif is a piece of newspaper wrapped into a large cone around what seems to be a whole ounce of good shit, and I take a few hits off one of these mothers every time it comes by. Presently I am getting exceedingly out of my skull, and the night is looking better all the time.

Finally Katie and the head native dude come to some kind of agreement. They smile and clasp palms, and Katie hands him an envelope. Half the rastas melt into the jungle that lines the beach we are on, and the other half wade out to the boat. Soon the only ones left are Katie, the moon, and I.

"Well, Nathan baby," she says, coming over and taking my arm, "That makes me a couple of grand richer and gets you two free kilos when we get home."

"Really?" This is the first time I've ever heard of any free kilos.

"Now, man," she says, "I have an idea. It so happens that I am carrying with me some extraordinarily high-grade cocaine, and, frankly, I have always wanted to get it on with you, so what do you say? Why don't we drop some of this stuff and fuck our brains out?"

As you can imagine, this sounds like a pretty good scenario to me. So I smile, she lights up the snow on a silver spoon, we snort the magic snuff, and then we lie down on the beach with our packs as pillows. The stars fall down out of the sky while we talk of this and that. Soon I'm getting fantastic rushes, and the stars are beginning to strobe and dance. I get the picture that Katie's coke is as good as her smoke, and everything else she has.

I roll over to grab her just in time to see her stepping out of her jeans. There I am, face to face with this exquisite, chestnut bush, and *it's* strobing and dancing. Then Katie is gliding whitely away from me toward the water. Never one to oppose an idea whose time has come, I quickly strip down and join her. Holding hands like a couple of people in a love comic, we stand chest deep in water that is so warm and gentle that it seems to be kissing you all over. Then Katie turns to face me and, in a little leap, wraps her lovely legs around my waist. As sweet Katie tightens her arms around my neck, and crushes her lips against me, there

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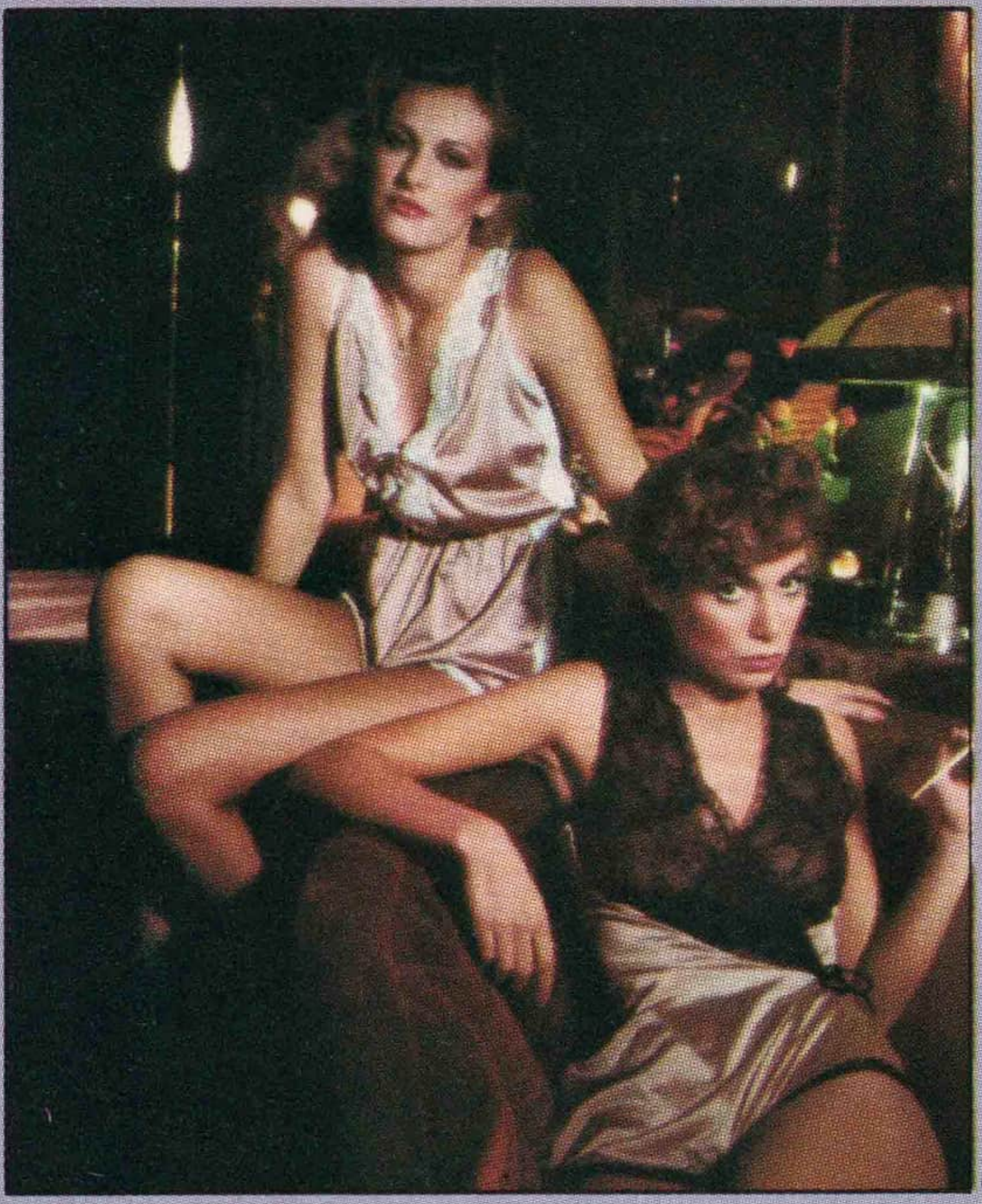
*continued on page 22*

# Night Secrets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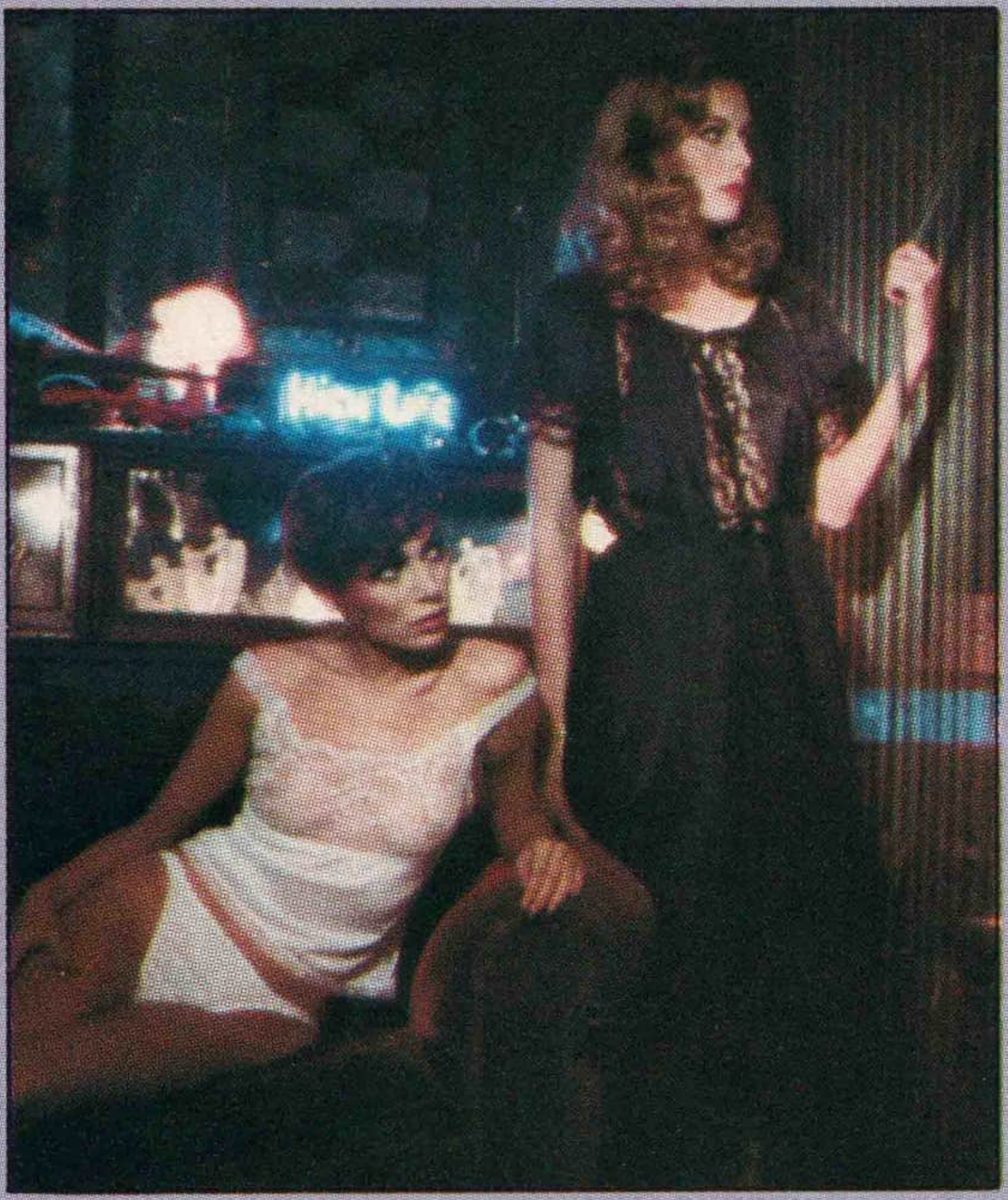
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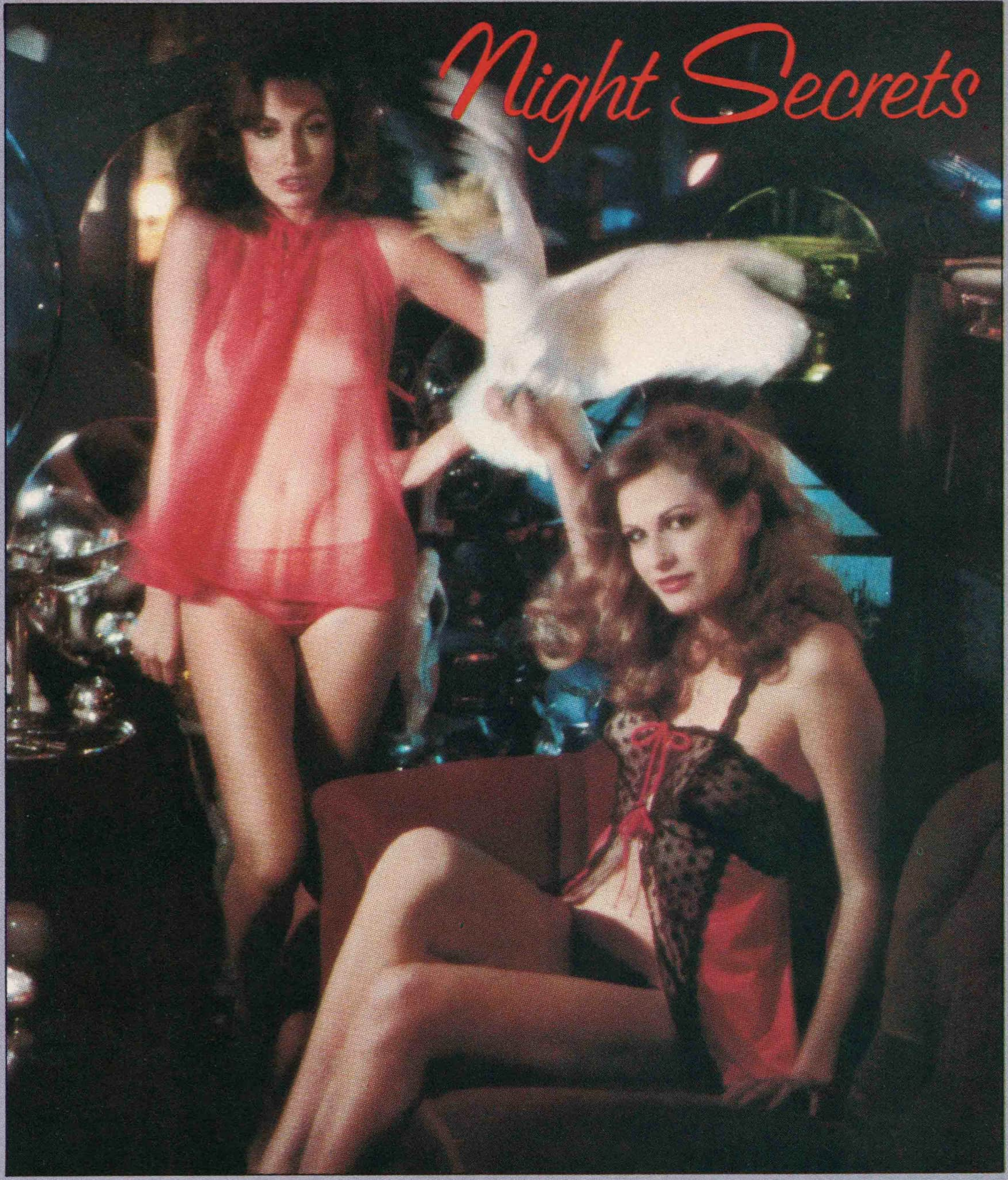
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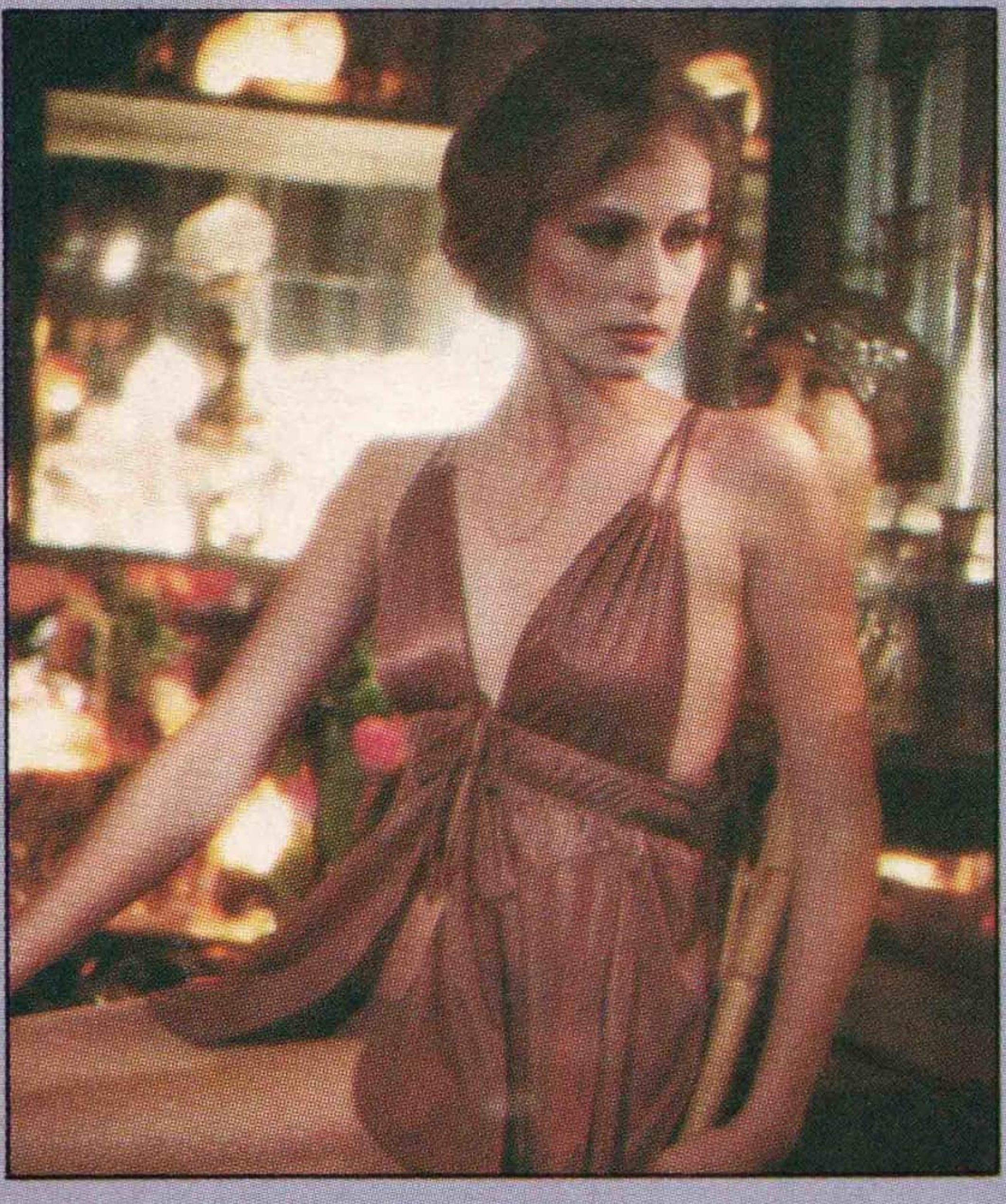
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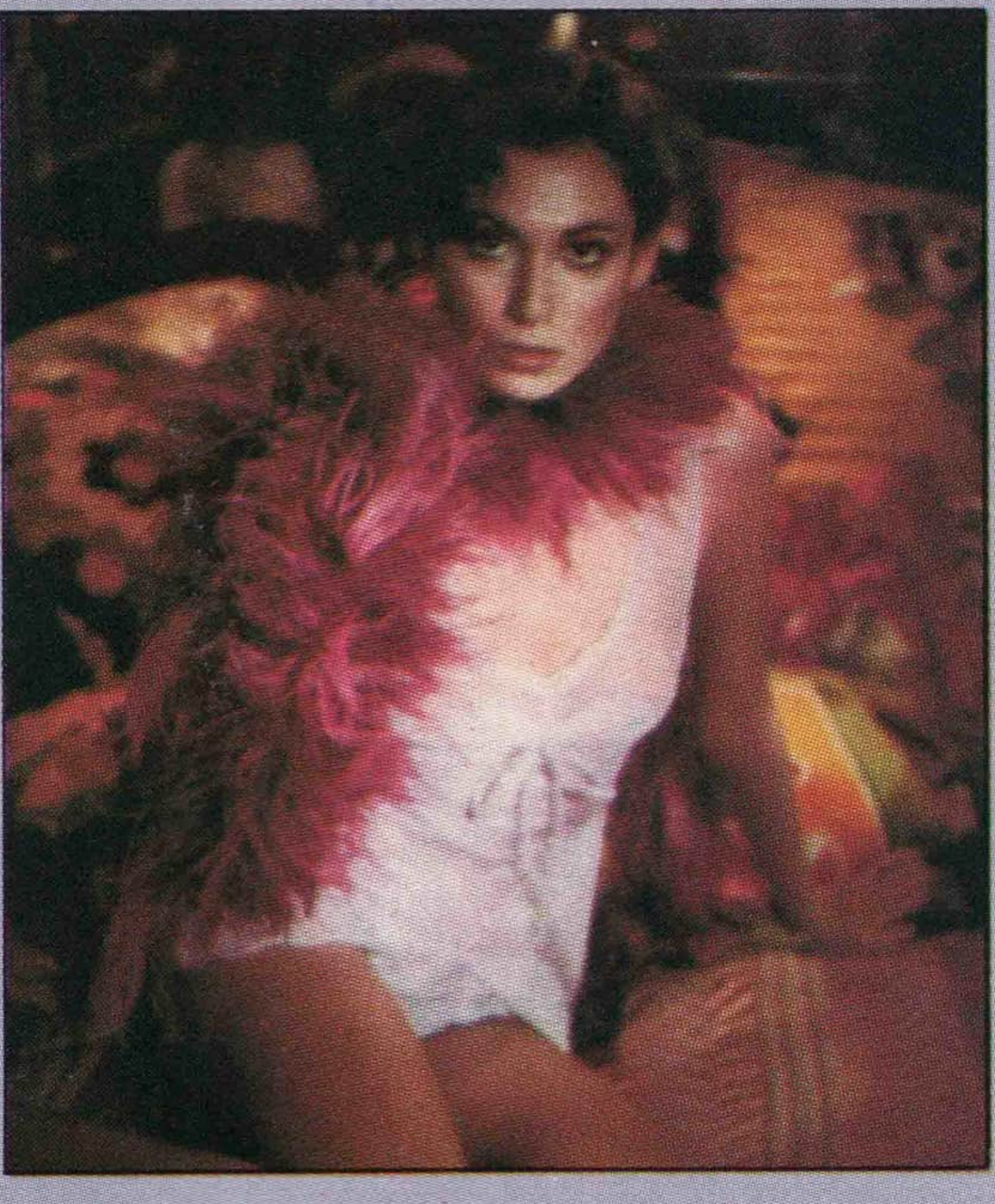
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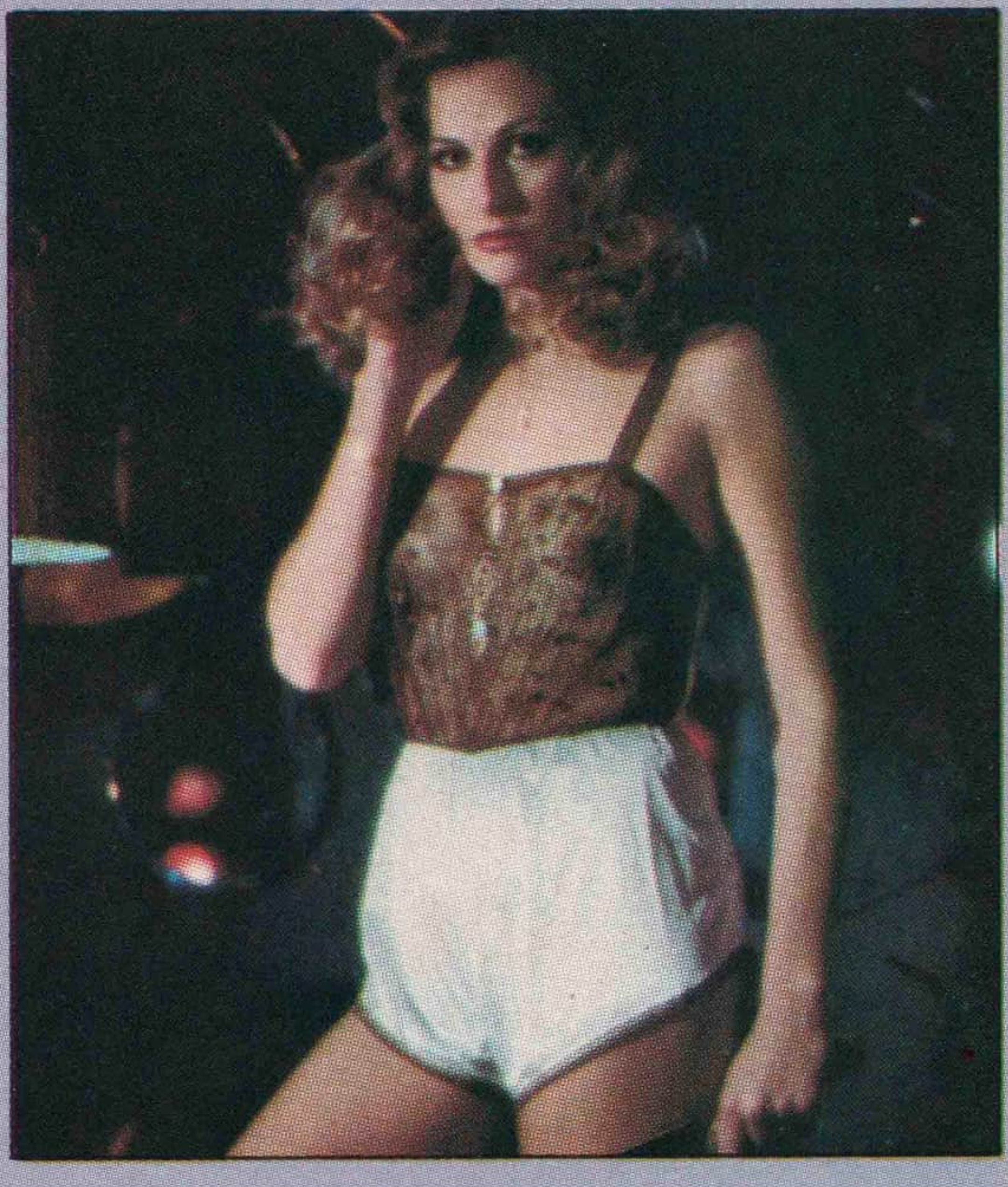
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# The Party

### BY SYLVESTER PETERS
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"Just another quickie," said Gloria, "and I'll be off."

Derek, who had already performed three times that morning, was in no mood for a "quickie," but as Gloria's occasional tips were his only source of income apart from Social Security, he thought of the blonde girl downstairs doing the dishes wearing nothing but an apron and a pair of slippers and he felt himself rising again.

Gloria was already in her favorite position, her knees on the edge of the bed, her palms on the floor, her ass raised. He entered her and she started moaning, but she sounded remote, preoccupied. The bitch was mentally chopping off some one's head to add to her pleasure. This worried Derek, who had an uneasy suspicion that his own head was high on Gloria's Mischief List. In order to prevent his erection from collapsing he had to imagine his downstairs neighbor inserting a hand under her apron and fondling her lips. But the creature was getting ready to come. Her grip was tightening and her waist and cheeks were sweaty. She gave a final gasp, and with a backward motion of her feet kicked herself free without waiting for Derek.

"Was it your husband?"

"What do you mean?"

"Who were you castrating this time?"

Gloria patted Derek's face. "Now, now. Stop pretending that I am a monster. I am just throwing a hen party this afternoon, and naturally my mind is a bit busy with that." Her fingers encircled his still upright prick. "What a lovely instrument! Such a pity you couldn't come, really. The pussy at No. 6 must be ever so disappointed. Still, you get paid well."

"If you think I am interested in anybody else you must be crazy," protested Derek. "And it isn't the money; you know it isn't the money, darling."

"Well, well, have it your own way. As long as you stand and service I couldn't care less."

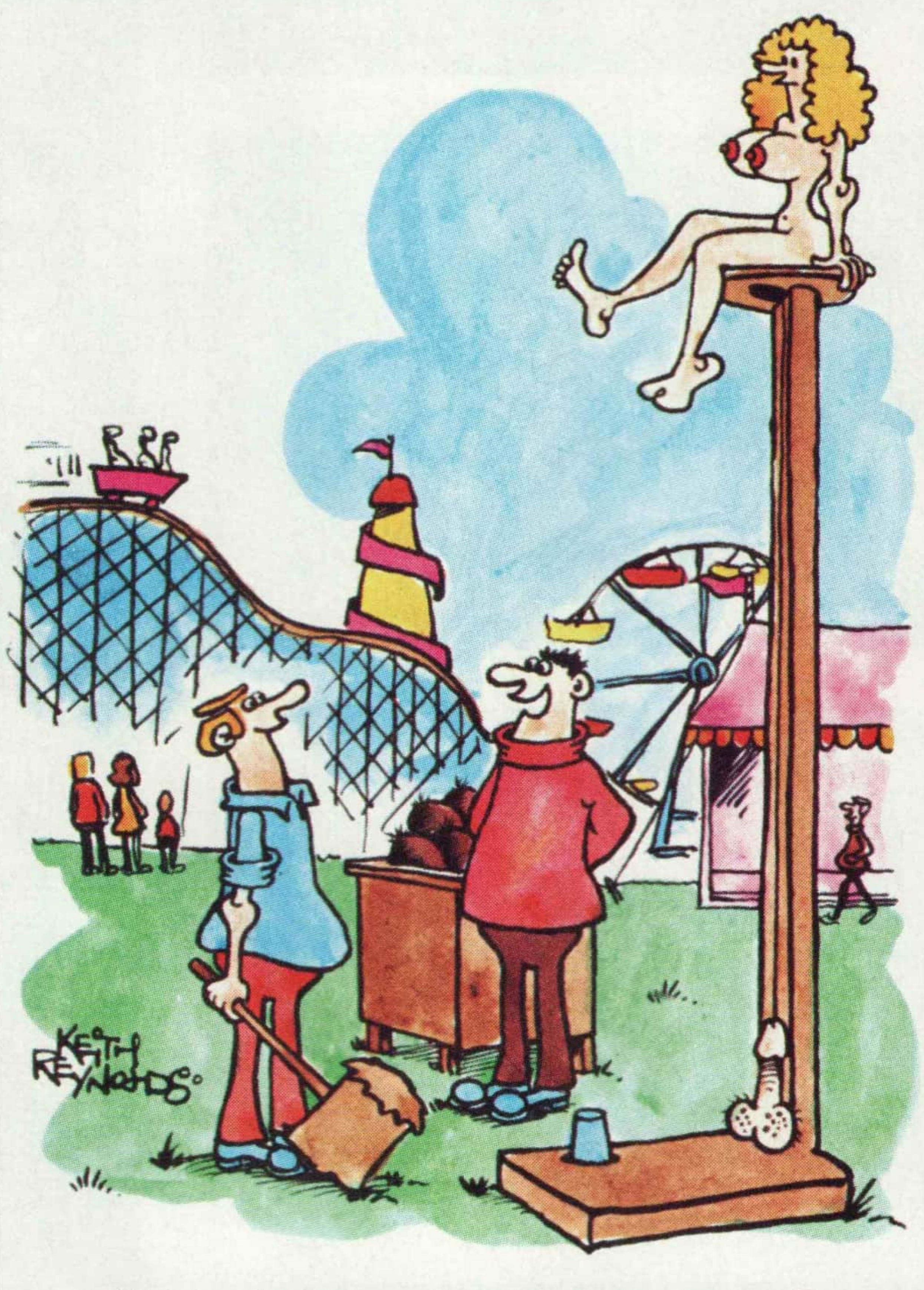
She picked up her clothes from the floor and went to the bathroom, pleasantly aware that she had totally alarmed the boy. The day had started well, and even greater delights lay ahead. She wiped herself rigorously with tissues. She did not belong to that order of ugly people who always try to hide their ugliness. She reveled in her ungainly body, always buying expensive, fashionable clothes regardless of how ill they became her. Indeed, the sight of her enormous thighs peeping through slits, or her large feet spilling out of elegant, high-heeled shoes filled her with a perverse pleasure. She wanted people to pity her. That made it all the more pleasant to turn the tables on them, and show how powerful and ruthless she was. When she had finished her makeup she returned to the bedroom and gave Derek fifty dollars.

"There, that should be enough for four goes. In any case, that's all the cash I have. I'll give you a call later."

Her sense of well-being continued as she sat in her white Porsche. Derek had to go, of course. He had simply become too predictable and boring. But there were plenty more unemployed graduates on the market trying to make a dollar or two, and he had done his day's work, warming her up just enough for what she had in mind. There she was – Gloria, the lower-class ugly duckling who, by all rights, should have ended up in a city project, wiping the snot from the noses of her brood and frequenting the local Bingo. But she had surprised them all by winning a scholarship to go to a private girls school, by putting herself through college, by temporarily becoming marketing manager with a large firm, and, finally, by marrying Jeffrey, that blushing, awkward milksop whose private school education and Harvard background would have gone to waste if she had not known how to handle him. Now she sat behind the wheel of a car that cost more than most people made in a couple of years. She was at the top, and all she had to do was to chop off the hands of others who also wanted to climb up there. The social order had to be preserved. Like most people who owe their success to loopholes in that said system, Gloria was a firm conservative. The Little Tart was definitely one of those who wanted to climb up after her, and it was high time she was taught a lesson. All Gloria's dreams would come true that very afternoon, and yet another would-be rival would realize that she, Gloria, was in a league by herself, beyond competition.

On her way to Westchester she stopped at a liquor store and bought a dozen cans of beer and some cigars. Home greeted her with its usual, red-carpeted luxuriousness. She inspected the dining table again and decided that it was the right height and size for her purposes. Only, its polished surface could easily be scratched by stiletto heels, which would be a pity. The answer was to use the large, black, hairy rug in the bathroom. Spread over the table when the appropriate moment came, it would not only offer protection but also add to the atmosphere. But for the time being it was best lying rolled up in a corner. There was no point in frightening the Little Tart right away.

In the bedroom, too, everything was ready. Her purchases had been expensive, with the little veiled hat alone costing more than 60 dollars, but she did not begrudge the money that she had spent. She was about to enjoy a major triumph, and it was only right that everything should be perfect. Of course she had only guessed the Little Tart's size, but, like most women, she was good at such things, and no doubt everything would fit perfectly. For a moment she stood there, gazing lovingly at the provocative clothes neatly lined up on the covers, and she began getting wet. Then she stopped, pulled herself together and started checking her instructions to see if she had left out anything important. "Everything you need is on the bed and the dresser," she had written. "When you take off your own clothes fold them up and put them in the plastic bag that I have provided. There are hairpins in the black box in front of the mirror, if you need any for putting your hair up. Make sure that your makeup is perfect and your nails are properly polished. Take your time and remember that there is no need for stage fright. I am sure you have done it all before."



*"Make the lady smile and win a coconut."*

There were no mistakes there either. Her meticulous brain had gotten everything right the first time around. All she had to do now was to check the music and then she could rest till her guests arrived. She went to the livingroom and pressed the start button of the tape deck. A racy beat immediately flooded the room from two large speakers hidden inside elegant, eighteenth-century cabinets. It was a specially prolonged piece, meant to last at least ten minutes. She timed it on her wristwatch and found that it lasted exactly ten minutes and twenty seconds. Well, she had done her part. The rest was up to her friends, who, she hoped, would cooperate with her out of self-interest, jealousy, and that streak of sheer malice which she was sure, deep down, most people possessed.

She mixed herself a dry martini, kicked off her shoes, and sat down. She had no illusions about the Little Tart. The woman was clearly dangerous. Committed to getting her young husband promoted, she had already offered her sexual favors to the entire Board of Directors, including J.T. himself, and now everybody was singing good old generous Andrew's praises. It was remarkable how stupid men really were. Flattered beyond measure, they had apparently become blind to the fact that they were serving the interests of an undeserving rival. Even wise old J.T., who was no stranger to bribes, seemed to have been taken in, and was rumored to be seriously considering Andrew as a possible successor to himself. Fortunately, though, he was an extremely jealous and possessive man. The merest suspicion that he was sharing the Little Tart with anybody else would lead to her husband's instant dismissal. But then the strumpet would simply go and peddle her admittedly attractive wares elsewhere. No, she had to be punished in her own person, and punished so heavily that she would never again dare to reach out for something that wasn't hers.

Half an hour later Gloria was able to see that she could indeed rely on her friends. Edith, Carol, and Dorothy were all understandably a little uneasy, but they were also curiously eager.

"Are you sure this will be alright, Gloria darling?" asked Edith anxiously.

*continued on page 23*

Ken Taylor

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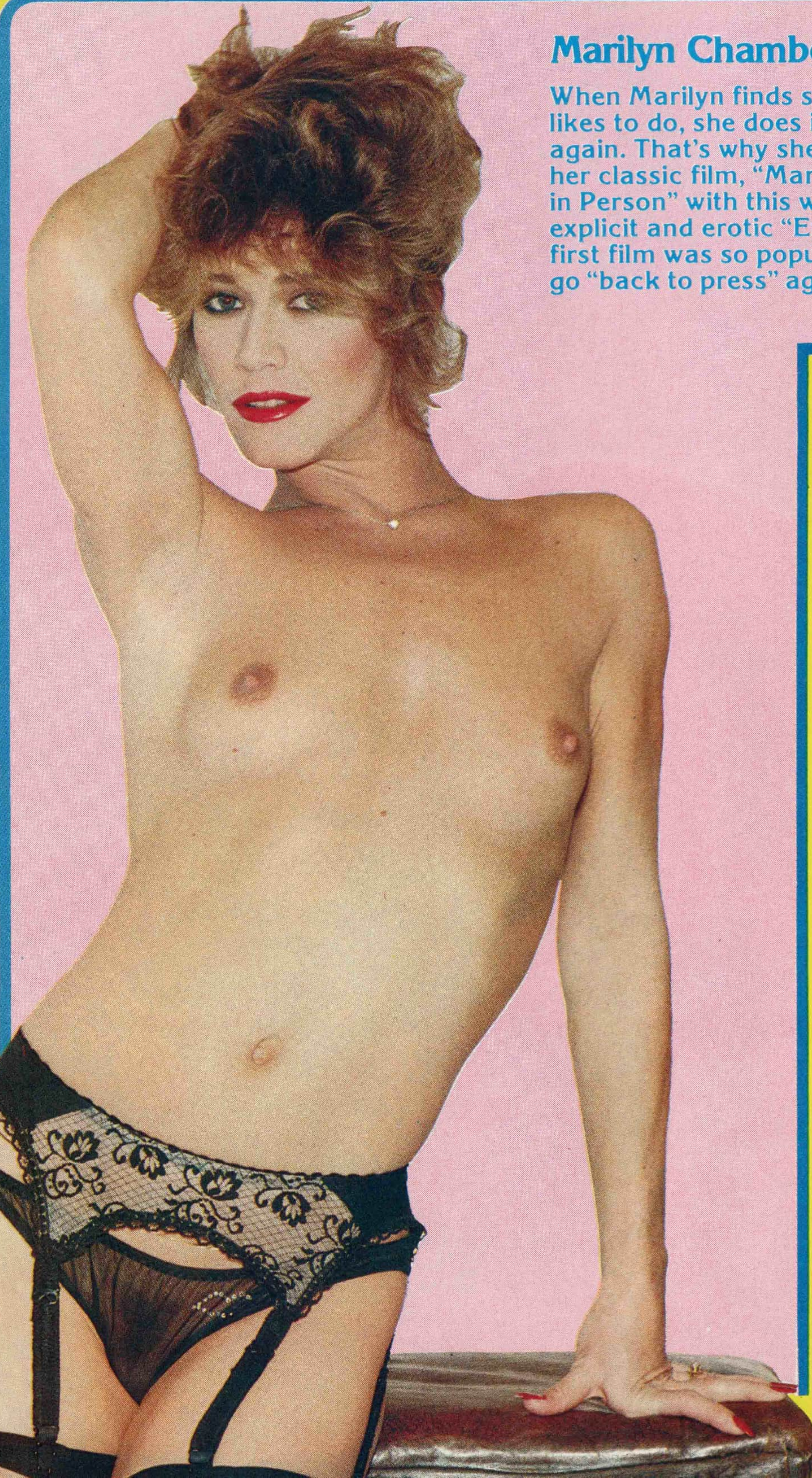

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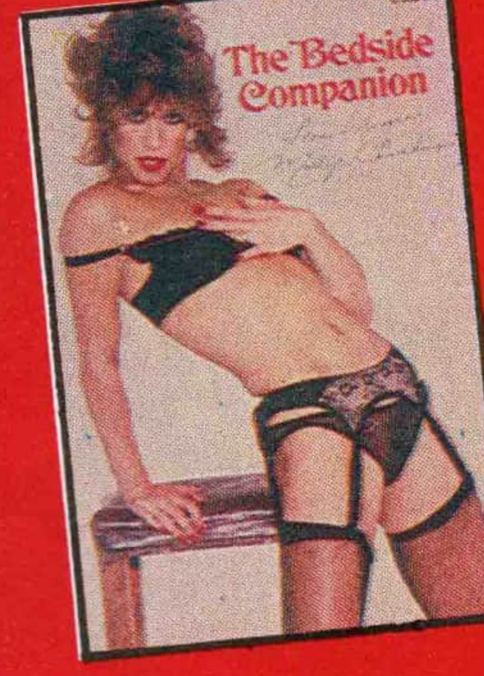

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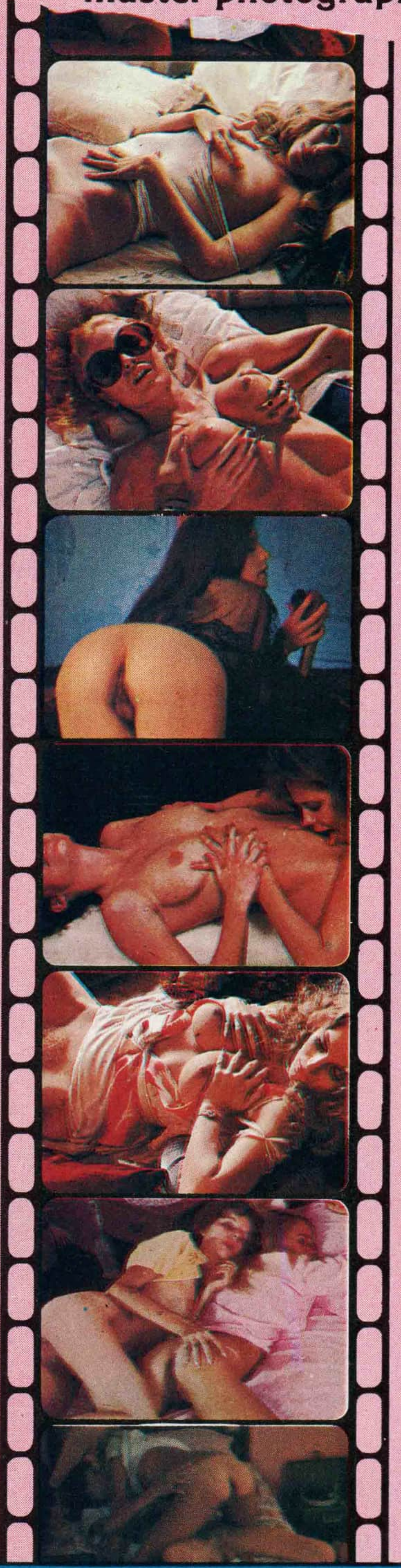

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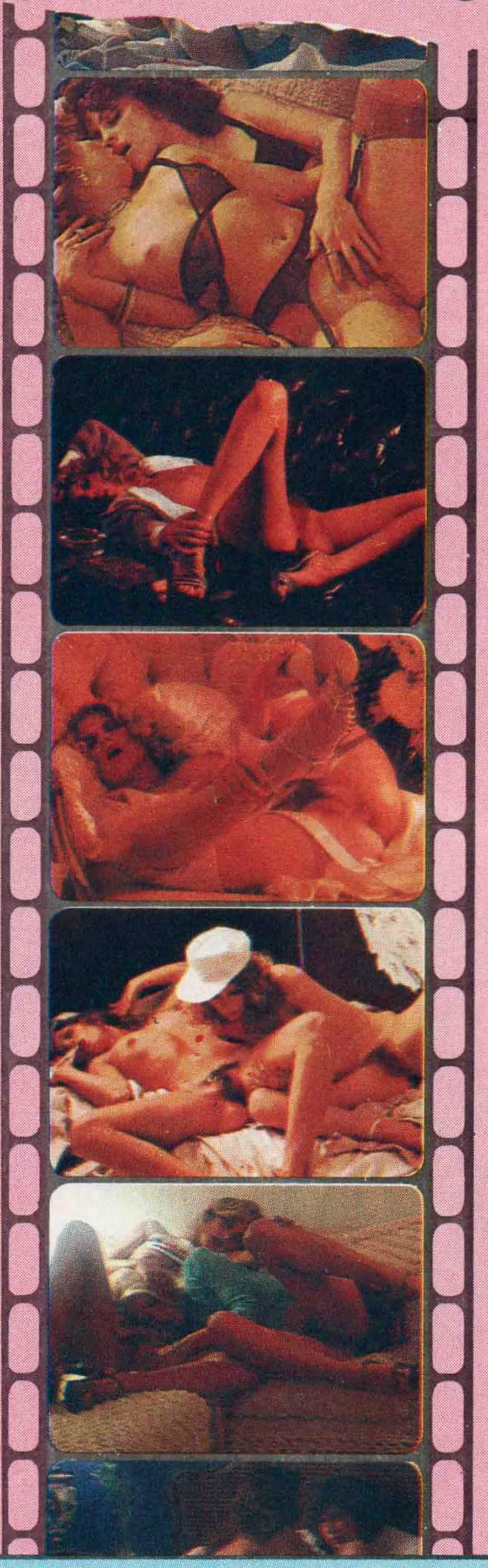

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOREAU

# The Party

continued from page 12

"Of course I am sure. I just want to play a prank on her. Frighten her and take her down a peg or two, you know."

"What Edith wants to know," said Dorothy, "is if the police could get involved or anything horrid like that."

"The police? Don't be ridiculous. Besides, all you have to do is to back me up a little. It's all a bit of a bluff, you see. If any of us weakens she'll get away. But if we stick together and stay firm she'll have no choice but to obey us, you'll see."

"She's right," said Carol. "Sometimes a little will power is enough to paralyze these upstarts."

That suited Gloria fine. As long as they remained in that mood they would be no trouble. For the next hour or so she plied them with drink, switching from martinis to beer in large pewter mugs, and egging them on with stories about their husbands' infidelities, inhibitions were rapidly lost, as they were all soon drunk and charged with expectation.

At exactly half past three the door bell rang and Gloria went to open it. The Little Tart had arrived. The woman was really stunning, you had to give her that. Her pale skin only served to set off her raven-black hair and deep blue eyes. A perfect bust was held in check only by a flimsy white top, and a dark burgundy skirt hugged the graceful curve of her hips.

"Oh, I am so glad you could come," said Gloria, leading her into the living-room. "We were afraid you might not be able to make it."

"Yes," said Carol. "We thought that you wouldn't care for female company." She was virtually lying in an armchair, her arms over the sides, her legs open at a most unladylike angle. Suddenly she got up unsteadily and sat down on the settee to the Little Tart's left.

"What Carol means, my dear," said Dorothy, also getting up and seating herself by the Little Tart, "is that none of our husbands are here, and surely they are the ones who really interest you."

Edith and Gloria sat facing the trio. "This is good," thought Gloria. "She is cornered, now to turn the screw a little."

"Would you like a drink, Mrs. Anderson?" she said aloud. "We are already onto beer, but perhaps you'd like a martini?"

"A gin and tonic if I may, please."

Gloria got up to prepare her drink. On the settee Carol and Dorothy were talking to each other in loud stage whispers, and giggling hysterically. When Gloria returned the Little Tart stood up.

"Could you show me where the bathroom is, please?"

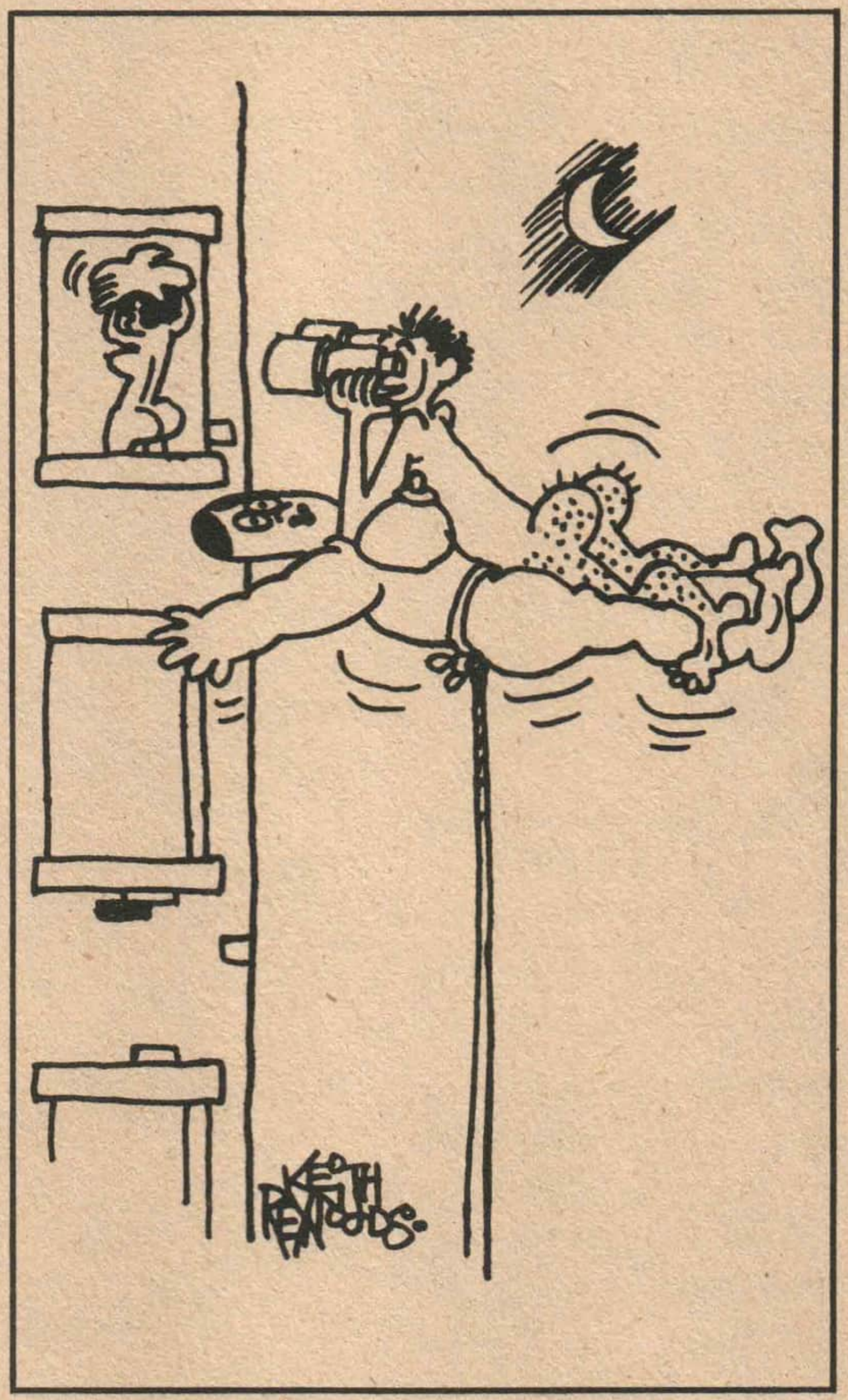
"In a little while."

"I would like to go now – please."

"I said in a little while." Gloria's voice was firm. "You see, I think you only want an excuse to leave this room, and that just isn't fair. We'd like to have a little talk with you first. When your naughty little deeds finally catch up with you, you can't just turn your back."

"I don't see what you mean." The Little Tart had sat down again, but just on the edge of the settee.

"I think what I mean is perfectly clear. Since your husband joined J.T.'s two years ago you've had all *our* husbands. Yes, even my very own sniveling little Jeffrey. Don't try to deny it; we have eyes and ears too, you know."



"Don't get us wrong," interrupted Edith. "It isn't as if we begrudge the poor dears to you."

"Sure. We don't begrude you anything. Only if something good is going around we'd like to have our share as well."

"This is preposterous. I don't have the slightest idea what you mean. I think I'd better leave, Mrs. Conway."

"Well, if you don"'t wish to stay in my house I can't detain you by force. But there is a little point which you seem to be unaware of. J.T., you see, is a very vain man. If he were to learn that he had been duped all your dreams would go poof.

"You are trying to blackmail me?"

"Not at all," said Carol. "We just have a sense of fair play, that's all. If you please us as you have been pleasing our husbands all will be well, and we'll remain one big happy family. Otherwise J.T. will really have to know."

"So what would your ladyships have me do?" This childish attempt at sarcasm indicated that the Little Tart had reached the end of her bargaining power.

"In the bedroom," said Gloria, "you'll find some clothes and a set of instructions. Dress yourself up exactly as I have explained and then come back here and put on a little dance for us. Well, a strip show really. It will brighten up our boring afternoon and we'll be able to see if the fabled Mrs. Anderson can really deliver the goods. Just standard, hen party fun stuff, if you know what I mean."

"That's perverted and humiliating."

Gloria grabbed the Little Tart's arm and raised her to her feet.

"Perverted," she hissed, "is a dirty word to use in a permissive society. And as for humiliating, a premature golden handshake could be humiliating as well. Now go to the bedroom as I've said, and on your way back you can even stop at the bathroom, if you really need it."

The Little Tart seemed to be in a trance. Halfway down the hall she turned back again. "How do I know I can trust you?"

"You don't, but you can't lose anything by trying. Get a move on now." Gloria's smile was at once cruel and lecherous.

Dorothy, strangely aroused and into her fourth can of beer by now, was openly caressing herself on the settee.

"Oh Gloria," she moaned. "I never thought it would be so . . . oh . . . "

"We are only just beginning. Help me get this rug on the table and come and sit here. We want a ringside view."

This operation was soon completed, and the four women took their places around the dining table. In the meantime, Gloria had drawn the curtains to hide them from the street, and extracted a thin, rectangular, wooden box from a drawer.

"A cigar, anybody?" she now inquired, lighting one herself.

"I think I'll have a cigar, "Carol said. "You're a real darling, Gloria. What's that in your other hand, by the way?"

"Ah, that's a very special toy of mine. Here, I'll show you." She laid the wooden box on the bathroom rug and opened it. Inside was a strange object shaped roughly like a broad "V" and apparently made entirely from rubber rings. She took it out, held one of its branches in her fist, and pressed its tip with her thumb. Immediately the rings rippled into each other

continued on page 77

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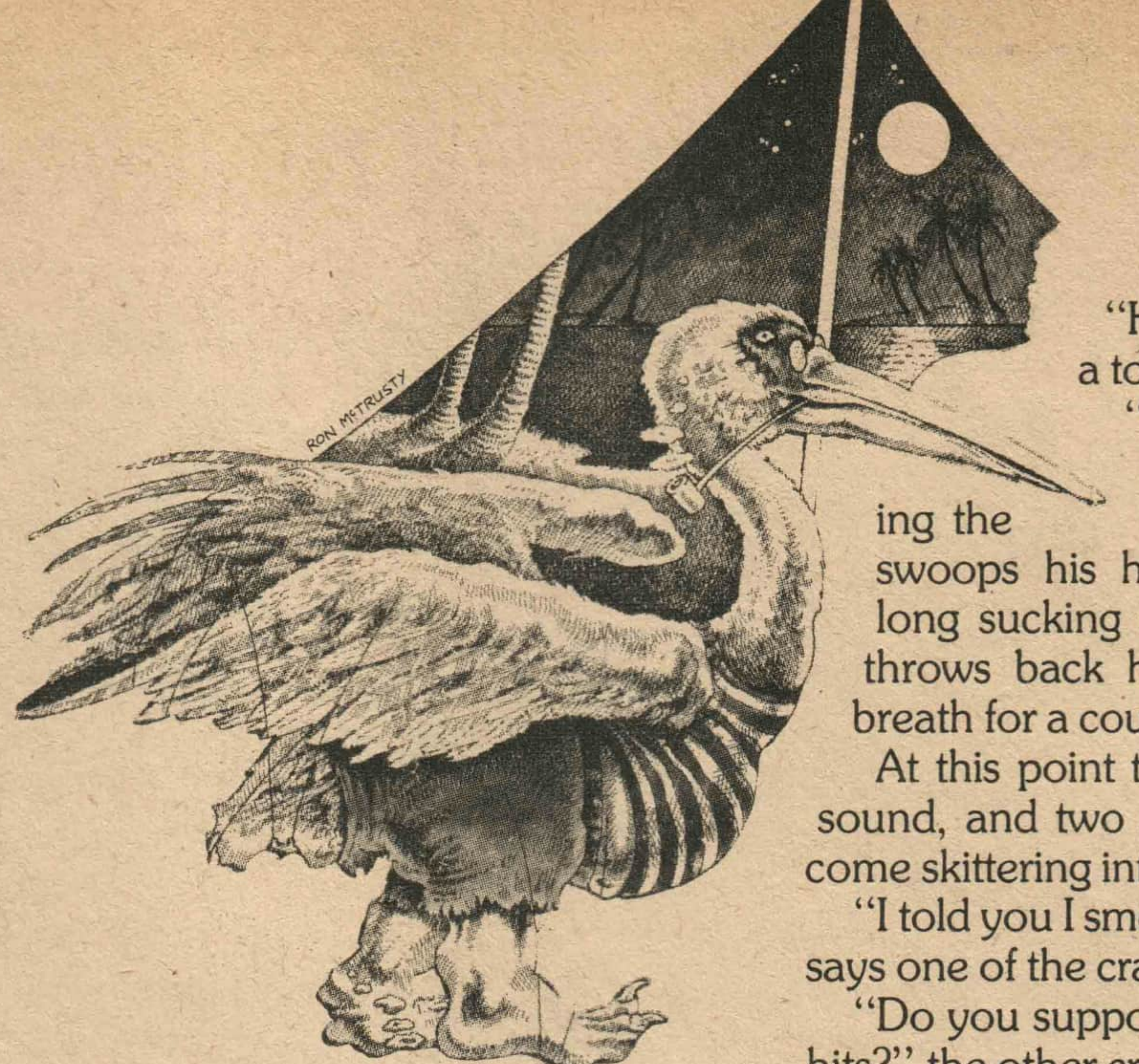


*continued from page 22*

Do you ever get off on women in candlelight? I think women look *fantastic* by candlelight. Especially women like Katie, who are blonde, tanned, have firm, high boobs, and an entwining, glorious bush in which water droplets wink like multicolored gems. I don't have time to think anymore, because we are in each other's arms, melting and entwining our limbs when . . .

"Jesus, some fucking rain, huh?" There is a loud flapping sound and suddenly we are being sprayed with water.

"Whazzat?" says Katie.

"Shower nozzles," I mumble. My face is somewhere between her long thighs, as far as I can figure out.

"No, Nathan," Katie says. "Shower nozzles don't say, 'fucking rain.'"

I consider this and it seems right, so I figure the thing to do would be to lift my head and look around. I do this, and what do I see but a pelican.

"What's happening?" says the pelican. "Terrible night, huh?"

"Who's that talking?" Katie asks.

"A pelican," I answer.

"A *pelican?*" repeats Katie. "Far out."

"Nothing fucking far out about it," says the pelican, preening his feathers with his bill. "There are a lot of us around here. We're indigenous, you might say."

Katie sits up. "Holy shit! It *is* a pelican!"

"I told you it was a pelican."

"I need some smoke, man," says Katie. She digs through her pack and comes up with a baggie of buds, two of which she breaks up into a pipe bowl without even removing the seeds. She lights up, takes two huge drags, and hands the pipe to me. I take a couple of tokes too, and reach to hand it back to her.

"Ahem," says the pelican.

We both look at him.

"Well, can't I have a toke?" The pelican folds its wings and looks at us expectantly.

"What'll I do?" I ask Katie.

Katie thinks this over and gives a shrug. "He looks okay. Give him a toke, I guess."

"I didn't know pelicans smoked," I said, handing the pipe over. The pelican swoops his head forward, makes a long sucking noise at the pipe, then throws back his head and holds his breath for a couple seconds.

At this point there is a loud, clacking sound, and two small, white sand crabs come skittering into the tent.

"I told you I smelled some weed, man," says one of the crabs.

"Do you suppose we could have a few hits?" the other crab asks Katie.

"Now wait a minute, " I say. "What is this, animal corner? We're just moving on a quiet pipe here and . . ."

"Ah here sumbuddy say pipe?" says a new voice. We all look to the tent flaps, and rolling in is a big, black, spiny thing.

"What's *that?*" asks Katie.

"Oh, that's Spike," said the pelican. "He's a sea urchin."

He's also a *pusher,*" says one of the sand crabs.

"Thass so, man," says Spike. He rolls up to my feet and starts waving his spines at me. "Like to try some of mah stuff? Ah got smack, coke, morphine, meth . . ."

"Are you crazy?" I say. "Get away from me. I don't fuck about with needles."

"Sheee – it," says the sea urchin. "Can't get nobody into mah needles no more."

"You just better stay out of Europe, man," says Katie. "The new drug laws have come into action. You'll be subject to a mandatory life sentence."

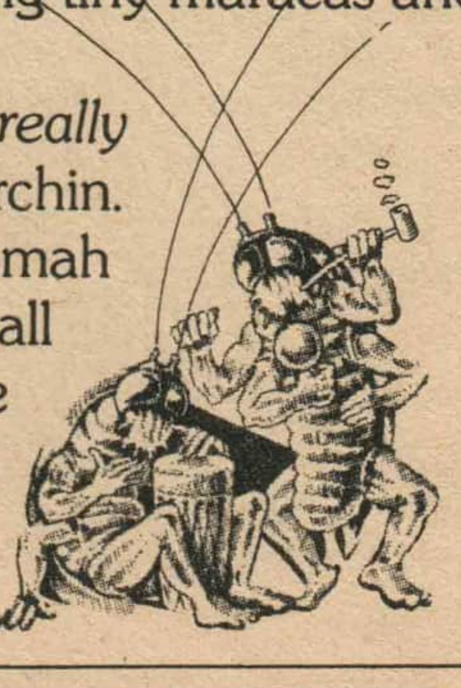
"No shit?" says the sea urchin. "That's terrible. I have a cousin who was backpacking in Spain, and they busted him for a couple of roaches. He's been in stir for a year and a half, waiting for his trial."

"Somebody mention *roaches?*" called a chorus of small voices. We all turn and look, and there's a line of ten cockroaches filing into the tent. They stop before me, and one of them squeaks, "Hey, amigo! How about blowing some weed this way; we don't need much."

A bit unsteadily, I blow some smoke down on the roaches. They let out a chorus of cheers and start dancing around immediately, all playing tiny maracas and congo drums.

"Now let's all get *really* high," says the sea urchin. "Here – try some of mah own special speedball combinations. Coke and smack, my, oh my, oh my!"

The sea urchin



*continued on page 42*

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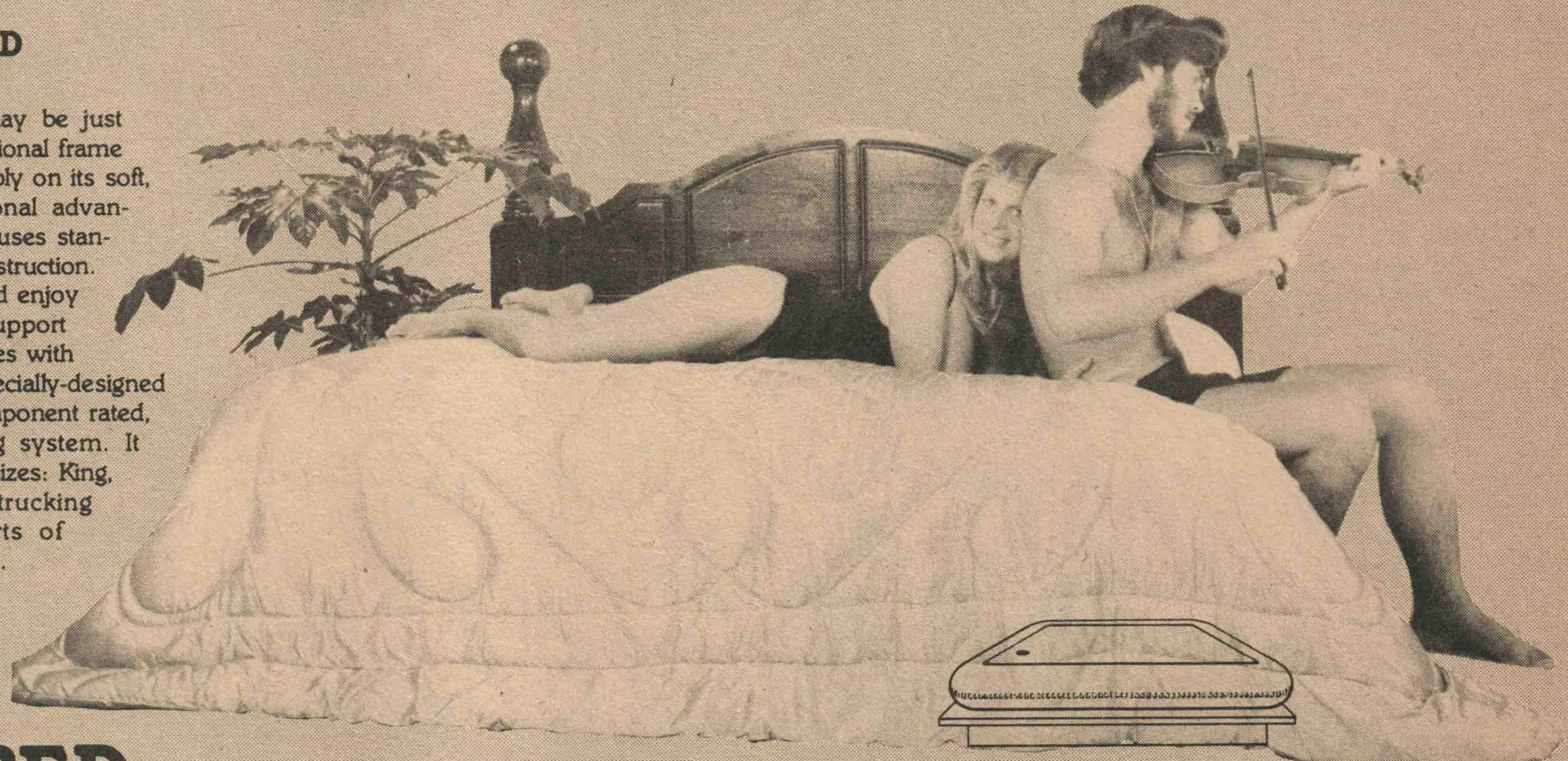

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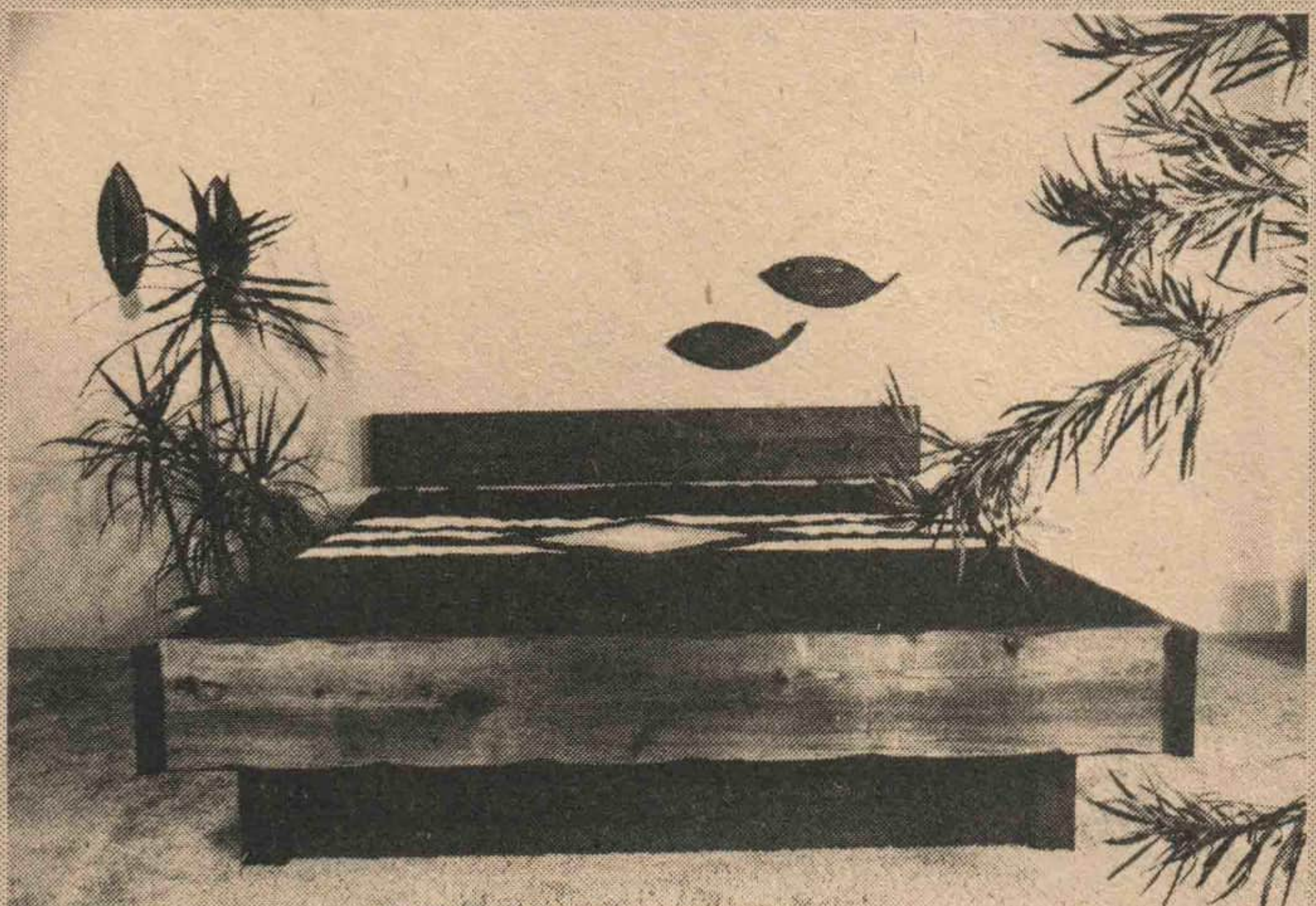

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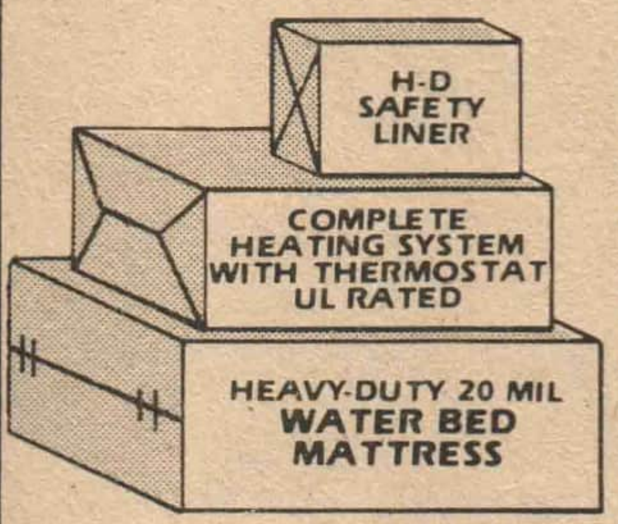
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# THE SOLUTION

BY TOM RICE WITH ILLUSTRATION BY ROD

"The deal is that the London job is mine as long as I divorce Clara."

"Because of that Florida thing."

Harry nodded his head: the Florida thing had been his wife's fishing trip down to the Everglades – Friday to Tuesday, with six men all to herself. She had come back to him bedraggled and bruised but sated, her eyes dreamy, her lovely lush body pliantly consenting, her soft skin and double-handful breasts bearing the marks of the manhandlings of six, sex-starved, virile young men; troubleshooting oilmen from – where had the trouble been? Was it Anchorage? That trip wasn't a thing you could expect to be kept quiet.

Harry sighed: he had no choice – the top job in London, with Clara swanning around? No way. Unless she was no longer his wife, of course. . . .

Maybe she would agree to a divorce on the condition that I kept screwing her in secret? No sweat, but how?

"But she's still a good screw eh, Harry?"

"The best, Lucy."

"And she's still at it."

"Yes – I can tell she must have it, must know where her next fuck's coming from."

His stepsister nodded. "I wish I had one like her – she'd be worth any three of my girls."

Harry was fond of Lucy – she was still good looking, and wore her clothes as if they'd come from Paris. She let it be known that she ran a fashion house, but Harry was one of the few who knew that the house his stepsister ran was a very expensive cathouse.

"She'd be busy alright."

Lucy nodded. "Does Clara know about any of this?"

"No."

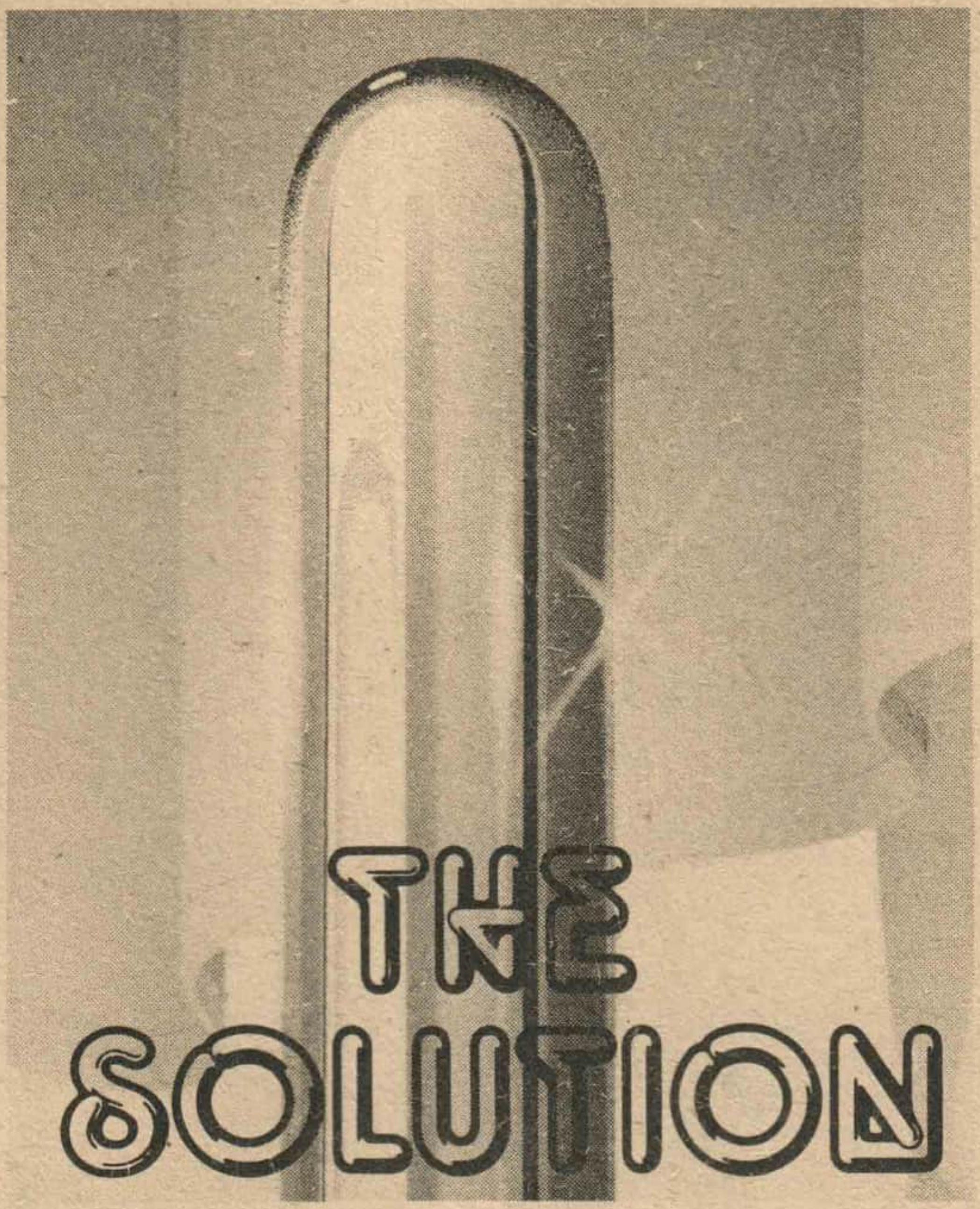
"So how about telling her her options – either a no money divorce with a bundle of publicity over her fucking around, and no more Harry to fuck ever, or a quiet divorce – I can put you in touch with a good private investigator because these days you've got to have pants down proof, tape as well as pictures – with a generous money arrangement as well as setting her up in a fashionable area, right in the center of London, England."

"*Whoring?*"

"Yes, the high-class end or, better yet, and maybe Clara'd prefer it, a house. I've got a friend in the game in London, and we make an exchange now and again. . ."

"You mean put her in a cathouse."

"They call them brothels in London, Harry dear. But why not – she'll be there for you to fuck with no complications, she'll have no worry about a settlement, and she'll be opening her legs to clients with your permission. Meanwhile, you start the new appointment all squeaky clean, the honest Joe who got rid of his wife because she was immoral."



Harry grinned broadly. "She'll love it – I'll bet she'll even love me catching her; what's the name of that private eye?"

Harry's wife Clara was pretty, no argument: slanty eyes, a pert nose, and a pouty, sensuous mouth. Right now she lay sprawled on the bed in the morning's heat, watching her naked husband, knowing that he was looking at her reflection in the mirror as he shaved. She extended a shapely arm above her head and drew off her shortie night dress, so that now she was as naked as her husband. She stretched indolently, languorously moving so that he could see her breasts slide of their own weight, could view her voluptous, softly-fleshed belly, and her sexy, widely spread thighs.

She absently curled a finger into the hair of her cunt while she placed a spread-fingered hand on a sumptuous breast to let him see the squeezed breast-flesh between her fingers. She rolled onto her side, so that now her back and her slim waist, which emphasized her rounded, temptingly heaped-up rump, was displayed to him.

His great prick was thicker, longer now, and nearly horizontal. Still watching her husband, with a sighed out "Darling!" she slid a leg off the bed, bending the other leg so that it pressed against a breast and made her ass stick out as she presented it to his gaze, invited him to copulate, pleading with him to fuck her without murmuring a word.

He moved to the edge of the bed and placed his hands on her haunches, drawing the heavy, hot flesh up so that he opened her. Then, still holding her thus, he slowly inserted, in a slow inching manner, the full length of his cock. He fucked her slowly, his dangling bollocks gently colliding with the inner faces of her buttocks. Scarcely above a whisper, she breathed suddenly, and her husband convulsively gripped her fleshy haunches as he bombed her out.

Her eyes closed, she lay as he'd left her, belly down at the edge of the bed, her legs sprawled so that the full length of her fucked cunt was visible, the lips flecked with his spunk. Dressed now, he drew his jacket on and stood gazing down at her, a sated houri. His eyes were lust-laden. Then he turned and left.

As soon as she heard her husband leave, Clara got off the bed and padded to the bathroom. Thereafter she returned to the bed, picking up a hand mirror as she passed her dressing table, and sat on it, raising her knees. In this position, with the glass held so that she could see what her hands did, she began to slowly tease the lips, slippery with semen that slid out from within her . . .

Twice she stopped, got off the bed, went to the window, and looked down into the street . . . another glance at the clock on the bedside table . . . the hand mirror picked up again. . . . Restless now and impatient, her sexual appetite raging, burning to be slaked, she stretched out her hand to the telephone (she didn't notice the neat little plastic disc that hadn't been there yesterday) and dailed, the fingers of the other hand continuing to stimulate her. . . .

"That you, Al? I'm still nude in bed – listen to how much I wish you were with me." She lowered the receiver to her crotch and vigorously worked her fingers, making a soft, wet, slapping sound. "That's right, a wet cunt that you aren't fucking. Mm? You *are* fucking? Oh! That new black maid? The one with cuntish legs who answered the door for me last time, you bastard? I thought your voice sounded funny, you've got your cock up her cunt just now, haven't you . . .you on her belly, or up under her ass? Mm? She's sucking your prick just now? Oh you fucking bastard. If it was me I'd swallow you dry – You going to jerk your load into her mouth? No? You're going to have her sit on your cock. Going to let me speak to the lucky black bitch, Al? What's her name again? Mae. Right."

"You're sitting on Al's belly with his prick up your cunt, that right? And all *I'm* getting is a finger-fucking, you cock-sucking bitch . . . You're facing Al, right? So turn around, tell Al I've told you to . . . now look down. See his cock up your cunt, you fucking whore you? I'm going to have to come soon cunt, now play with his balls. Now lie back so he can handle your tits, you fucking black bitch. Tell Al I'm coming, you cunt!"

She convulsively jerked her legs open to their widest, then furiously attacked her

# DO YOU MAKE THESE DUMB MISTAKES WITH GIRLS?

## This Incredible Invention Has Helped Thousands of Men Get Girls ... And It Will Work For You Too.

## OR WE'LL PAY YOU 10 DOLLARS JUST FOR HAVING GIVEN IT A TRY!!!

Do you use such sayings as: "Would you like to go out tonight?" — or, "Want to go to my apartment for a drink?" — or, "May I have your phone-number?"

Most men do. And it's amazing that so many men actually think they can get anywhere with girls using such colorless, flat, ordinary expressions.

Your whole approach to girls is lifeless, dull, humdrum.

You probably don't even realize you are making so many serious mistakes. So you go right on making them ... and find yourself with fewer and fewer girls.

It's really quite sad — because it doesn't have to be that way. Most men could easily have all the girls they want ... if they just knew how "not" to act with them.

### A MOST VALUABLE LESSON

We are going to show you why you are having so much trouble getting girls.

You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with your looks).

You will learn why you have a hard time meeting girls (it has nothing to do with your personality or age).

You will learn why girls won't go to bed with you (it has nothing to do with money ... or any of the above reasons).

You will learn *exactly* what you are doing wrong.

This could easily be the most valuable information you will ever receive. Because once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will be in a perfect position to start meeting and dating girls galore.

Once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will quickly begin to meet and date great-looking girls. Girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. Girls who wear the newest, sexiest styles in clothes. Girls who you only looked at and dreamed about up until now.

But that's not all. Once you find out what you are doing wrong, it will automatically become "super easy" for you to get many of these beautiful girls to *sleep* with you (think about that).

### WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU

Through many months of research — including personal interviews with dozens of beautiful girls — we have learned the most common mistakes most men make with girls. Mistakes that you are making right now.

Several of the girls frankly admitted that if it weren't for these silly mistakes, most men could easily meet and date just about any beautiful girl they want to.

It would take us forever to teach you every single mistake you may be making with girls. So what we have done is developed a system that will allow you to check yourself whenever you approach a girl — to make sure you are not making any "mistakes" that could blow your chances with her.

Lyn A., student, Fla.: *"I don't even care what guys look like anymore. I get approached by at least a dozen guys a month. Out of them, only about two end up taking me out. These are the guys who know enough not to make the usual dumb mistakes most guys make."*

### THE ALL NEW 100% SELF-CORRECTING SYSTEM

Wouldn't it be great if we could stand beside you, like an invisable man, and correct you every time you started to make a blunder with a girl!

Well this is exactly what our *100% Self-Correcting System* does. It is our silent voice behind you ... ready to *speak out* whenever you are about to make a costly mistake with a girl.

Our *Self-Correcting System* actually stops you *before* you make the mistake; *before* you ruin your chances with the girl you have your sights on.

### CAN BE LEARNED IN JUST ONE DAY

There is no hard work involved. There are no boring details to remember. In fact, our *100% Self-Correcting System* can be completely mastered in just one day.

This System has been *tested* and *proven*. It works. It works because it is based on facts ... not guesswork. So if it's girls you want, *girls are exactly what you will get*.

### "DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK" IF OUR SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU

Are we crazy?

Not really. We're just so darn sure that you'll meet dozens of girls using our *System* that we're willing to stick our necks out to prove it to you.

What we are going to do is let you use our *100% Self-Correcting System* for a full year. Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you a lifetime, return our material to us. We will send you back a check for *double* the amount you paid for it.

Our book, *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System,* costs 10 dollars. Think about it. A 10 dollar investment may bring you more beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. And — if for any reason you don't end up meeting and dating all the girls you have your heart set on, you'll get back double the amount of your investment (and we'll cry a lot).

Maybe we *are* sticking our necks way out. But we're willing to take that chance.

So if you seriously want to find out why you are having so much trouble getting girls, send in the coupon now. You will soon find it *easier-than-heck* to meet and date girls (and even to get girls to sleep with you).

Remember — if our System doesn't work for you, you can take the refund money (all 20 dollars of it) and have a whopping good time for yourself ... on us.

That's what you can do if our material *doesn't* work for you.

But what if our material *does* work for you? Then what?

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Yes — I want to stop making mistakes so I can start to meet and date all the beautiful girls I ever wanted to. Here's my 10 dollars. Rush me *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System.*

I may use your material for a year. Then, if I haven't met and dated all the girls I have my heart set on, I may return it for *double-my-money back*. (We will send you a check for 20 dollars.)

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

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cunt with the edge of the palm of her hand in a sawing movement. Then, speaking slowly and clearly, enunciating her words, she said, "Yes Mae, you black fuck, let me hear you tell him *I'm* coming, never mind his cock's up *your* cunt. Yes. Yes. Yes, yes, YES! AAAArgh!"

"That's the help coming now," Harry pointed with his chin through the windshield indicating a black girl with big tittupping tits and a saucy skirt showing long sexy legs. There was a big black man with her, his black turtleneck sweater and tight black pants making him look like a trainer, or gym instructor.

The private dick grunted. Then, without taking his eyes off the pair, said, "Alright, she's the help – but she's on call for Mrs. Baker, and he's one of the bouncers. They're married."

"Do you mean to tell me that she's a prostitute?"

"You go and ask Mrs. Baker if you can have Mandy."

"– Mandy's what I hear Clara call her!"

"– and you'll be told she's busy, and that she'll be busy for half an hour – that's while she rings the black bitch and tells her to come on over, it's only a block. That girl's Mrs. Baker's Mandy, sir, and it won't be housework she'll help with, I assure you!"

"So what now."

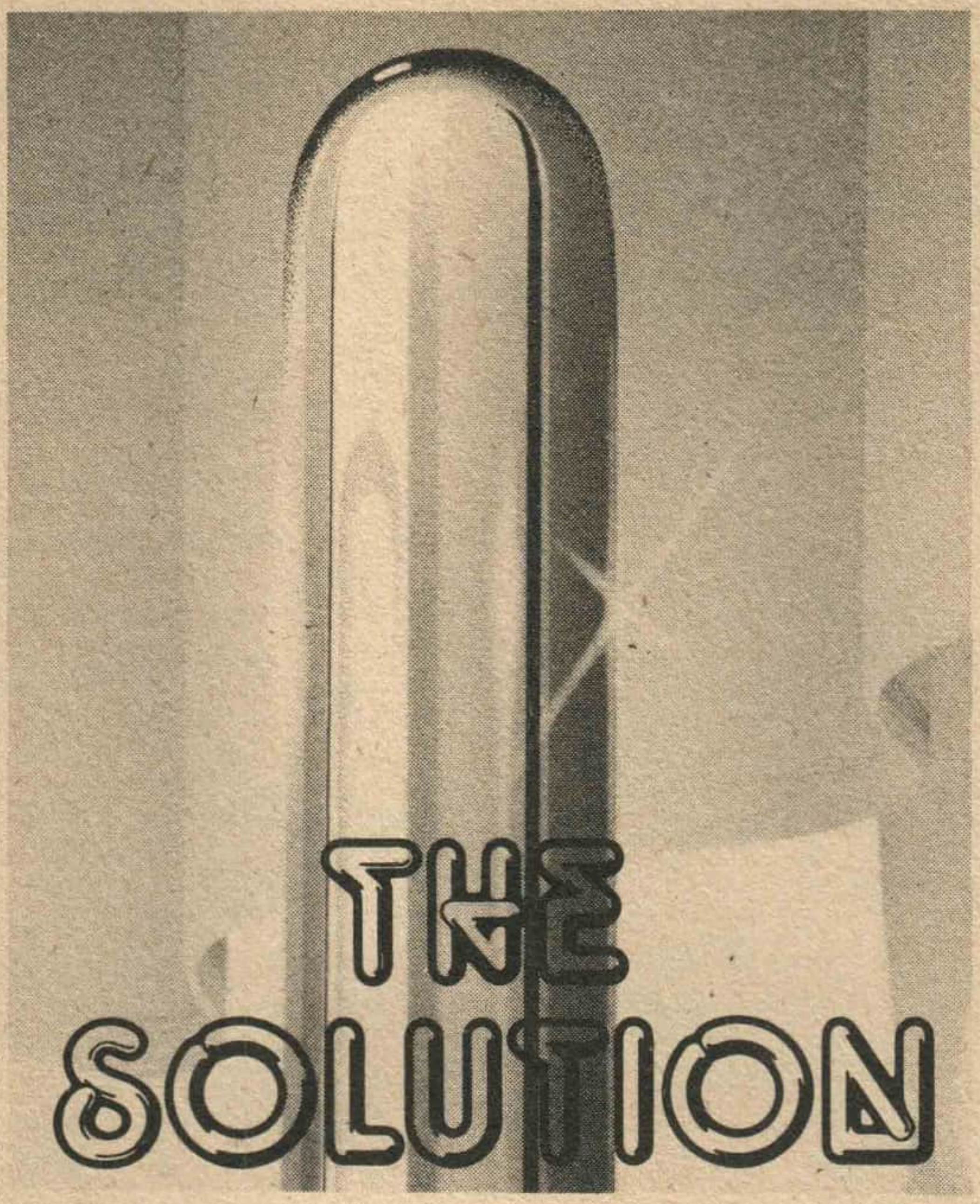
"So I'm glad I bugged the kitchen as well as the bedroom. We give them ten, fifteen minutes then we go in – you as the key witness, and me with the flash before anyone can say cheese." He paused, then added, "if they're at it, that is."

"And the tapes?"

"Loose wires under the mat: I didn't have time for anything else. But it's good enough for a couple of days I reckon. I started 'em rolling at seven AM this morning."

The bedroom door was open so she could hear them come in. Clara stood naked before the long mirror, stroking her soft flesh . . . her hands flat on the front of her thighs then slowly rising, thumbs outstretched so that they pushed through the hair, up over her belly and on to her breasts, pressing the big, soft, tempting globes up, up – right up until her tongue could reach a nipple. Then head down and breast up so she could kiss it, she drew the stiff nipple in until she could nibble it. Then she worked the other breast, her eyes closed in lust, now down the back of her thighs. Her hands were pressed against her plump ass when she heard the sounds she'd been impatiently waiting for.

She stood listening for a moment to the soft voices, a man's and a woman's, then she picked up her handbag. She put the three, hundred dollar bills on the bedside table and lay down naked on the bed.



# THE SOLUTION

In the kitchen, as the young woman put the coffee on, while the big, heavily built black man slid a hand over her outsize butt, but she gave her ass a denying wriggle. "Wait, man, wait – you'll need it!"

"How'll you know she's hot?"

The girl, fuzzy-haired and pretty, her inky black skin glossily perfect, smiled to him, the smile of a prostitute to a generous client. "Ah'll know, honey, *how* Ah'll know!"

She loaded the tray, picked it up, and at the door she turned back, winked, and sketched a bump and grind . . .

She didn't knock, nor did the woman on the bed take her fingers away from the slow manipulation of her sex. Clara watched the maid put the tray on a low table, her back to the reclining woman to let her see how her short skirt rode up. Then the woman said, slow and clear, "That husband of yours in the kitchen, you filthy black slut?"

"Yassum, Ma'am."

"He screwed you today yet?"

She giggled. "No, Ma'am, las' night he couldn't make up his mind how he wanted to fuck me befo' he left for work, and he had me stand lak this –" Wearing neither pants nor bra, she was able to sweep her skimpy skirt and her jumper up, forcing it past her big breasts so they jounced when they sprang free, "and turn around lak this . . ."

The woman watched her, saw her superb, plump-to-nearly-fatness figure, the full, high boobs, her glossily gleaming flanks and rump, the enticing slit at her fork that showed pink lips . . . "You're a filthy, black, cock-sucking, cuntish fuckbitch, aren't you."

"Yassum, Ah am – you' feelin' lak yo' wanna massage Ma'am? I'll go down and get dressed proply."

The coffee ignored, her fingers still at her cunt and her eyes closed, Clara nodded.

In the kitchen she gave her husband a conniving, lewd smile, and made a ring with thumb and forefinger. Then she took from her handbag a flimsy purple garment, and with quick lithe movements she undressed, so that her breasts, her behind, and her thighs were aquiver. Her inky black body was already filmed with sex-sweat.

Then she slipped the garment on. It was transparent, stopped below her breasts, and wasn't long enough to hide the lower curve of her big ass. It was a brothel shift, and made her husband reach for her. She slid away. "No, Jake. She called me a filthy, black fuckbitch, and that's a good sign. I'll get her hot and she'll want you – remember it's 300 dollars for us."

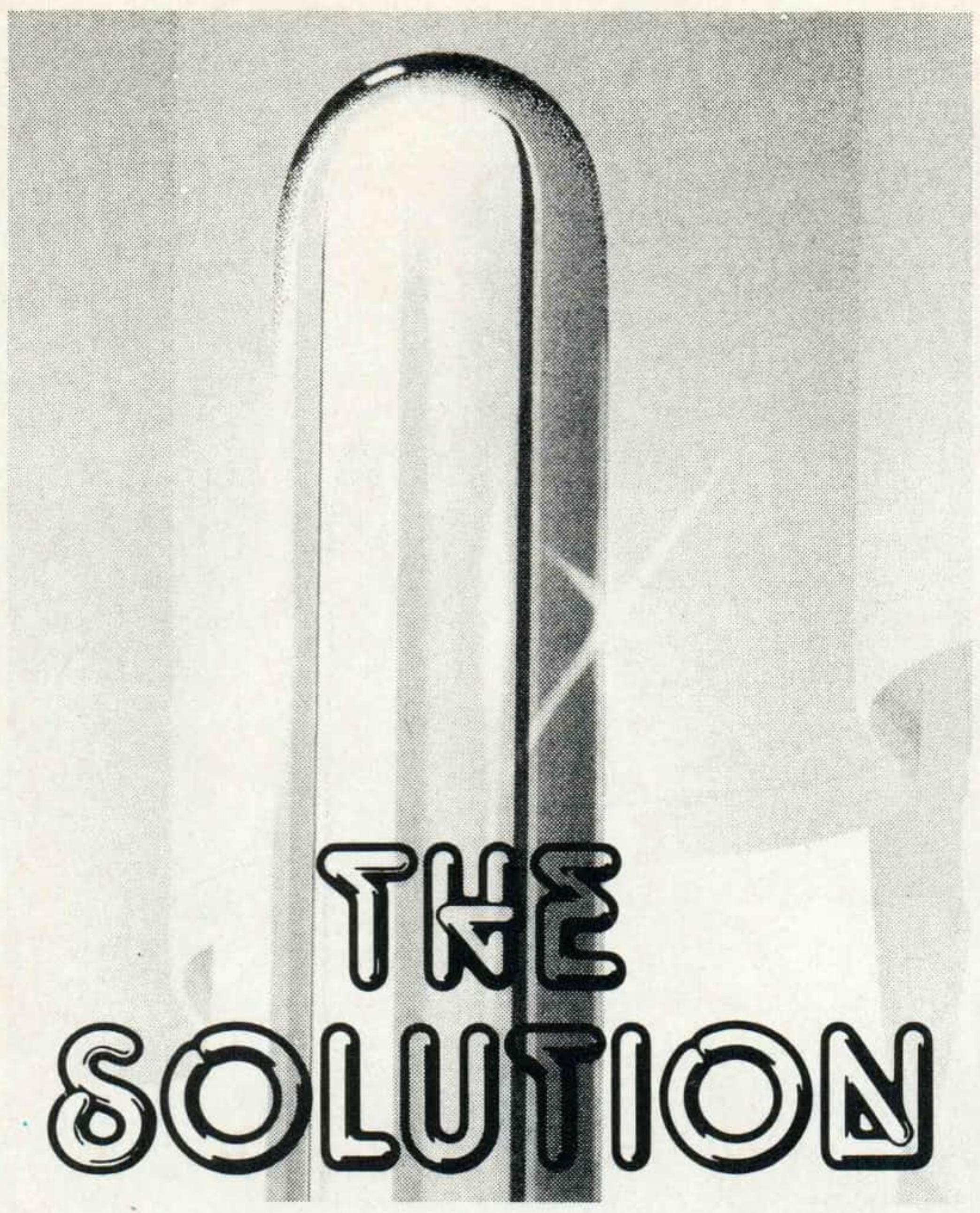
. . . Clara looked at her magnificant figure, lewdly offered to her in the brothel shift. "What have you got that on for? Giving yourself airs, you black spunkbag – get it off. Display your black fuckmeat you black fuck."

The Negress smiled at her lewdly, connivingly. It was if, lasciviously, she was waiting to have more obscenities spewed over her, then she slowly slid the shift off before beginning to massage the nude woman on the bed.

There was no expertise; it was simple manual excitation. The girl's supple fingers toyed with Clara's breasts, squeezed the nipples, pulled and pushed, patted and palped the big rounded teats, then turned her and stroked her back, pummeling downward with the edge of her palms and making chopping movements on her fleshy rump. Now and again sliding a probing finger down the cleft of her buttocks. Then she was on her back again, stroking her belly, long rythmic strokes along her inner thighs to her knees, her diligent fingers flirting with the tender engorged and pouting lips of her cunt.

Clara lay supine, murmuring a continuous stream of insulting sexual epithets at the girl. She was a blackfuck and black spunkbag, black fuckmeat, a cunt-whore, and the Negress, her voice thick now, murmured her low, "Yassum" as their body odors mixed. Hers, a strong, musky scent, and Clara's scented seaweed mixed with underarm, rose to their nostrils, and their bodies were glistening now with sex-sweat while the mucus at her slit was making soft wet noises . . .

Clara suddenly grabbed the black hand at her crotch and pressed it violently into her cunt . . . "You' feelin' lak Ah'm feelin' Ma'am – look!" the Negress said. She turned and bent right down, putting



her hands around to her ass and pulling her buttocks open, distorting the lips of her gaping cunt and showing the bright pink wetness and the cleft of her ass, which was filmed with lust-mucus. Then she turned back to the woman on the bed, slid two fingers into her cunt, and worked them in and out in a copulating movement, saying, her voice a lewd croak, "Yo' feelin' lak Ah'm feelin', yo' feelin' lak that? Yo' want to use mah man? Mah man to come up and stick his black cock into this hot cunt of yours?"

Dazed with lust, Clara nodded, and the Negress went to the door and screamed down to her husband in the kitchen, "Yo' Jake, cummere!"

The big black man paused inside, the door to rid himself of his clothes. Then, his prick a pole, he knelt over the panting white woman and opened her legs wider as his wife stretched out a hand and took her husband's great, stiff, black dong to guide it into Clara's moistly waiting slit as she gasped out, "Oh quick! Fuck me. Give it to me, fuck me, please!"

Harry soundlessly opened the front door with his key and quietly entered, accompanied by the private eye. They paused at the bottom of the stairs, ears cocked. Then Harry nodded and pointed upward, and they softly began to climb up the stairs to the upper floor of the house.

The bedroom door was half open, and as the two men stood poised there came a woman's voice, softly pleading, "Oh quick! Fuck me. Give it to me, fuck me, please!"

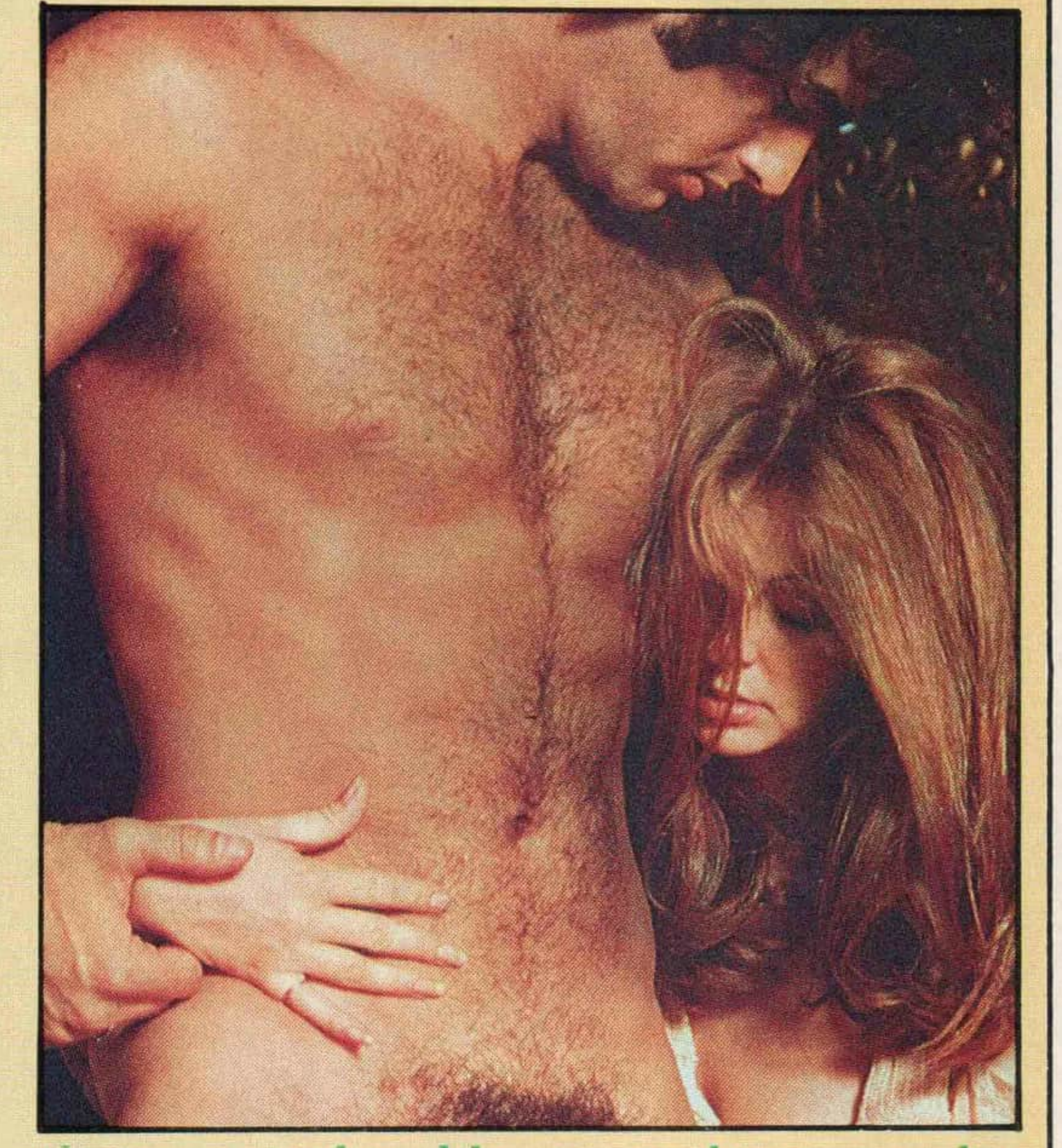
Harry pushed the door to the room completely open. The man and the two women were so totally engrossed in their lust as to be beyond the ability to be aware of their approach and of the raised camera until . . .

*FLASH!!!* ♣

# This May Be The Most Important Invention Of Our Time!

# S-T-R-E-T-C-H-I-T

**"There is clinical evidence that with proper use it can improve the circulation which controls penile erection."**
**Source: U.S. Patent 3.926.184 Penis Encircling Device.**



On December 16, 1975, the United States Patent Office granted a patent to one of the most unusual inventions ever submitted to its offices...an amazing new traction device designed exclusively for the penis!

After years of research and testing, Dr. Fred J. Gehl, the inventor and President of Medical Assists Corporation, had finally reached his goal: the design of a simple, totally effective device which could be used by a man to increase the circulation in the arteries of his penis.

## What Stretchit Can Do For You!

In the scientific terminology of U.S. Patent 3.926.184, the Stretchit is described as follows:

"...this invention is used to support and/or stretch prolapsed and weakened bulbourethral glands and bulbo cavernosum muscles which leads to the improvement of circulation through the helicine arteries and prostate plexus."

Fancy words. But what they mean to you is really quite simple. There are a number of intricate muscles and glands in the area surrounding the penis which regulate both your urinary control and the flow of blood necessary to produce a firm, truly complete erection! And these muscles, like any others, can be made stronger and more responsive to your control!

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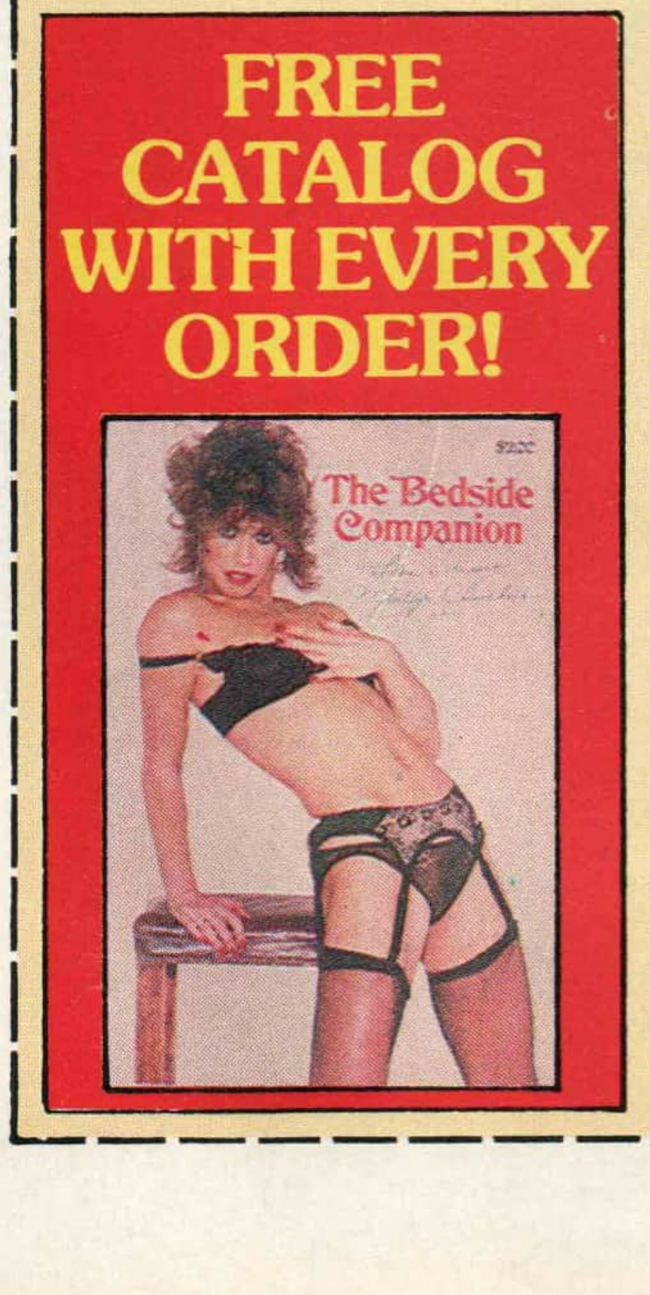

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Nipple makeup by Louise Calder

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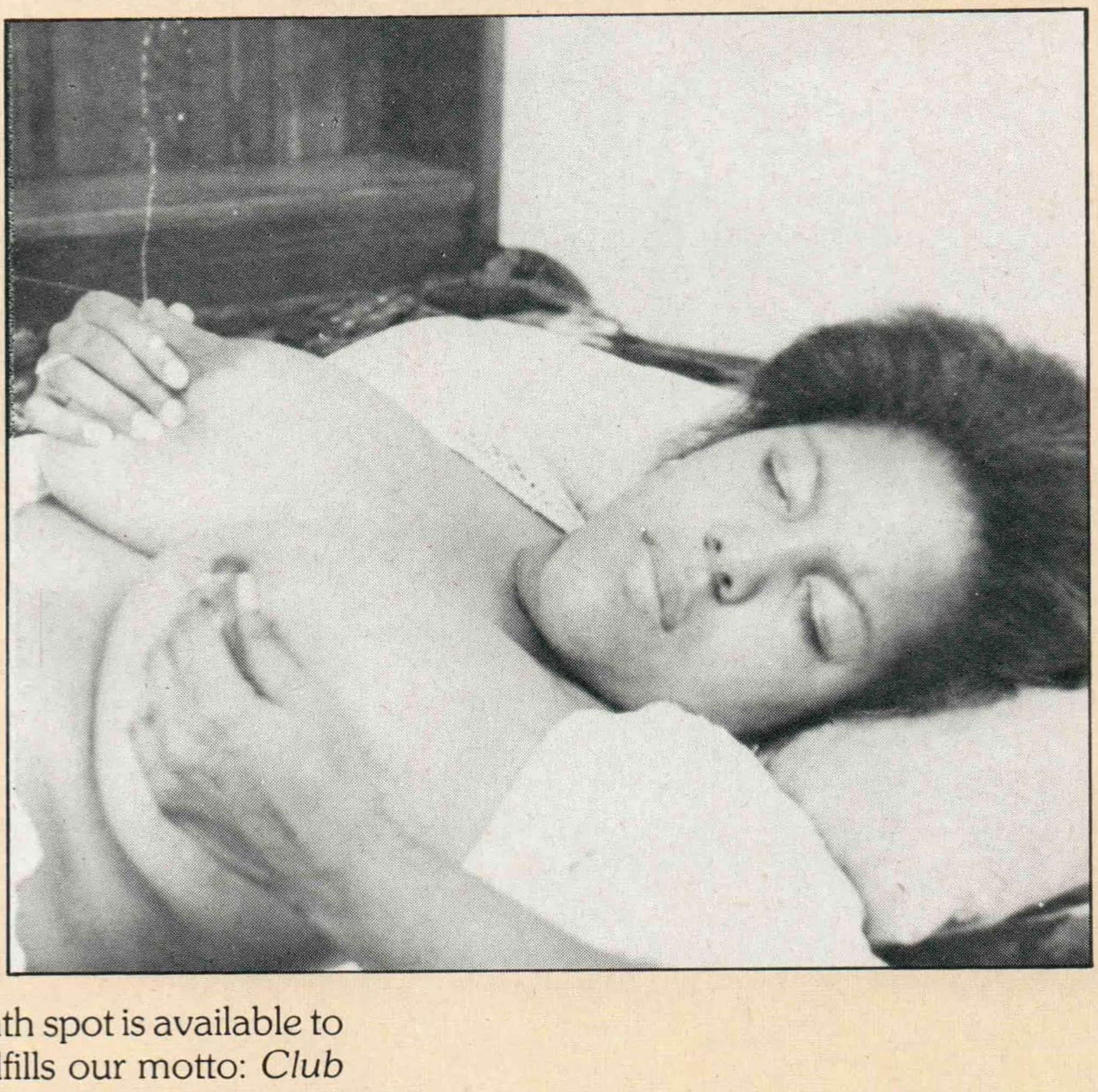


Our Freak of the Month spot is available to all "comers," and fulfills our motto: *Club International* makes abnormal ...*normal!!*

extra

# DD Size

BY MIKE GREEN WITH PHOTOGRAPH BY DWIGHT FOX

If Lily had known that her husband hadn't gotten dressed yet she would have waited before taking his coffee in, but he glanced up as she entered, just at the moment that her dressing gown fell open. So he got his eyes on her extra outsize boobs, and she knew that, despite his preference for chubby, youngish males, he was going to fuck her.

"Take your dressing gown off."

He stared only at her huge mammaries, then switched his glance to the mirror, to watch his cock slowly lengthen, stiffen.

"Put your ass there, open your legs, and put your hands behind your back."

Her haunches slightly pressed out, because of her weight against the edge of the dresser, and her plumpish legs parted to show wisps of the pale, blonde hair which were slightly darker at her slit. But what his eyes engorged themselves on were her tits. They were hugely magnificent, lolling heavily down, fatly inviting, the areolas a browny-pink, making a background for nipples the size of small corks.

Her hair, two long, corngold braids, hung down her back, and now, while her husband's eyes devoured her, she raised her shapely arms and expertly wound them into a crown. He watched the slow slide of the weight of her breasts. His cock was now almost fully erected.

Her hands obediently behind her back, her eyes fixed on his stiffened prick, his wife awaited her husband's pleasure.

"Suck one."

As if this was the command she had been waiting for, she slid a hand under a breast and pushed it upward, toward her mouth, then took the nipple with the other hand and put it between her teeth. She sucked on it.

"Now the other."

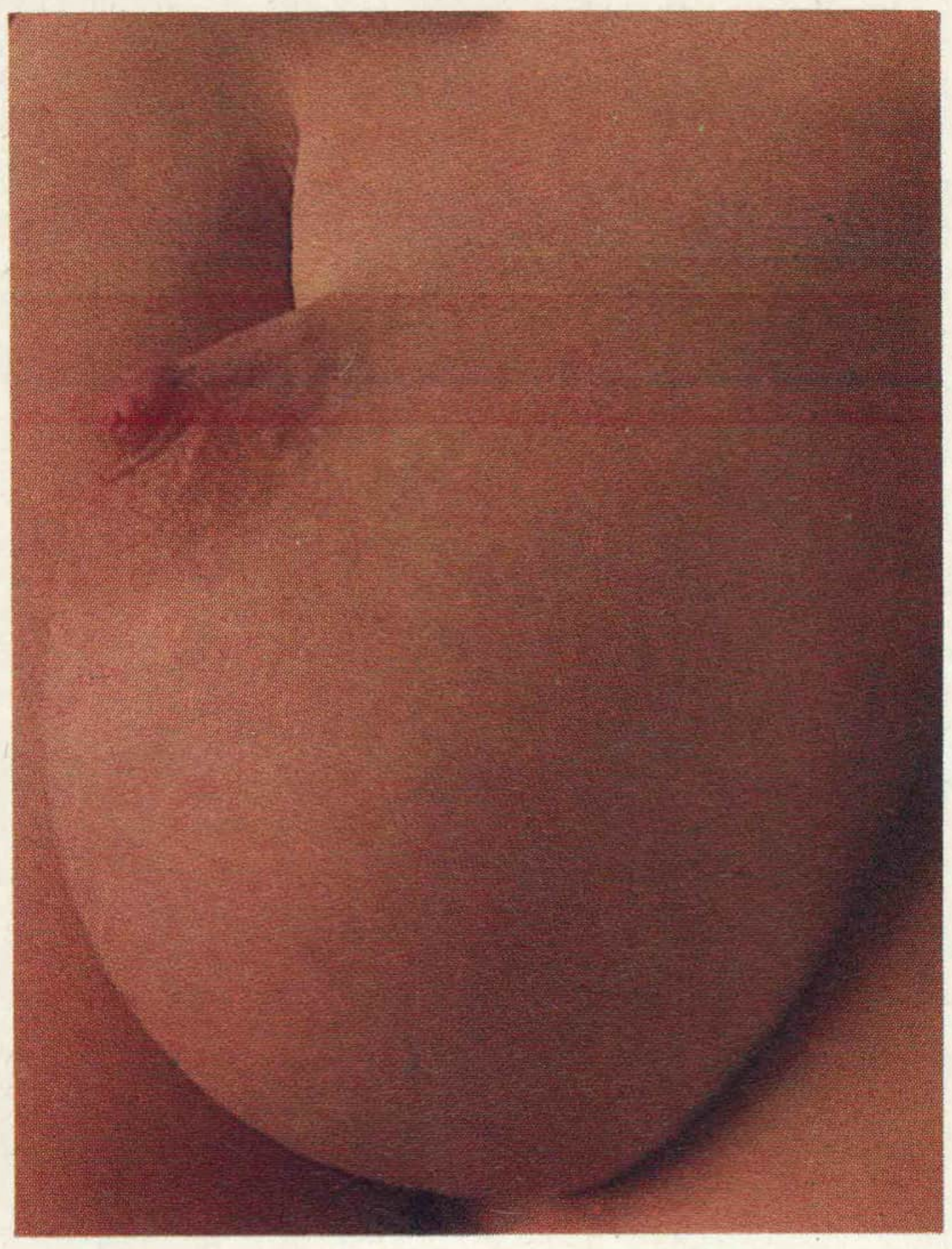
Biting on the nipple to hold it, she put her hands to the other breast and eased it up, supporting its weight until both nipples were in her mouth. Then, holding them in position, she began to suck on them.

Thereafter, watching her and himself in the mirror, he pushed his cock into her cunt and fucked her.

Fucked her while she sucked on her tits . . .

He didn't touch her with his hands, but stood against her and pumped his prick in her until, as his paroxysm of lust seized him, his body locked itself rigid as he spurted his seed into her cunt. Unstirred, she let her tits flop down, the nipples gleaming wet, and put her hands behind her again as his cock slid out of her.

He moved toward the bathroom and said, "Coffee."



She dressed, in shoes and a loose, Eastern-looking garment, and when her husband had left she again opened the door quietly, to peep along the corridor to the door of the end apartment. She was waiting for Barbara's husband to leave. Thinking of him made her cunt wet, and to think of him fucking her made her have a cross-legged come.

She watched him go to the elevator, big and chockful of macho, then quietly drew her door open and moved, carpet-silent, along the corridor to gently push open the door that Barbara had unlocked. She slipped in, making an audible click so that Barbara would know that they were safe from intrusion.

Nude, she was seated at her dressing table doing her hair, black hair that was matched by the spreading tuft at her armpits. They smiled to each other, and Lily said, "Every time I see your boobs I think they're bigger than mine."

Languorously, Barbara shook her head as she looked down, "Mine only come to my belly button, yours go past it." Then she raised her white arms and manipulated her heavy hair again, both girls watching how they slid of their own weight. Lily knelt, folded her arms around Barbara's torso, and ravaged each breast with two hands.

Lily slid her hand down over Barbara's black belly as Barbara parted her thighs. Suddenly Lily drew her hand away to show the glistening wetness of spunk.

"He fucked you."

Barbara nodded. "Oh you *cunt!* you *darling* cunt!" Lily whispered, " if you knew what it does to me, knowing, thinking . . . how did he, riding on your boobs again?"

"Yes," he just swept that side clear and bent me down so I was squashing my tits. He says it gives his cock a nice sliding movement, you know, backward and forward on his prick. He says it's as good as me sucking him."

"Oh Barbara, quick!" she darted to the bed, threw herself face down, opened her legs, and drew her gown up, revealing her plump, pink ass.

Barbara sat looking at Lily's reflection a moment then got up, completely displaying her stunning figure, the tiny-bit-heavy thighs, her curvy arms, her slim waist which sumptuously emphasized her huge breasts, the disproportion making her doubly exciting to see. She crossed to the bed and leaned down so that her nipples brushed the expanse of soft ass-flesh while she slid a finger along the inside of the musky-smelling thighs. Then it was two fingers sliding . . . to the soft wetness that was so pleasantly exposed . . .

Barbara drew her hand away and hissed, "You've been fucked, you whore!"

"Yes I – I – forgot to wash. Oh Barbara I couldn't help it, honest. My gown fell open, and he saw my boobs. He was naked, and he looked at my tits and then at his cock, growing bigger and longer, and he made me lean against the chest and push my nipples into my mouth and suck them. That was when he fucked me, while I was sucking my boobs so . . ."

Palping Lily's big, soft ass and sliding her hand down to the wet warmth, Barbara murmured, "Both tits?"

"Yes, he fucked me while I was holding my tits in my mouth."

"You know what men do to girls who fuck without permission, don't you."

"Yes, Barabara, they beat them."

"Did you fuck without my permission?"

"Yes," she whispered softly.

"So what am I goind to do?"

A whisper, still softer, "Beat me."

"Yes, oh yes, a lovely beating on your lovely ass!" Barbara crooned it. "You know your cunt belongs to me, and that the only person I hope to watch fucking it is my husband!"

"Oh yes! I've been so naughty! The paddle please, the paddle, I'm so ready! Thinking of your husband fucking my cunt sends me, please I . . ."

"Didn't you know that young boys turned him on?"

"No, how could I? I was sitting alone because Edith had gone to the toilet, and when she came back she veered off. He was a money man. I recognized it but didn't let on, and gradually, from the way he was eyeing my boobs and hitching at his cock, I knew that he thought I was a high-priced prostitute. So I went along with it, took him home, and let him strip me. Then I knelt and played with his prick with my tits, and suddenly he yelled, out loud, 'Get back, I'm going to shoot!'"

"His spunk must have jetted a good yard.

*continued on page 43*

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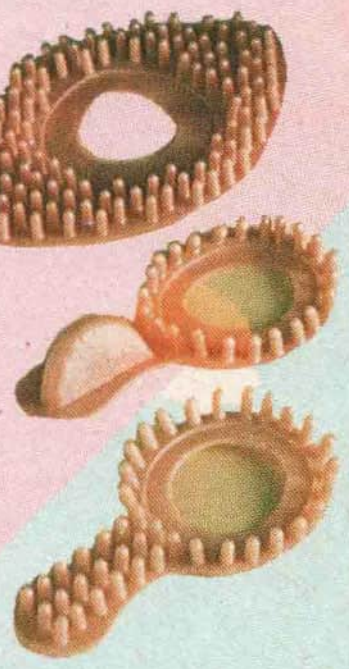

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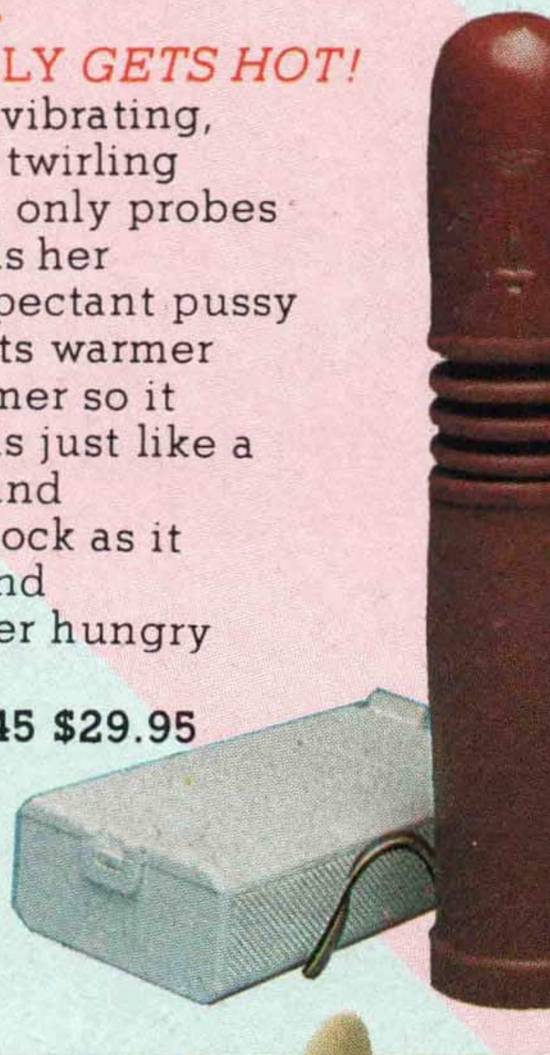

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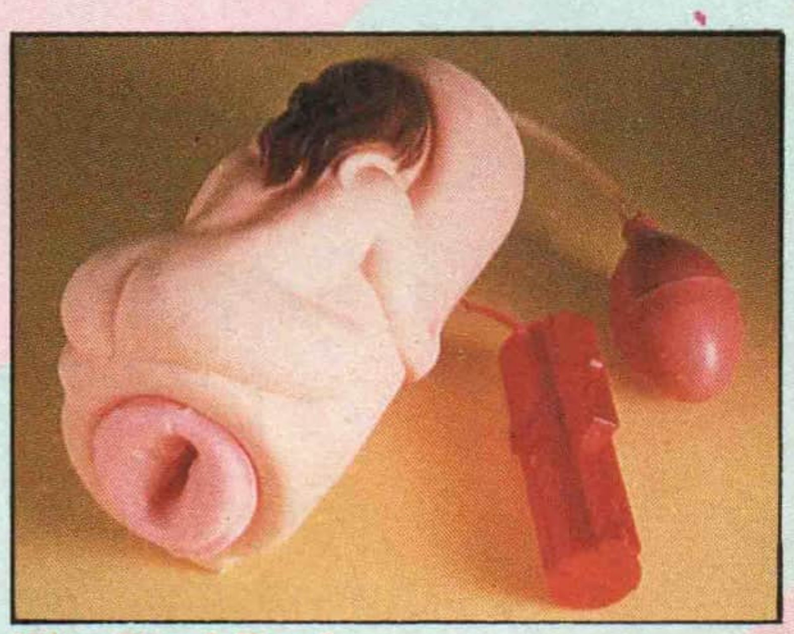

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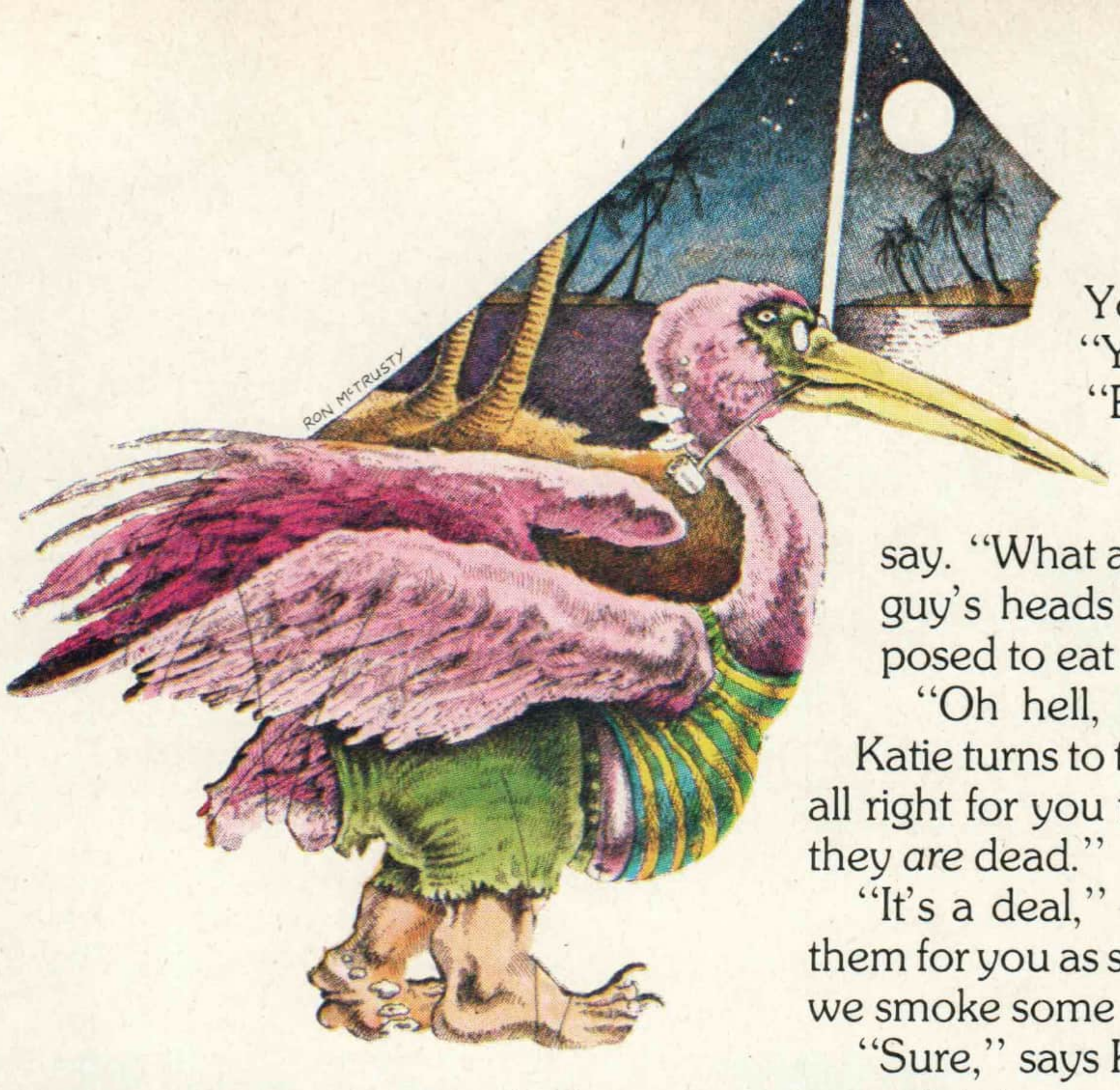

*continued from page 24*

rolls tentatively toward one of the sand crabs, waving a couple of spines at it.

"Beat it, Spike," snarls the crab. "Go wave those things at somebody else."

The sea urchin retreats, his spines drooping dispiritedly.

Well, Katie and I have just been sitting there digging all this with our minds wide open. I mean, I've heard of being one with nature, but this is *ridiculous.* Meanwhile my gonads are throbbing away like kettledrums because, as a result of all these rude interruptions, I never get a chance to come. Here I am, sitting nude in a tent with the most gorgeous, far out chick, while a gentle tropical rain is making soft, soothing vibes on the roof, and mellow cocaine is coursing through my veins and I can't get near her, because a bunch of weird animals want to get high and rap in the middle of our living room.

"Hey, this is a really nice reefer," says the pelican. "Do you have any more. I'd like to cop a stash of it if you have."

"Cop a stash?" says Katie. "What are you going to use to pay for it?"

"Well," says the pelican, "I could bring you a few fish."

"But don't fish talk?" Katie asks.

"Sure do," says one of the cockroaches. "Talk all the time."

"You can't generalize about entities that way," says one of the sand crabs. "Don't be a species-ist."

"But if you're going to bring us fish," Katies continues, "doesn't that mean you'll have to kill them?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so," shrugged the pelican.

"But that's *terrible,*" says Katie.

"Listen, lady," says the pelican. "I don't know how it is in human communites, but *we* kill each other – it's how we eat."

When I think about it, this system sounds very much like the scene back in London, but Katie isn't finished yet.

"Listen, what if you all cooperated? Then you wouldn't *have* to kill each other. You could grow things."

"Yuck," says the pelican.

"Blech!" chorus the sand crabs in unison.

"Hey listen, Katie," I say. "What are you fucking with those guy's heads for? What are they supposed to eat – rice?"

"Oh hell, I suppose you're right." Katie turns to the pelican. "I suppose it's all right for you to pay in fish, but be sure they *are* dead."

"It's a deal," says the pelican. "I'll get them for you as soon as the rain stops. Can we smoke some more pot now?"

"Sure," says Katie, and she starts to roll some joints.

I have a sudden idea. "Speaking of the end of the rain and all that, it sounds like the storm has let up. So, instead of smoking a joint, why don't you all fuck off? Go back to your holes or wherever you live."

For a long time nobody says anything. Then a cockroach mutters, "Caramba!"

"That's bad jive-talk, Big Jim," snarls the sea urchin.

"I'm surprised at you, Nathan," says Katie. "How can we throw them out into the rain?"

"Katie, they're animals. They're *supposed* to be out in the rain!"

"Species-ist," hisses a sand crab.

I sigh, maybe they have a point. "Okay, we're all one, all part of Nature and all that. But as soon as the rain stops just me and Katie are going to be one."

"Sure, man, that's beautiful," cheeps up one of the cockroaches. "Hey, come on, you guys, let's beat some tub." And with this the roaches start wailing away on their drums and shaking their maracas, and while they're not exactly The Grateful Dead, they're not bad at all.

"You guys ain't from Nashville, by any chance, I suppose?" I ask the cockroach nearest to me.

"No man, we're from Montigo Bay," says the roach. "We've just played the Caribbean circuit so far, but we're getting better all the time. Someday we're going to play the big towns."

"You guys better be careful if you come to London," says Katie. "It's full of exterminators."

"Yeah, we heard about it," says one cockroach, and the music stops. "Over six billion of us gassed. A great tragedy."

"But someday," says another, "we're going to have our own homeland, learn to protect ourselves, and have a famous

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Seeing it blob onto my tits gave me an orgasm, and when I handled my tits, which were now all slippery and slithery, and put them up into my mouth, holding them by the nipples, his cock suddenly got ideas. He put two hundred dollars on the bedside table, and in the morning he'd gone, but there was another two hundred dollars . . ."

Now, pink fleshed from the back of her knees to her slim waist, Barbara slackened her strokes with the paddle. "Yes, cunt?"

"Well, next day I sent the money over to his office downtown, with a note on that expensive writing paper you gave me saying that if he cared to come and do it again to me there'd be no charge."

Lily parted her legs and she gasped as her body began to jerk. "Oh Barbara, give it to me with your fingers, please, I'm just ready to burst with comes. . . ."

"No, slut – what did I call you?"

"A slut, darling."

"It's terrible, calling you a slut, isn't it."

"Not when *you* call me it darling, because I love you."

"You want me to make you come with my fingers, don't you."

"Oh yes, please – I'm so ready, and only you can do it . . ."

"Well this is what you're going to do instead – get off the bed."

She lay flat on the bed, then drew her knees up to her tits, squashing them. Then she held the lips of her cunt apart with splayed out fingers . . . "See my clit? you're going to fuck me with your nipples . . .stroke it, stroke it, your nipples are hard . . . I can see! *Get going!* Do it *right!* Aaargh!" She put her hand on Lily's head to slow her down. "Make it last . . . do you

*continued on page 70*

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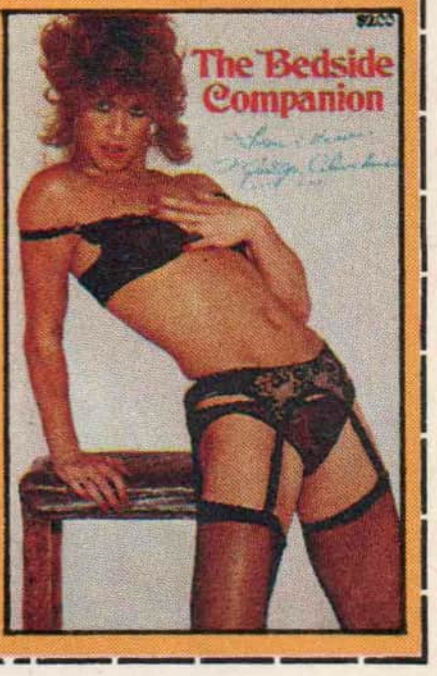

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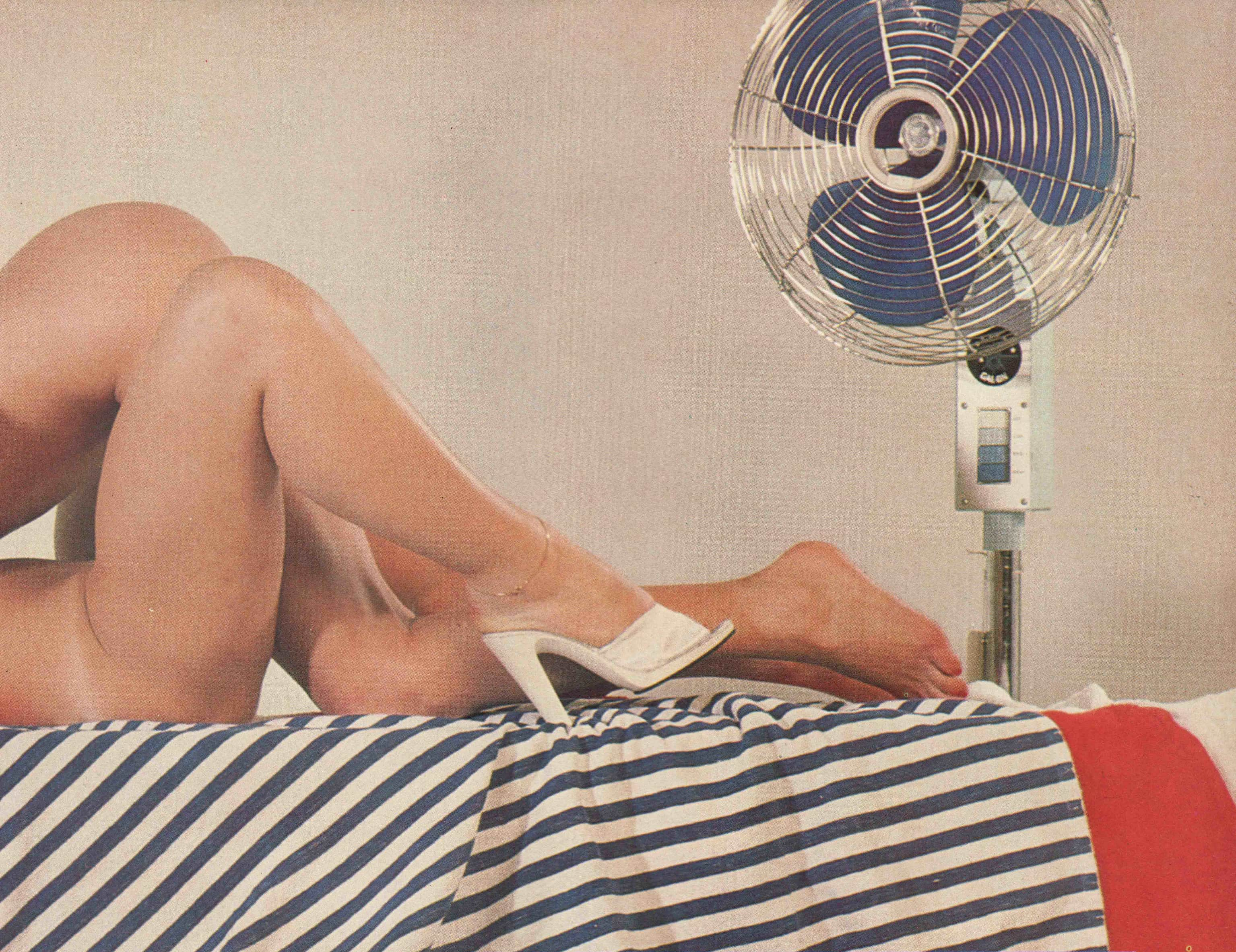

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# The Rust Bucket

BY DAVID LYNNE WITH PHOTOGRAPH BY DWIGHT FOX

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PANORAMA

# The Rust Bucket

Not to put too fine a point on it, she was a fucking eyesore. A disheveled old hag of a vessel, held together by rust and trust and evil green barnacles. As out of place on the sparkling blue waters of Rio bay as a wino at an embassy cocktail party, as unsightly as a dog turd on the satin sheets in a high-class whore's boudoir.

But she was the center of a hive of activity that kept our eyes glued to her in glassy fascination, and which had caused our taxi-boat man to respectfully cut the engine so that we could bob gently in the swell and not miss a moment of it.

Down the steep, dangerous ladder from the deck was clattering a file of brightly plumaged birds, filling the air with the noise of their complaining. Birds of the human kind, of course, shapely and smooth of leg, saucy and swinging of derriere, bouncy and bounteous of breast, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and then some. An attractive and prick arousing sight.

A gaggle of taxi-boats was waiting at the foot of the ladder to receive them, and the rails of the ship were lined by disconsolate, down-at-the-mouth crew members who stared after the departing cuties as glumly as kids with their noses pressed up against the window of an out-of-bounds candy store. A couple of grim faced officers were standing by the gangway, supervising the evacuation.

An apparition suddenly appeared on the wing of the bridge, a wild-faced, stubble chinned, beer gutted figure with a grubby white shirt open to the waist and a bottle of whisky clutched in one hand.

He stared down at the activity below in brooding silence for a moment, then pounded a ham sized fist on the salt encrusted teak of the storm rail. Everyone turned to look up at him.

"I don't give a damn," he roared, "when every man jack of my damn crew gets a fucking dose. I still don't give a damn when all my fucking officers get a fucking dose."

He paused and drew a deep breath.

"But I'm the Captain," he thundered, "and when *I* get a fucking dose that's damn well IT.

"Off!" he yelled. "Get the hell off my fucking ship!"

The girls fled into the boats, the boats took off like startled quail, and our own boatman got us under way. We roared with laughter, but underneath our hilarity was a slight sense of unease. There would be some rather anxious, short-arm inspections taking place in the privacy of various bathrooms every morning for the next few days, that was for sure!

Don't get the wrong impression – I'm not saying that Rio de Janeiro is rife with V.D. – far from it. It's just that the poor guys on board the mangy old tramp ship were unfortunate in having possibly one carrier among the dozen or so taxi-boat girls who had come to live on board. Things being as they are between shipmates, they'd probably all gone through her, with the result that we'd just witnessed. It wasn't all that serious anyway – a few injections and the guys would be as right as rain in no time and raring to go before they reached their next port. Hell, you could screw the vicar's daughter back home in Upper Come Quickly and still find yourself with the Dreaded Drip, God knows!

And frankly, given the choice between the vicar's daughter and a Rio taxi-boat girl, I know which I would chose. The sultry señorita every time! The things those girls could do with their vaginal muscles . . . !

I hadn't been told about the boat girls before we reached Rio. Everything else, yes, in lurid detail by my conniving shipmates, so that by the time our three week voyage was nearing its end I was hornier and more frustrated than a man marooned on a desert island with a bevy of nubile nuns.

This was my first trip as a very junior Junior Engineer, way back in the dim days of the mid-Sixties, and I was still wet behind the ears. When we dropped anchor in the middle of Rio bay, amid the dozens of other ships waiting for a berth, I naively assumed that I would be going ashore that very evening with the rest of my buddies to wallow in the long anticipated fleshpots. When the 2nd Engineer told me, with every appearance of genuine regret, that I would be on night watch, i.e., I'd have to stay on board in case some of the auxilliary machines packed up, I had difficulty in restraining myself from going straight for his throat. Which, considering that he stood 6 foot 6 inches in his socks, and weighed in at 294 pounds, gives some indication of the strength of my feelings.

"You'll be alright on board, Fiver," he said (I was fifth Engineer out of five). "You haven't a thing to worry about – honest."

I hurled the bottle of after-shave, which I'd been using, at the door, admittedly after he'd closed it behind him, and cursed long and fluently. Three weeks – three long, fucking weeks without the wet clasp of juicy feminine lips, the hot blood of twenty-one summers pounding urgently in my penis, and now this! The mile distant lights of Rio mocking me through my porthole, red and green and blue neon shining on pavements over which swayed the succulent, nylon crotched snatchboxes of eager, available, lust crazy women. And nothing to look forward to now through the long night but the inadequate grasp of the five fingered seaman's wife. To hell with it!

I toyed wildly with the idea of jumping ship and going native, but the thought of the size of the fauna of the place stopped me. We'd seen butterflies as big as dinner plates flapping lazily around the bay all afternoon, making as little of the miles wide stretch of water as our own do of a small stream. And if the butterflies were that big, what about the flies? Not to mention wasps and mosquitoes, and fucking spiders, for Christ's sake!

I sat there disconsolately, watching the lights of taxi-boats darting around like glowworms from ship to ship. Cursing the boats too, thinking bitterly that they were taking lucky, shore leave bastards to the spread thighs that were denied me, little knowing then that in those same taxi-boats lay my salvation!

I was naked in the sweltering humidity, idly counting my shore going money, when an alarm sounding deep in the bowels of the engine room brought me hurtling to my feet and into a handily placed boiler suit. Some damn pump or other had broken down, and it meant more damn work. At least it would take my mind off of my balls.

Some two hours later I again emerged from the engine room, covered in grease, oil and sweat. Absolutely exhausted. If Sophia Loren herself were to come to me naked and ravenous I couldn't have raised a quiver, I told myself, and stopped dead in my tracks.

For a crazy moment I thought she *was* Sophia Loren. She had her back to me, and she was tall and stately, as Sophia is stately. Moving away from me down the alleyway, trying the doors of the cabins, the deep V of her dress showed off the sleekly muscled, lightly tanned perfection of her back. Her hips flowed out poetically, and her rump was firm and full.

She moved like a dancer, graceful and gloriously feminine, buttocks kissing suggestively as they jostled busily under her bright dress. Her midnight black hair bobbed entrancingly around her shoulders. She was divine – the mouthwatering embodiment of all the dreams of all the sex starved seamen who have ever tossed miserably in their hammocks on a

*continued on page 72*

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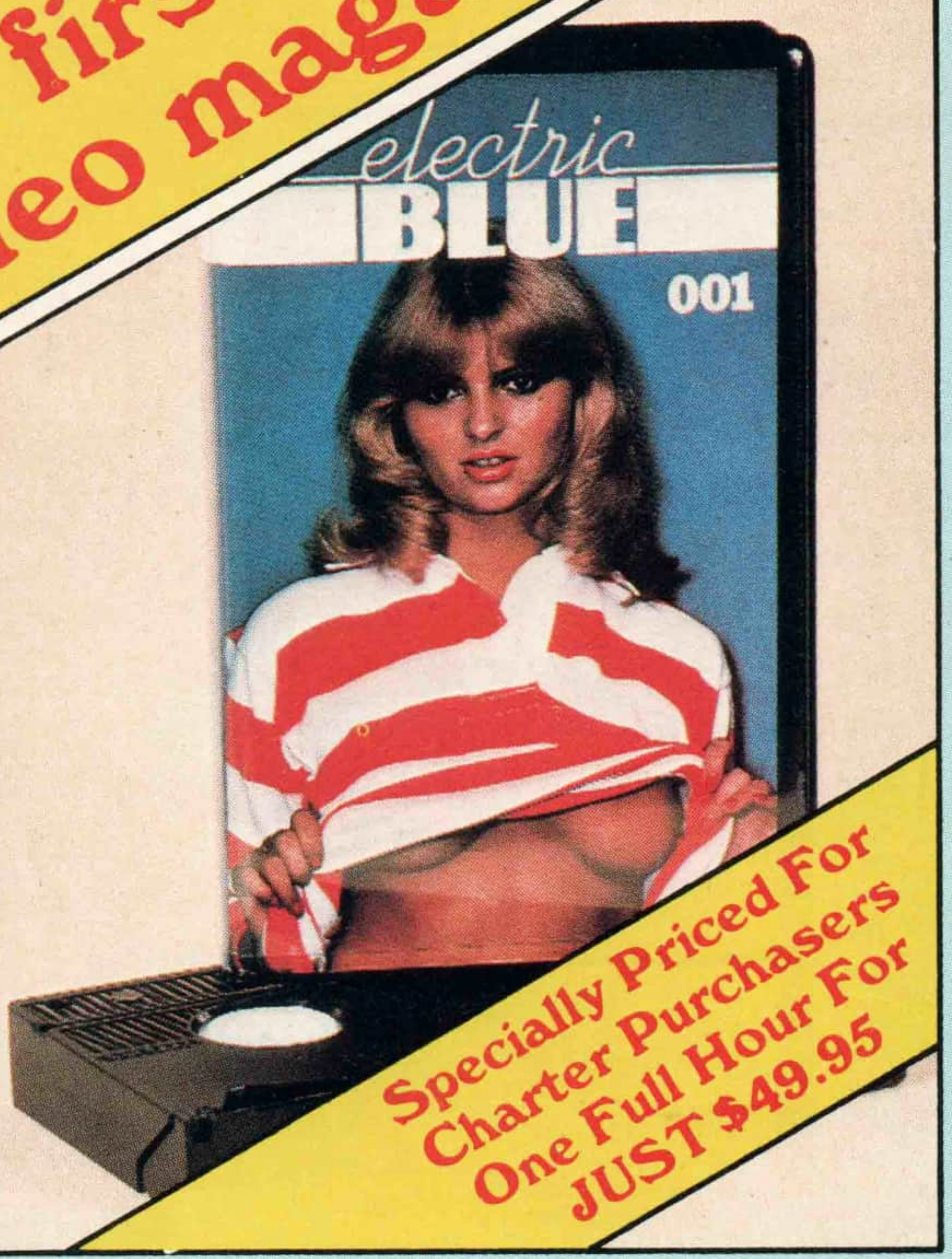
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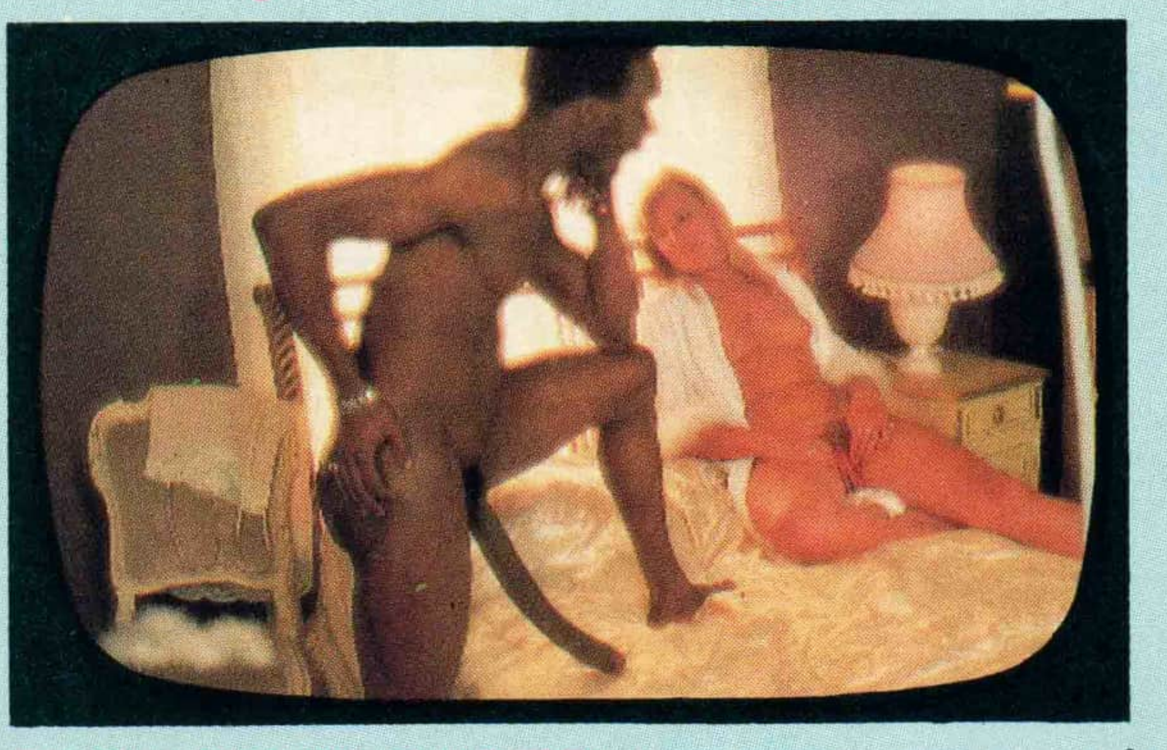

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The Bedside Companion

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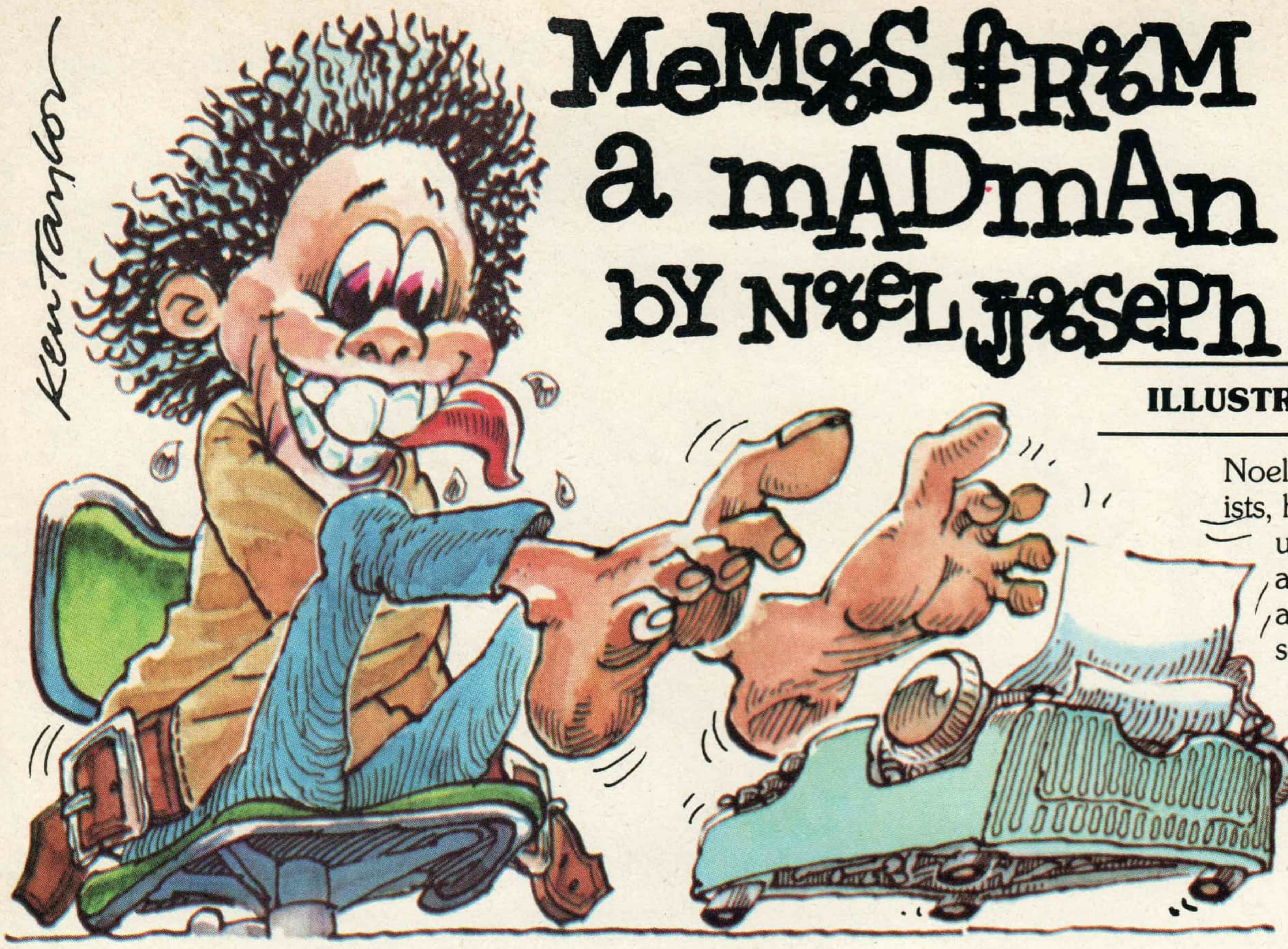
# MEMOS FROM A MADMAN
## BY NOEL JOSEPH



**ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEN TAYLOR**

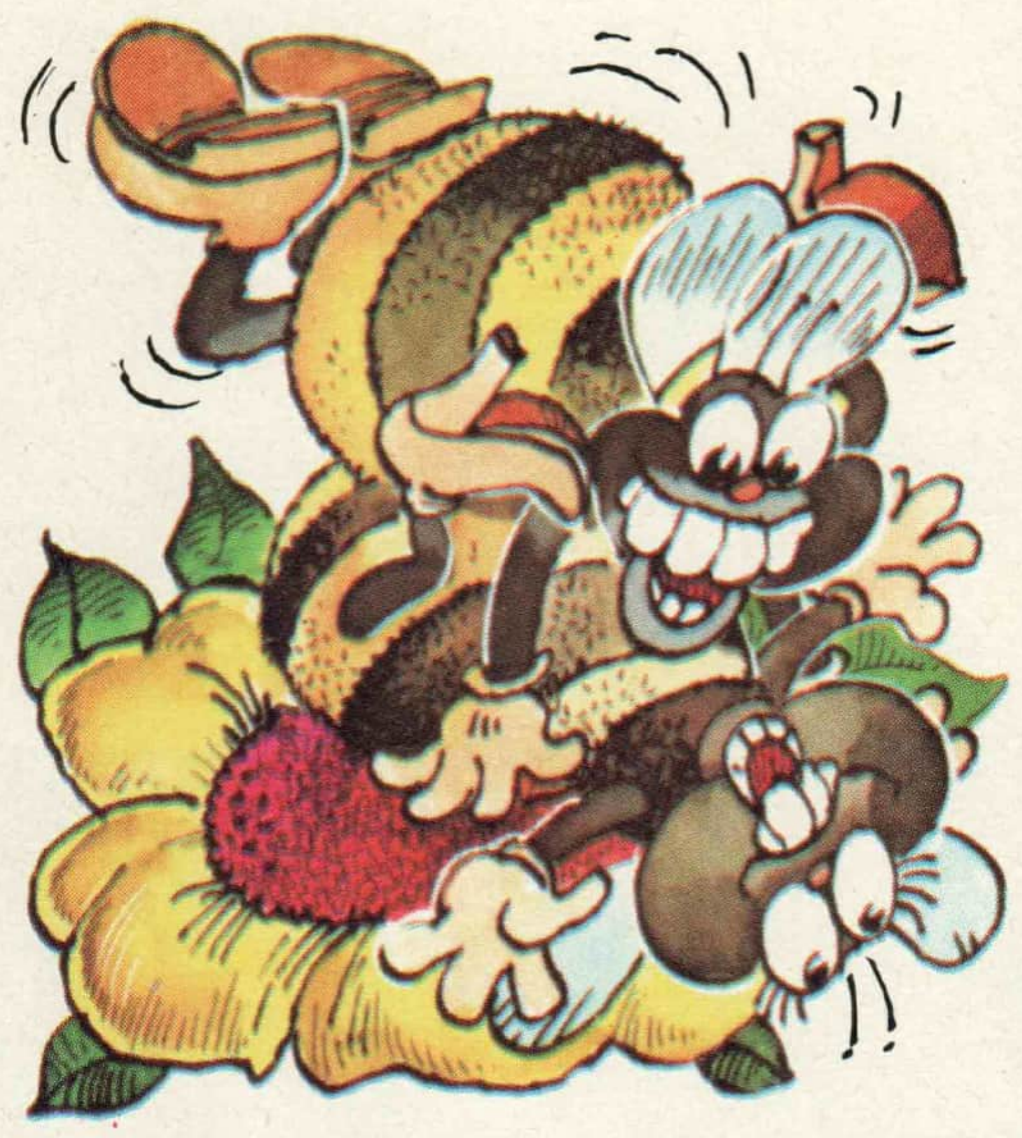
Noel Joseph, one of our favorite humorists, has submitted many brilliant stories to us in the past. Some time ago, after asking him for more ideas, I was amazed to receive the following scenarios for several vivid comedies. Instead of expanding them all into individual stories, I thought you might prefer to read all the cameos at once, hence, experiencing the enjoyment I derived from this uncanny writer's weird slant on life./*Roger Cook*

### HOW TO GET INTO A GIRL'S PLANTS

Maybe it's because they have a beautiful "bush" of their own, but girls love plants. And if you want to get into your girlfriend Rose's or Violet's plants, you've got to develop a taste for those creeping, ugly, green things, or at least *pretend* you give a shit about them. Here's all you need to know about plants and flowers so that you can easily fake that interest and get laid!

**The Science of Whorticulture**

Adam became the first horticulturist when he tried to rotate Eve's crop of leaves. (He got the idea by watching the birds and the bees. The bees were zipping around pollinating the flowers, and an occasional beaver, until their little zippers got stuck and they had to do it by tongue.)



*(Article goes on to talk about what to say to potted plants, "Grow more fucking leaves!" How to grow condoms from rubber trees, why flowers love brown and golden "watering and fertilizer," how to talk to pansies, how to celebrate Arbor Day, avoid pricks when picking flowers, what flowers to give each kind of girl, etc.)*

And so, if you want to get your hands on *her* tiny buds and into some early, young red bloomers, go out and fondle a few flowers for practice, and read all about plants. As somebody said long ago, "You can lead a whore to culture, but you can't make her think!"

### "I WENT ALL THE WAY WITH A NUN!"

Ah ha!

Caught you, didn't we?

You thought you were going to read a horny story about how a guy picked up a Nun and balled her, didn't you?

Wrong.

You've been had, just like millions of horny guys are had every day by those phony magazine covers that lie to you so that you buy their fucking publication.

So you buy it, right? And anxiously turn to read all about the religious bit. Your hot little hands tear into the pages and finally you find it! "I went all the way with a Nun!" You start to read, and shit! It's all about how the driver of a religious school bus once drove a Nun all the way to the end of the bus line. So you're out $2.50, and into your own pants to get off from all that incredible sex build-up they never delivered.

So what happens next month? Same bullshit! You pass by the newsstand and see:

### "PAUL NEWMAN PAID ME TO TAKE EVERYTHING OFF!"

Sucker! You pay another $2.50, grab the magazine and your cock, and head to the bathroom, the sweat pouring off of you. And? Sure enough, you've been had again! *This* one's about Paul Newman's tax man, and how Paul asked him about taking off some deductions!

*(Article talks about other phony articles like:*

*"He chained me to the bed, then ignored me!"*
*(about a Gideon Bible in a cheap hotel)*

*"Her body was in my hands!"*
*(about a worker at the Acme Body Car Repair Shop)*

*"Steve McQueen broke my heart!"*
*(how Steve stepped on a girl's charm bracelet)*

*"I warned Faurett-Faucett I was going to jump!"*
*(how a guy beat her in checkers)*

*"Now it can be told* – Robert Redford is an Ex Con!"
(how Redford's real name is Robert Con)

"From pot to hash!"
(the story of a short-order cook)

"Getting busted!"
(about the silicone injections)

### (ARTICLE GOES ON TO MENTION OTHER STORIES)

*So next time, be hip! Don't let them rip you off, rip them off! Read the fucking magazine right there at the newsstand, and when that grubby news dealer says, "Buy it or put it down, buddy!" you say, "Keep away from me, Mac, I'm a KILLER!" (And you are, you killed three ants only that morning!)*

### "RAGTIME" – THE *BEST* TIME TO SCORE!

Some old-fashioned guys think that you can't ball a chick during that "difficult" time, a polite way of saying when she's got the rag on. Whoreshit! This can be the *best* time, if you handle it right. In the light of modern, scientific knowledge, those old superstitions should be ignored. Let those old wive's tales be cleared up once and for all:

*Question:* "What is a woman's period?"

*Modern, scientific answer:* "It is God's way of punishing cunt for fucking Adam out of a perfectly good rib."

*Question:* "Do all women go through a menstrual cycle?"

*Modern, scientific answer:* "Of course not. Only tramps and whores and worse. Nice girls never have this experience."

*(Article goes on to examine the period, the advantages of balling a girl, or not balling her, it's a good time to have her practice giving head, etc. Also how some famous women of the past are talked about, and how their boyfriends and husbands "got around" the problem. Also, a typical date and how to find out if she's on the rag, and how to get her into bed despite it, etc.)*

So now you're ready for anything, and at any time of the month. Just one last word of advice. Just in case it really is "her time of the month" be prepared with a few extra words of kindness, a friendly pat – and a damn good sponge!

MUCHO DOLLARS

### NEW SEX KICK: SNORTING MIDGETS!

To make a long story short, midgets have always been great sex partners. They've also been the butt of jokes from Time Immemorial, for example:

"A fag sees another fag across the street. The other fag is carrying a midget under his arm. He calls out, 'Hey, can I have a drag on that before you throw it away?'"

*(Article gives other midget sex jokes, and goes on to say that midgets are also into kinky sex, with an unfortunate tendency to "go off half cocked." Article examines other weird sex kicks today, like masochists keeping live killer bees from Brazil in their jock. It also mentions plaster casters, the use of blood doping to get laid, jerking midgets off with tweezers, the use of quaaludes, sniffing herb's – and Herb sniffing yours – also having to have a "Big Smack Attack" by dipping a Big Mac hamburger in hash and rubbing it all over your crotch. And, of course, the fine art of putting coke on a midget's head. (The advantage of this is, of course, that you can easily flush a midget down the toilet when the Fuzz comes!)*

Yes, "The Little, Wee Wee People" are doing more than their bit these days for funky sex. So show your appreciation. Go out of your way next time and pat one of the little buggers on the head. It's good luck, man!

GIVE TILL IT HURTS

## WILL YOUR SEX ORGANS TO A GAY!

Every office has them.

Those pain-in-the-ass free donations to some secretary who's getting married or something, plus all those rip-offs for charity, and those involuntary blood drives – where the Establishment and those pricks you work for actually have the guts to *take your fucking blood!* Well, there's finally one organization that's come along that you can dig. All they want are your sex organs, and they'll gladly come right to your pad and give you a free appraisal!

*(Article goes on to show how chicks are donating their body to doctors, a day at a time, so why not have a little fun with your sex organs while they're still in good working condition?*

*Article tells what gays will do to the organs, and how nicely they treat you. (You get a button that says, "I gave at the orifice!") Article also tells how many people are going around today testing sex organs for medical research, and mentions the transplants of the future, where you can get spare sex parts in the frozen food section of your supermarket Article talks about this Organization's new slogan, "You've gummed a long, long way, Baby!", and how gays will put your organs to good use.)*

So just think! Long after *you're* laid away, you will have the great satisfaction of knowing you're *still* getting laid, and knowing those gays, your former sex organs will be having one hell of a better time than they ever did with *you!*

---

## HOLD A MISTRESS REUNION!

Every real stud who's worth his ass is always looking for new action. He soon gets tired of that old shit in the singles bars, molesting old men, flashing, and jerking off in the fountain outside City Hall. In the past men of action have always sought new kicks. Like Casanova, he couldn't get off unless five or ten men were chasing him with long knives. It spurred him, and his cock, on to greater heights.

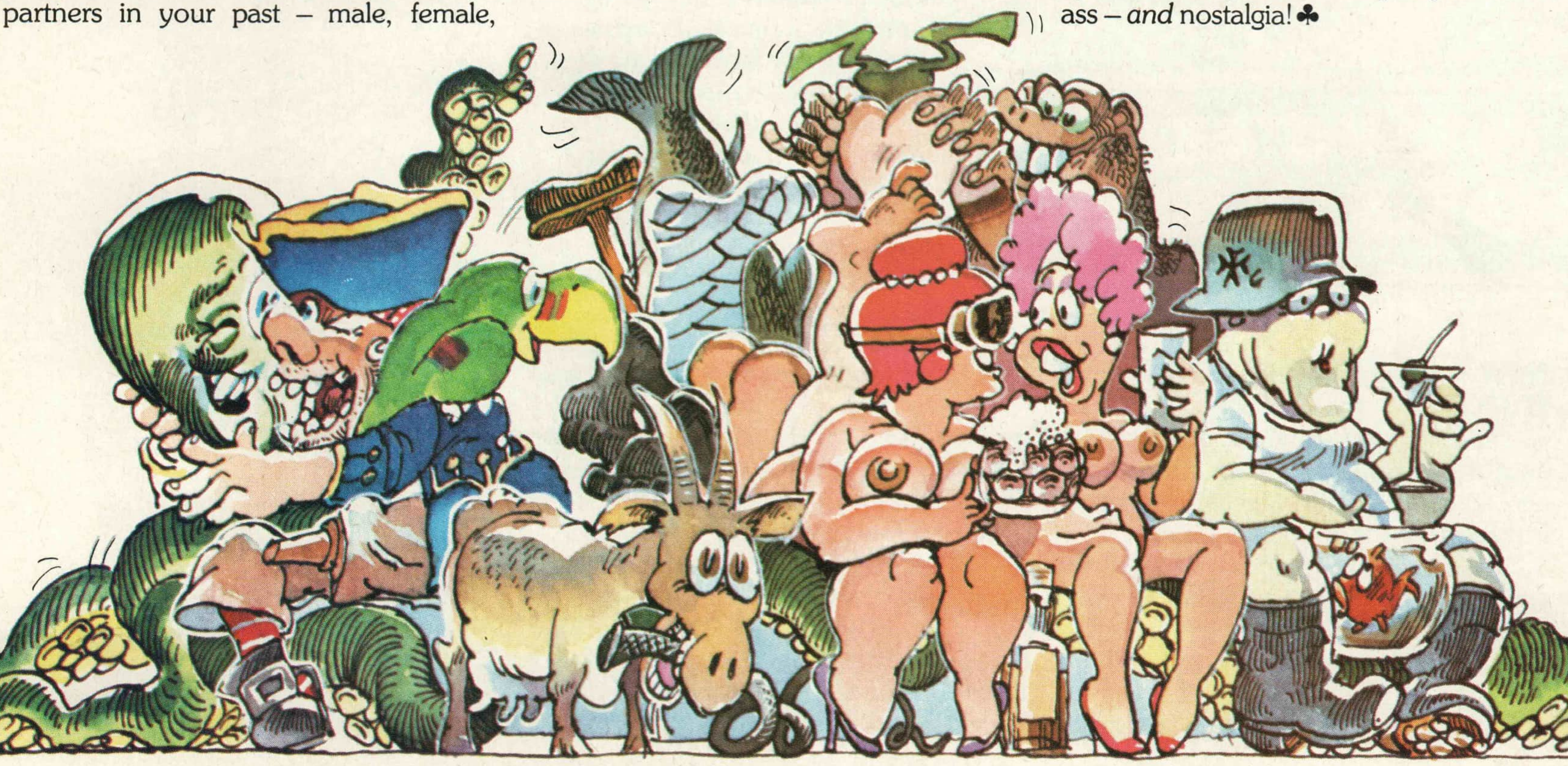
One sure way to get this kind of thing going is to throw a party for all the sex partners in your past – male, female, animal, what have you. The ultimate goal is to end up with *all* of them in bed together in one last, final, glorious *Gotterdammerung* orgy. This is a highly thrilling scene, especially if you're married, because psychiatrists say that every man's secret desire is to ball a girl right in his wife's bed!

### The Invitation

Remember that movie where guys get invited to a mysterious island and are all killed, "Because you all did something mean to me?" You sent out the same kind of secret invitation. You wrote, "You are invited to a party that you can not possibly pass up." Then, to make it all even more dangerous, you even invited the chick's husband! Or lover. The challenge, of course, is not to let anyone get hip to your relationship to the rest of them!

*(Article goes on to tell how to hold the party, how to mix it up with a few AC-DC types, what to serve, etc.)*

So dig out those old address books, and mail out those invitations! With any luck, by next week you can be up to your ass in ass – *and* nostalgia! ♣



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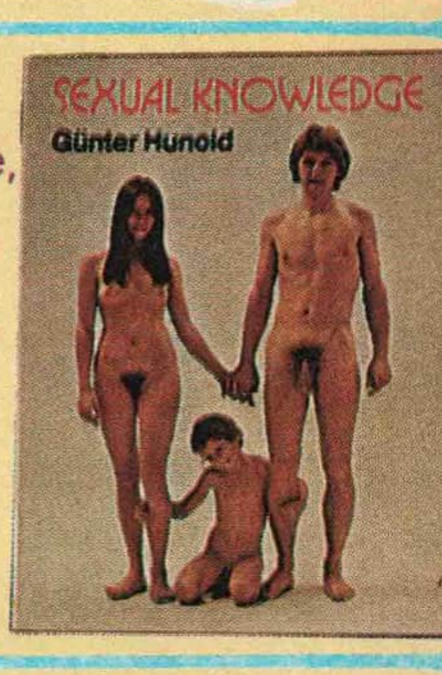

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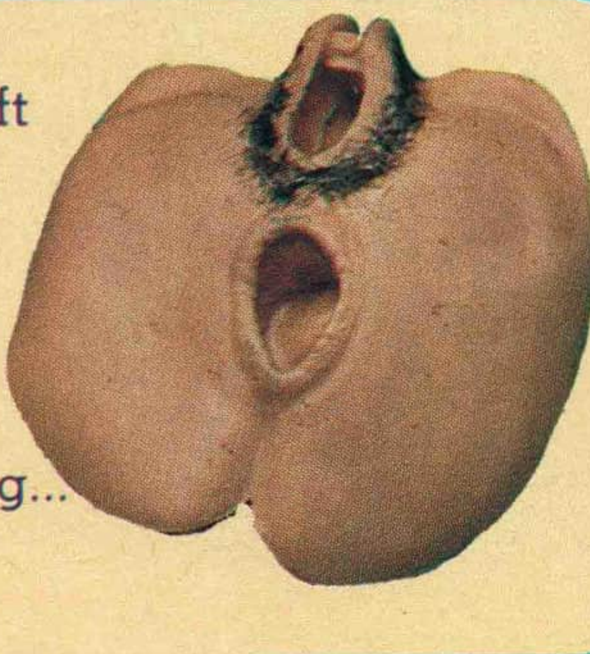

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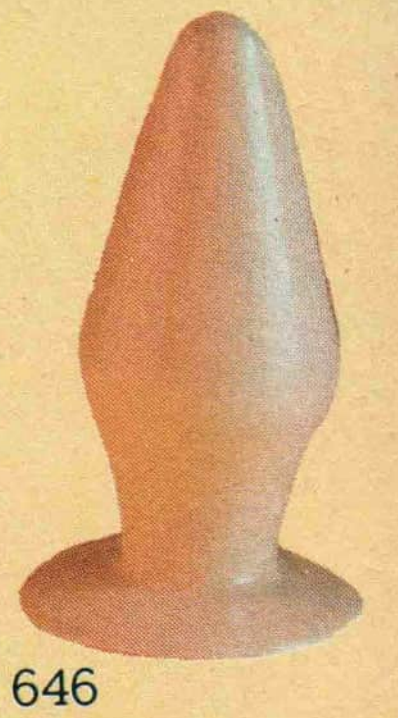
**BUTT PLUG.** If you enjoy the erotic experience of being *filled to the brim*, there's absolutely nothing that can make you feel that sweet sensation better than this Butt Plug! Hygienically constructed of 100% non-abrasive material. It's Washable and reusable. You'll really know what "fulfilled" means. 5½" x 1¾". **$12.95** CODE 646



**LOVE MACHINE.** This new ultimate sex toy both vibrates and—Oooh—thrusts at the same time. Looks and feels just like the real thing and the suction cup mounting lets you put it where it can do the most good.
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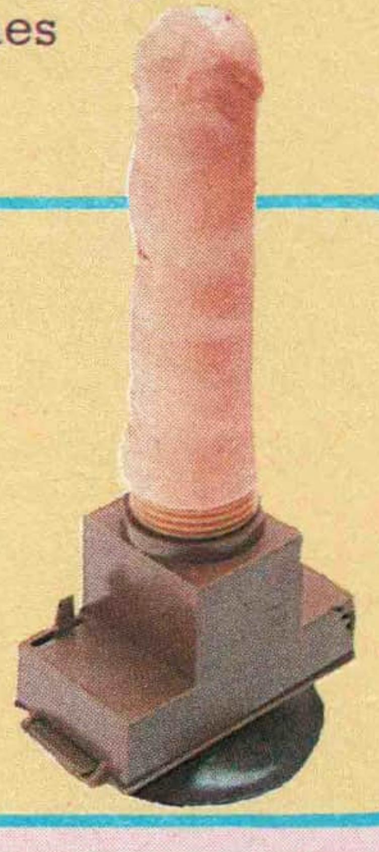

**THE AMAZING COCK CAGE.** Here's a little bit of magic you can't afford not to own, the "Cage" gives her vagina and clitoris the needed attention it deserves while you're stroking and poking away. She'll be well and truly fucked as never before!
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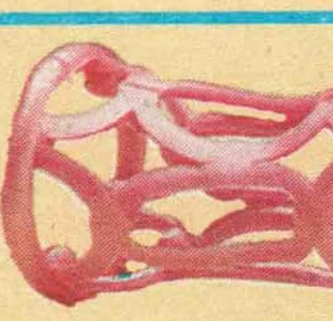

**FILL 'ER UP.** She'll know what being filled up is all about with this sturdy fellow. He's a full 2" in diameter, vibrates joyfully, and features special clitoral massagers to bring happiness both inside and out. A joy to look at too!
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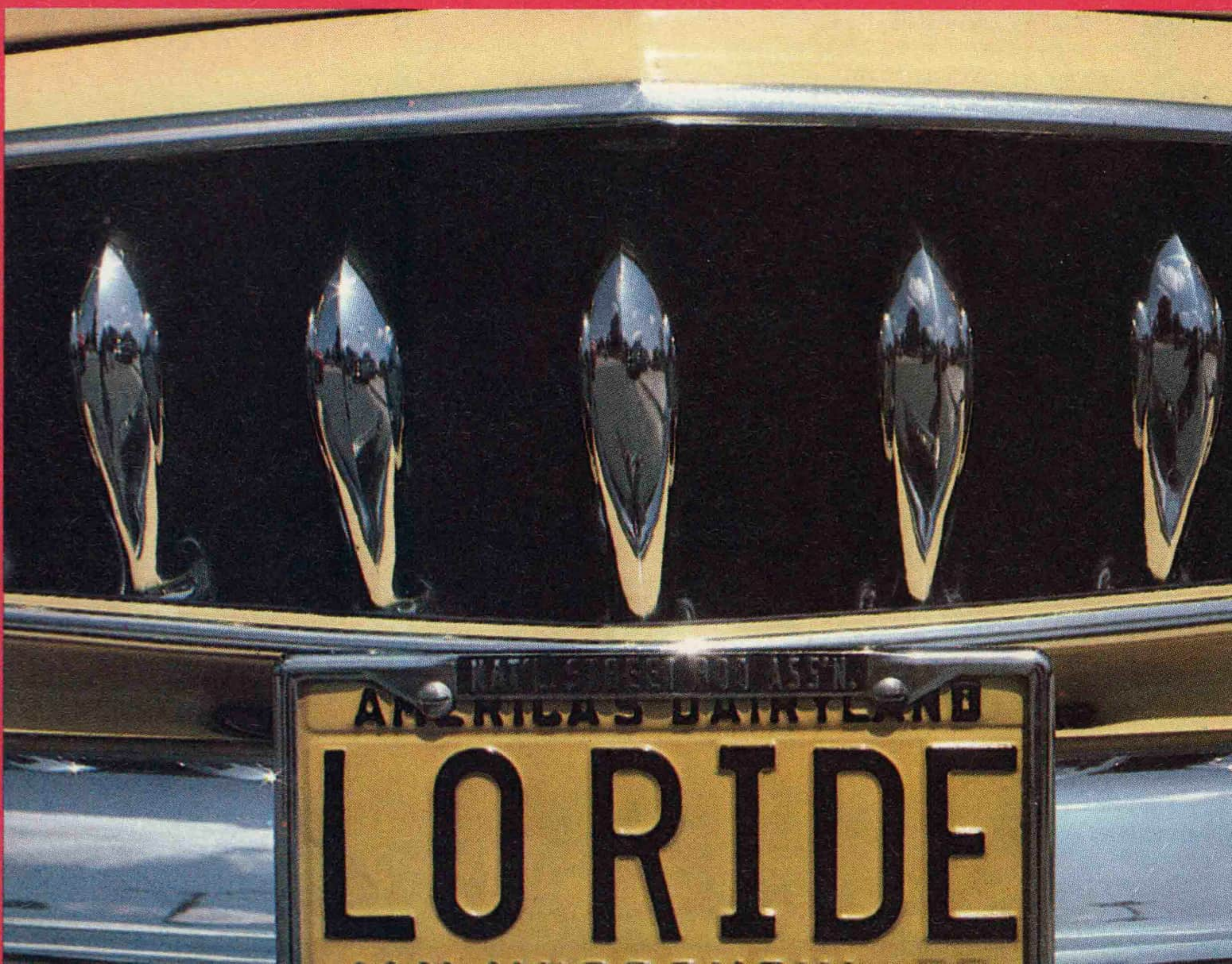
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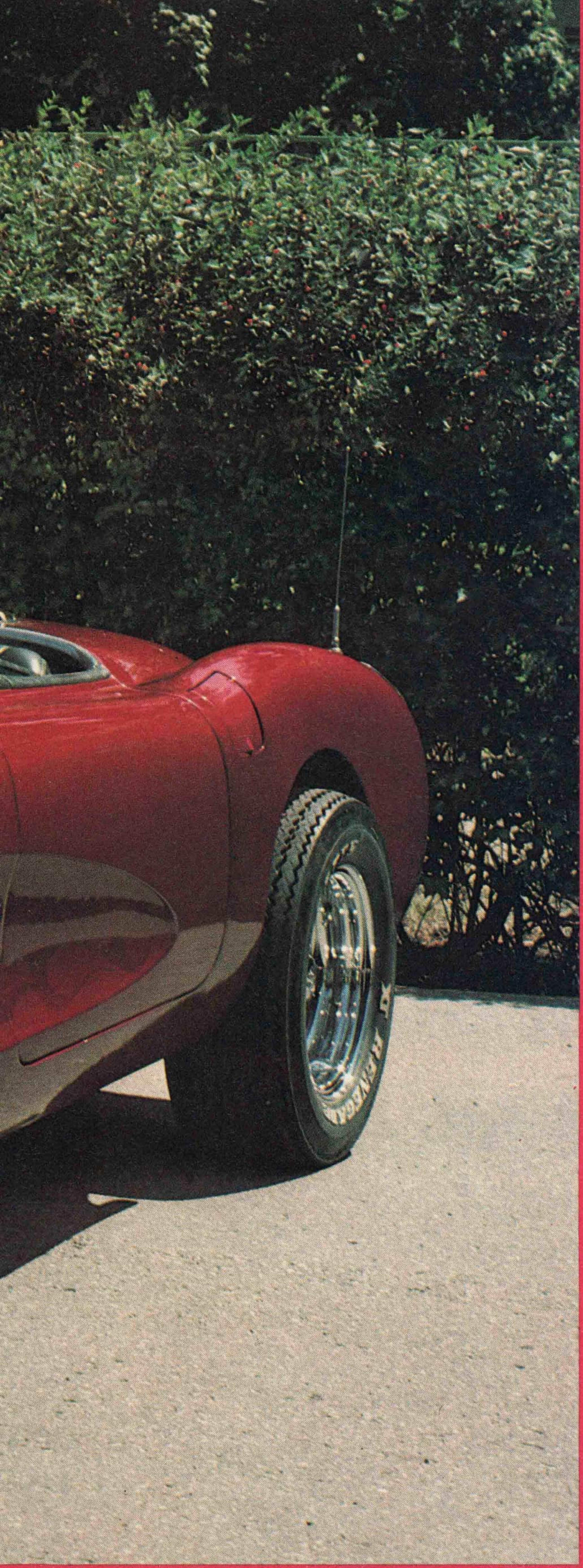

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**Russ Meyer's**

# Beneath the valley of the ultraVIXENS

STARRING

**Francesca *Kitten* Natividad**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSS MEYER

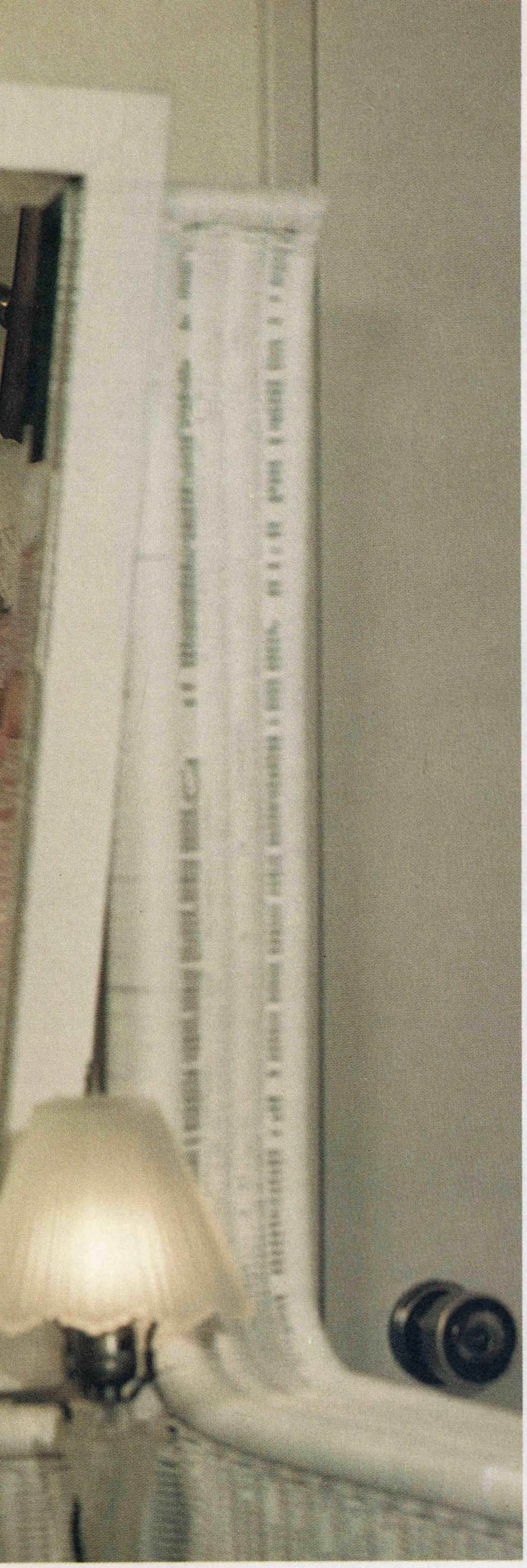
Daniel D. Teoli Jr.
Archival Collection

Francesca "Kitten" Natividad, born in Juarez, Mexico and reared in El Paso, Texas. This "Tex Mex" is the buxom star of Russ Meyer's *BENEATH The Valley Of The ULTRAVIXENS.*

For openers, Kitten was an ROTC major at her El Paso high school, attaining the rank of cadet/captain. Could it be that she resigned because of the ever increasing problem of keeping her military blouse buttoned?

La Natividad's famed "Bikini Walks" throughout the midwest in the early 70's earned her the title of "premier stripteuse." Kitten has thrilled audiences in the best supper clubs throughout the land, earning five-figure salaries even when burlesque was on the skids. She was voted "Miss Nude Cosmopolitan" in San Bernardino, California in 1972. Now the top-heavy beauty is featured at the leading Las Vegas spots as well as being the darling of LA's famous "Other Ball" night club.

Daniel D. Teoli Jr.
Archival Collection



Russ Meyer's
Beneath
the valley of the ultraVIXENS
STARRING
Francesca Kitten Natividad

Russ Meyer sighted her spectacular voluptuousness at the famed "Classic Cat," where she was appearing in LA, and signed her for a small part in RM's *UP!* in 1976. Fan interest was "fanned" to fever heat, primarily because of her mind-blowing endowments, and Meyer, known for his own personal "bosommania," on and off the set, signed her again, this time to star in *BENEATH The Valley Of The ULTRAVIXENS*, playing a "double-breasted" role so to speak, as LAVONIA, in *'Never A Headache,* and as LOLA LANGUSTA, in *Hotter Than A Mexican's Lunch.*

*VITAL STATISTICS:* Height 5 feet 3 inches, weight 122 lbs., auburn hair, 28 years of age, 5½ shoe, and, significantly, a 43E!

Don't miss the unbelievable highlights from *BENEATH The Valley Of The ULTRAVIXENS* and *UP!* in the latest video sensation *ELECTRIC BLUE,* available through this magazine (see video advertisement). ♣

# This Innocent Young Slave Is Waiting For You!

That's right! The girl of your dreams is waiting for you to take her home to your bed and have your way with her. She's your *slave*...a young, innocent and pure sweet thing who will *do as you tell her!* A magical soul-mate who begs to be entered again and again!

You'll thrill to the deep pleasure of stuffing your stiff cock in her open, hungry mouth or thrusting it deep in her juicy vagina. You'll even probe her painfully from her never-penetrated perfectly tight ass! And this needy girl will love it all.

**Listen To Her Throaty Cries Of Lust!**

She can even bring to your love nest her purrs and moans and screams of ecstasy. She'll marvel at your giant penis, thrill as it grows to full, throbbing length and groan with new found pleasure as you ram it into her. You'll even hear her compliments as you jam your cock into her warm and welcome mouth...and smile sadistically at her as she protests the unexpected pleasure of being taken your way.

**She Can Even Make Her Pussy Vibrate For You!**

If you'd like, she can even bring her very special vibrating vagina with her, and you can discover what only a few women in history have truly mastered...the delicious art of internal twitching and teasing that has been known to drive men to the very brink of sexual insanity! Her pussy or her ass can come alive for you, massaging and squeezing the very juice of life from deep within your giant, never-larger mighty sword!

**Buy Her a "Baby Doll" Midnight Pleasure Ensemble!**

You can even dress your Pretty Baby in this beautiful 3-piece seduction costume. You can slowly remove the seductive, see-through bra and snap-off panties or you can tear them from her in a passionate rage.

**Plus FREE Lubricating Love Cream!**

If you ask for your Pretty Baby to come to you with her Electro-Vagina she'll bring along, absolutely free, her special Love Cream.

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**Check the Special Extras you would like your Angel to come with:**

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| ☐ CODE 644 "Pretty Baby" Doll | $29.95 |
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| ☐ CODE 392 Her Words of Love CASSETTE | $9.95 |
| ☐ CODE 095 Her Vibrating Vagina* | $14.95 |
| ☐ CODE 758 Her "Baby Doll" Ensemble | $16.95 |

* Remember! You get a free 3-month supply of her Lubricating Love Cream as her way of saying "Thanks" for trying her.

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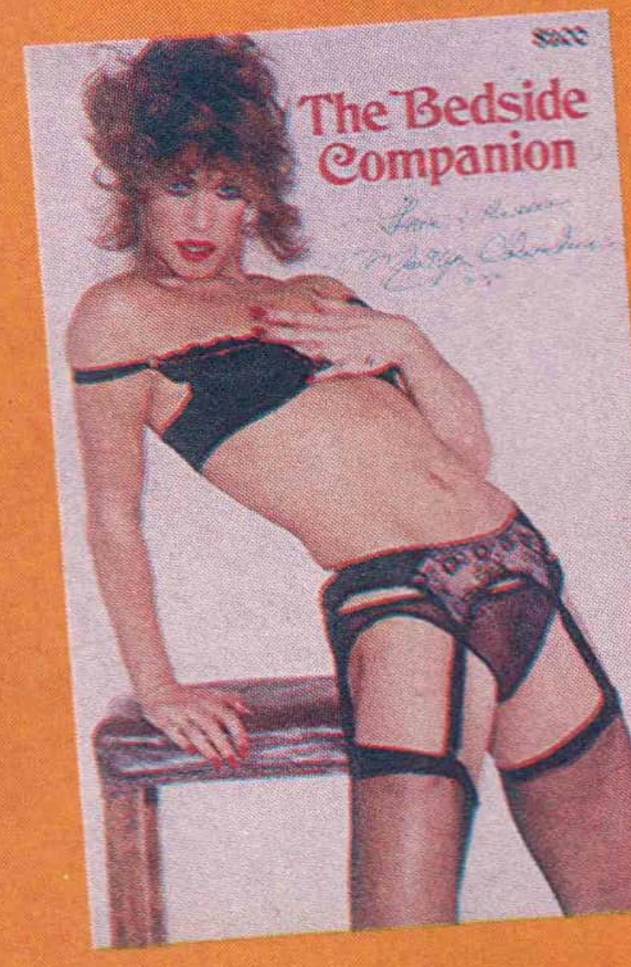

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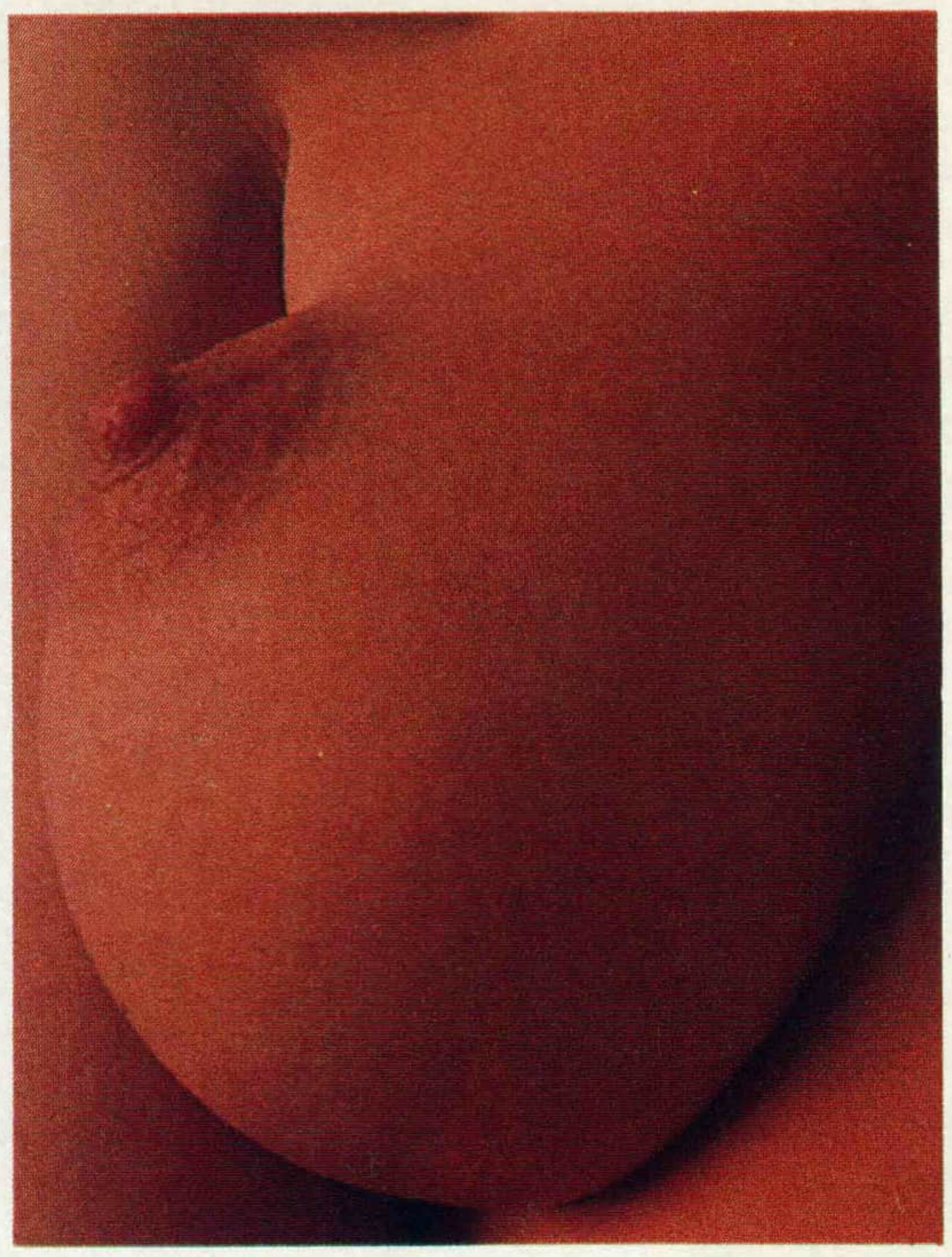

*continued from page 43*

know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking that supposing my husband was fucking you, you know, under your ass, while you were fucking me with your nipples . . . and I'd have the mirrors so I could see his cock going in and out of your cunt – OH! I'm coming, you cunt, you slut, you bitch, you *p-r-o-s-t-i-t-u-t-e!*"

The next morning, knowing that his wife and Lily were out of town for the day, Barbara's husband returned to his apartment, went straight to the bedroom, and detached the bug from behind the mirror and the bedboard. Quickly, he gathered up the wire, then took the machine into the large living room, set it on a table, and switched it on. All he felt was foolish.

It took a lot of fast forward, so much that he began to doubt . . . then women's voices . . . a little rewind and there was Lily's voice, saying, "Every time I see your boobs," the same voice, "he fucked you," his wife's voice, "you've been fucked, you whore!" "you're going to fuck me with your nipples. *Get going!* Do it *right!*"

He played it again, then cut the tape at the click of the latch. He took a copy of the tape and put it into his pocket: the master he left in the machine, ready to roll. The machine itself he put on the bookshelf.

Moving a little awkwardly because of the size of his erection, Barbara's husband let himself in that evening to find his wife seated with a magazine. She looked up and murmured, "You walking funny?"

"Yes, my cock is stiff – *this* stiff" and he unzipped and let it spring out, enormous and red-knobbed. He made no move toward her, just fixed his eyes on her huge tits and began to undress, then fazed his

*continued on page 73*

READERS WRITES

# READERS' WRITES

**Readers who wish to submit correspondence should address their letters to: Readers' Writes, *Club International*, Box 5074 F.D.R. Station, New York, New York 10022. Please state if you wish your name withheld**

## An Alternative

*Sir:* I have been following your "contest" of mammoth dongs, and wish to suggest an alternative criterion, namely TSA, or Total Sexual Apparatus. As one correspondent from Alaska has noted, Long Dong Silver may have over 18″, but it is *rather* thin, and he certainly doesn't have much in the sac!

So, I propose a total measurement based upon: (1) total cock length; (2) diameter of the shaft and of the glans (widest measures); (3) the hang of the scrotum (base of cock to tip of sac unstretched); (4) estimate of testes size and weight (combined).

For instance, (1) 8½″ soft, 12½″ erect; (2) erect shaft 2½″, glans 2⅞″; (3) 10½″; (4) 5½″×2¾″, 3½ lbs. The weight figure can easily be determined by use of an accurate kitchen scale or by having access to a postal scale . . . but weighing your balls on a post office scale can have interesting complications: the female dispatcher whom you've always considered square and unavailable may walk in on your weigh-in, and while you're fumbling for an excuse, she may titter a bit and strike up a sexual conversation which prompts an after-hours tryst in the local motel.

Since this actually happened to me, our comely dispatcher verifies the above data to be true and very, very rewarding, according to her. And, she adds, "not bad for a 5′10″, 190-lb guy!"

*Name withheld upon request*

## Erotic Appeal

*Sir:* Sometimes I wish that *Club International* would feature an attractive model dressed in the attire of a French cancan dancer.

The erotic appeal of the frilly petticoats whirled hip high to display lacy undies is really the greatest. I am, of course, referring to the "modern" form of dress for this dance, with the thighs bare well above the stocking tops, and not the traditional sort of long, frilled pantaloons which were of knee length.

I guess the desire to view this sort of beauty goes back to my adolescent youth,

*continued on page 80*

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

# The Rust Bucket

*continued from page 56*

stormy night a long, long way from home.

She reached my cabin, the last one in the alleyway and the only one which was unlocked.

"She's a thief!" I thought alarmingly, but she merely stood in the doorway looked around the room for a moment, then closed the door and started back along the corridor.

"She's not a thief!" I thought, gladly.

She raised her eyes, saw me, and blinked in surprise. Then the most genuine glow of pleasure imaginable lit up her whole face.

"'Allo!" she said, like the cooing of doves, like the distant chiming of bells, like the music of the spheres.

She ran toward me and flung a pair of satiny arms around my neck. Big, luminous, dark hazel eyes smiled delightedly into mine, and then she engulfed my surprised mouth with her lips, which were as luscious and soft as bruised peaches. Against my chest gloriously firm breasts squashed and slid erotically, with proud nipples which were like points of hardness in the billowy flesh.

"'Allo!" she said again, breathlessly, when she came up for air. "You like, no?"

"Jesus!" I said, "I like, yes!"

"No Jesus," she said solemnly, shaking her head emphatically, so that the dark curls flew. "Me Rosalita!"

Then she pealed with joyous laughter, her face alive with appreciation of her wit, her bosom shaking. Putting her arms around my waist, she pulled her groin against mine and rocked gently.

"I'm Dave," I said, when she drew breath. "Where on earth did you spring from, Rosalita?"

"From taxi-boat, Dave," she said. "Me taxi-boat girl. You know? Taxi-boats bring girls to ships ev' night so sailors no be lonely!"

"Oh my God," I said. "Humanity is alive and well and living in Rio."

I had a mental picture of Sandy, the 2nd Engineer, grinning as he'd told me I'd be all right on board. The big bastard!

"We fucky-fucky, no?" Rosalita demanded.

Her fingers slipped inside my boiler suit and entwined possessively around my prick. It was so sudden and unexpected, and so rawly sensual that I almost came.

"We fucky-fucky, *yes!*" I said. "That's my cabin over there."

As I shucked off my boiler suit I picked up a towel and soap and headed for the door. Rosalita paused in unzipping her dress and frowned. "Where you go, eh?" she asked suspiciously.

"Shower," I said, holding out my blackened hands. "Wash first!"

"No!" she cried, darting in front of me and locking the door. "Fucky-fucky first – washy after. Rosalita no can wait – Rosalita want fucky-fucky you now!"

She fumbled under her skirt, and when her hand withdrew it was empty.

"You get key," she said, eyes carnal. "Then you still want washy, you washy."

She bent and lifted the rustling skirts over her head. Jesus! I blinked and old John Henry leaped like a mad thing as her suberb, bronzed legs came into full view, clad in cobweb-fine tan stockings, which were held in place by a frothy green garter belt. Over her sex was the taut Vee of matching frilly panties, surely the tiniest I had ever seen. They were almost transparent, so that the view of dark, curly hair was virtually uninterrupted. The metallic sheen of my cabin key gleamed against the growth.

"Come," she said, throwing the dress aside. "Get key!"

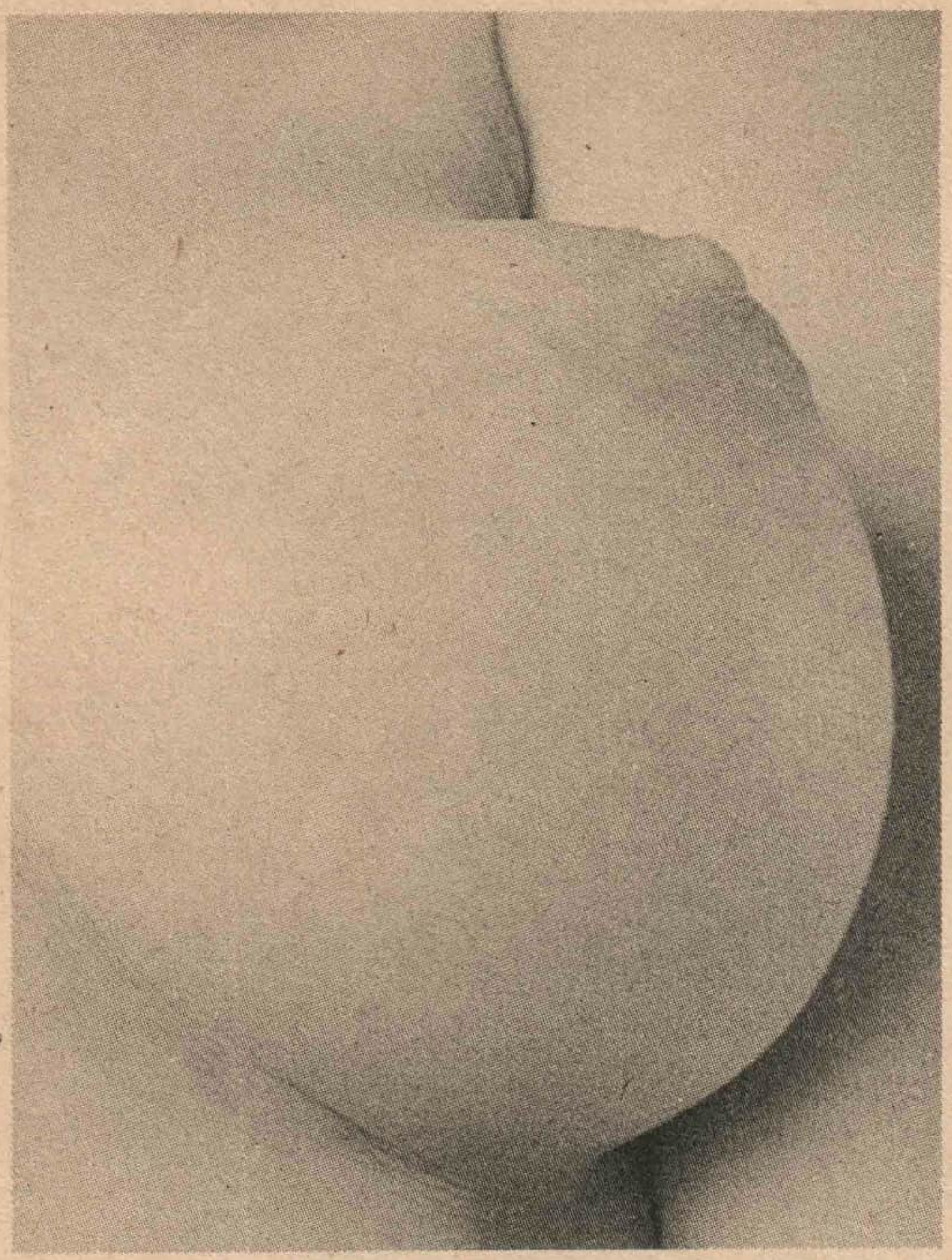
I played with the garter straps, savoring the warmth the fabric had absorbed from her legs and letting my fingers trail across the ineffably soft skin of her inner thighs. Against my knuckles the gusset was wringing wet. Rosalita's breath was shortening, and her fingers entwined tensely in my hair.

I slipped my hand into the top of her panties and down over the thickly matted Mons. The key had slipped further down between her legs and I followed it, my fingers becoming soaked with the slickness of fabric below and hair above. My knuckles pressed into yielding flesh.

Rosalita cried out uncontrollably, and impatiently pushed the panties down from her hips. The key clattered, unheeded, to the deck as she fell back onto the bed. I jerked the underpants off completely as she bent her knees and widened her thighs. She was a mass of hair down there, with thick, bushy, luxuriantly glossy, jet black hair. She parted it with delicate fingers and spread the lovely lips. The beautiful nest gleamed baby pink, satin smooth, and wonderously intricate. It glistened with unbelievably copious love juice.

I wanted to kneel and pay the appropriate tribute to the appealing honeypot, but my body was too urgent to allow that. She was shaking and trembling so

*continued on page 76*



*continued from page 70*

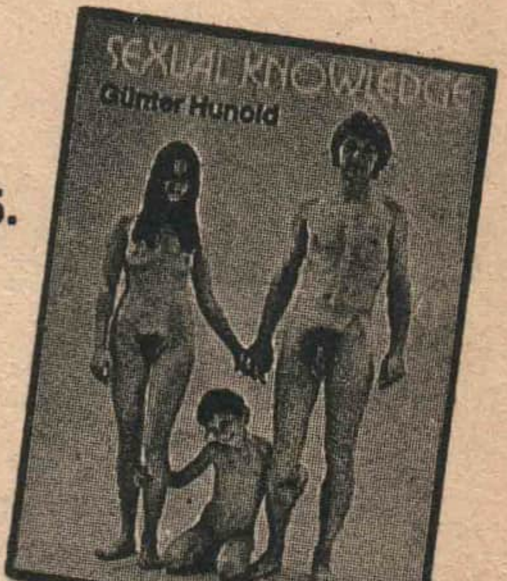
wife still further by calmly saying, "Take these things off the table, will you?" Then, just as she was about to say, "You going to fuck me?" he said, "There's some fucking to be done – so get your clothes off, phone Lily, and ask her come along, there's something I want you both to hear."

When Lily came, breathless with curiosity, she took in Barbara's nudity and her husband's enormously stiff cock. Then the two women's eyes met and she began to undress.

With no thought for his comical appearance, naked, his prick a swaying column of blood-engorged flesh, Barbara's husband brought the machine to the table and switched it on.

Excited but fearful, the two women moved together and embraced while, "He fucked you!" flowed from the tape . . . "He bent me down so I was squashing my boobs" . . . "fucked" . . . "cunt" . . . "that was when he fucked me, while I was sucking my boobs" . . . and all the time Barbara's husband moved around the two women, palping their huge mammaries, pulling them by the nipples, holding them up to release them so that they swung pendulously down, stroking their bottoms, pressing fingers into the soft slits that were their cunts. Making Lily gasp, now Barbara as the tape replayed the scenes in Barbara's bedroom yesterday...

". . . Barbara has told me how she wants to see me fuck you, Lily . . .that's right, trap your tits so you're cushioned . . . see how you sway forward, sway back? Now Barbara's going to put my prick up your cunt and sway your body with her fingertips . . . Ah! Lovely! Slowly, Barbara, slowly. Yes dear, she'll fuck your clit with a nipple while I fuck her cunt, but later, later. . . ."♣



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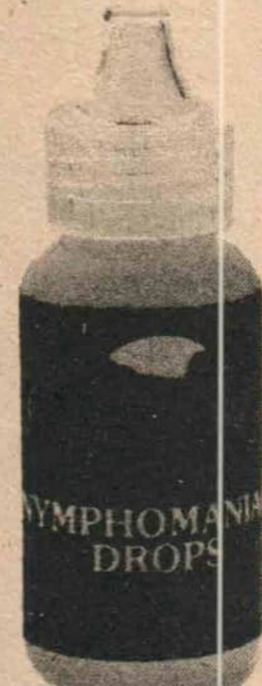

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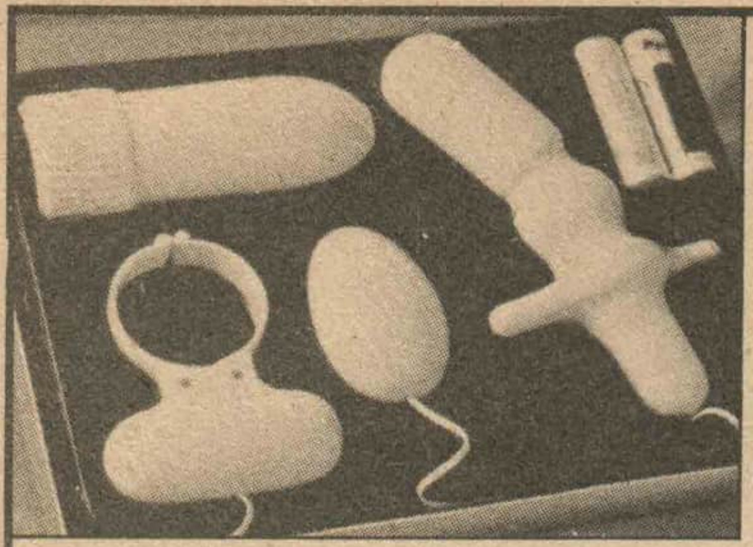

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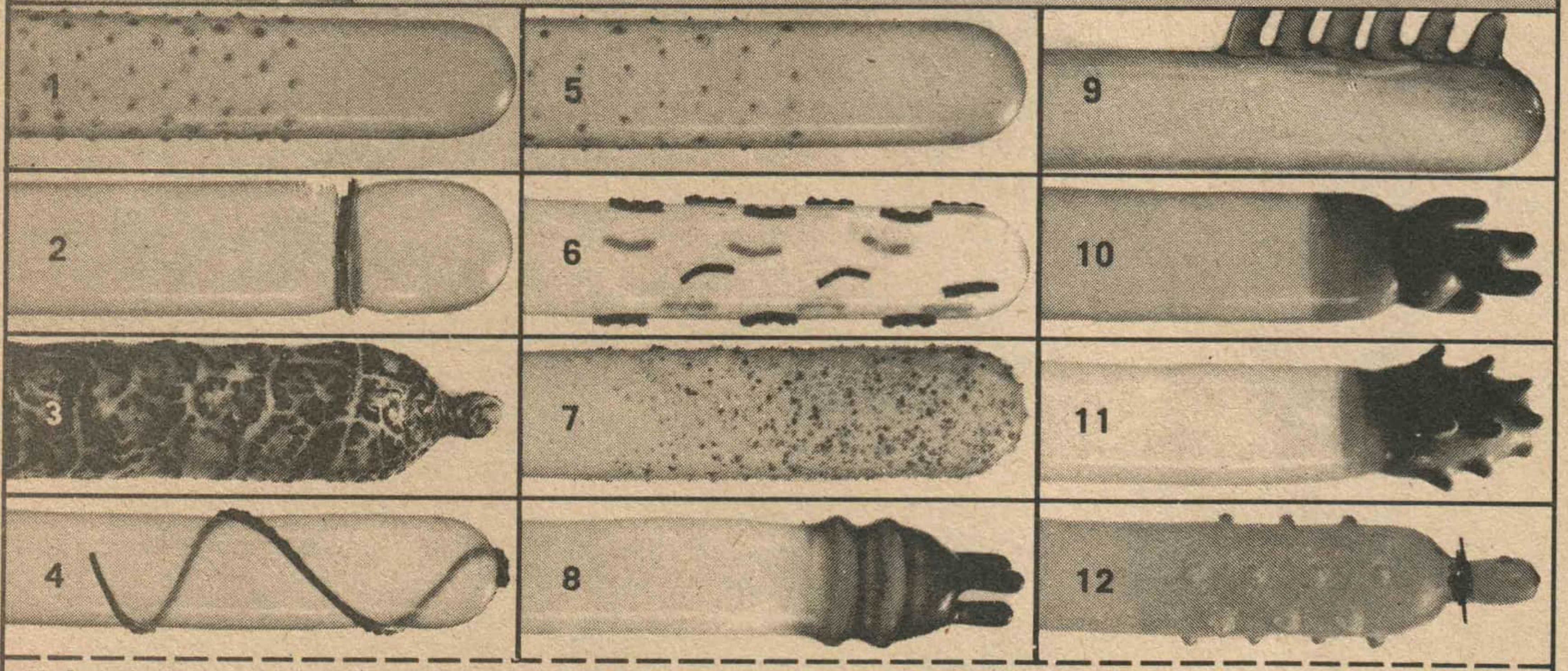

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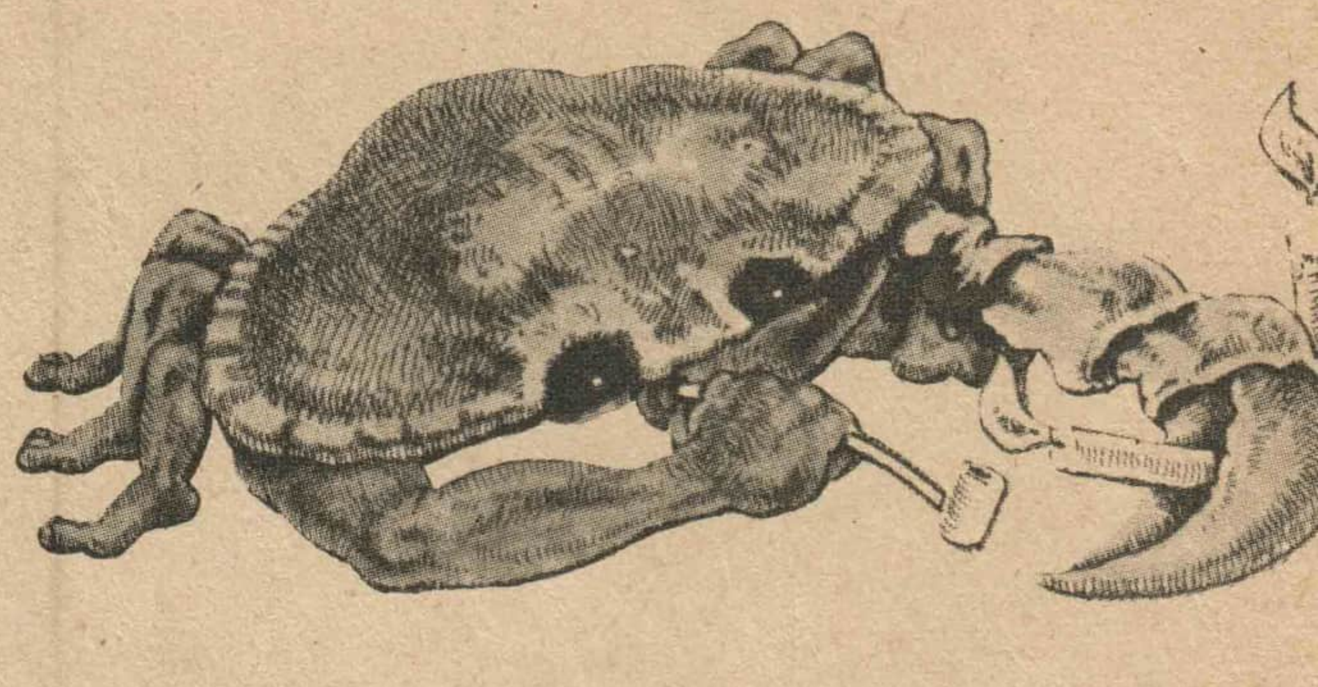

*continued from page 42*

general with a patch over his eye, or something like that."

"Hey, stop," says the pelican. "That exterminator shit is bumming me out. Couldn't we smoke another big one and change the subject?"

Katie has just finished rolling a large joint, so I take it from her and hand it to the pelican.

"Far out," he says. He takes the reefer and tokes away, then passes it back to me.

As I take a deep drag the cockroaches launch into a reggae tune. Once again everything in the tent is mellow, except that my nuts are like grapefruit, and more than anything else in the world, more than fame, wealth, power, and a fifty gallon barrel of cocaine, I want to fuck Katie.

When the hell is this rain going to stop, I ask myself. Then I listen, and realize that it *has* stopped and the insects are singing away in the jungle. I throw back the tent flaps and the moon floods in with a weird and wonderful light. Then Katie emerges, and if she looked fantastic by candlelight, you ought to see her under this giant, yellow moon.

"Hey listen, man, we gotta split," says one of the cockroaches. "There's an after hours club in a tree stump about fifty yards from here, and while that may not be far for you guys, it's gonna take an hour for us to get there. So hasta luego, amigos . . ."

"Ah's splitting, too," says the sea urchin. "Going up bay to do some dirty business."

"Wait, we'll come with you," says one of the sand crabs. "We can share a cab." He turns to me. "Well dude, thanks for the smoke. Take it easy, and goodnight."

"Goodnight," we say, and then there's just Katie, me, and the pelican, staring stoned at the night like three born idiots.

Finally the pelican gives himself a shake and says, "I'm hungry. Hold that weed for me. I'll see you in a couple of hours with some breakfast." He spreads his wings, runs a few clumsy steps, and then is in the air, climbing fast, until he makes a graceful pass across the face of the moon and is gone.

"Wow," I reply, and, taking her hand, draw her into the tent and close the door flaps firmly behind us.♣

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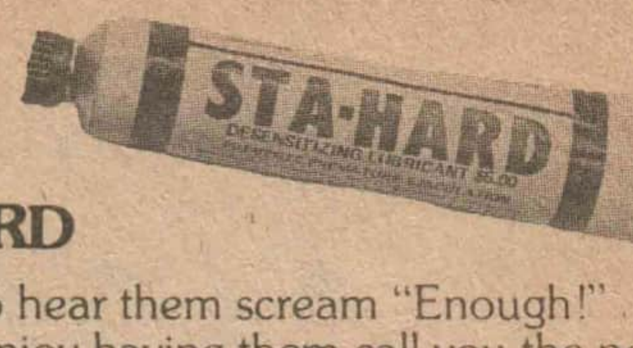

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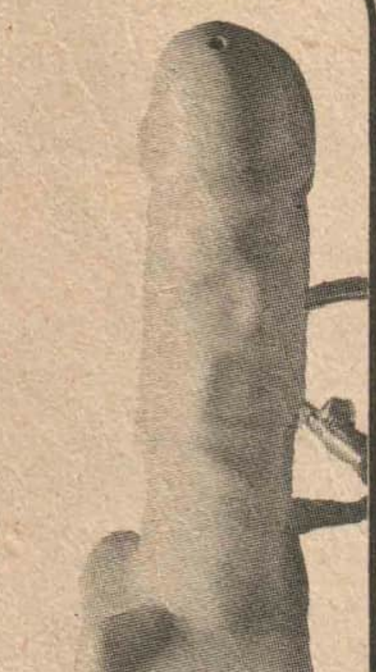

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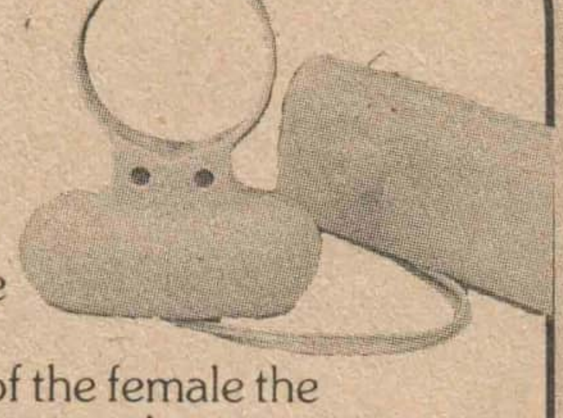

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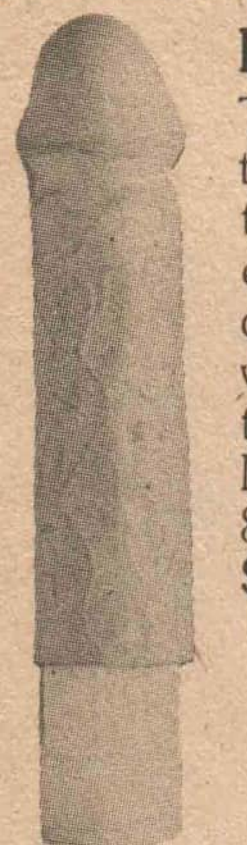

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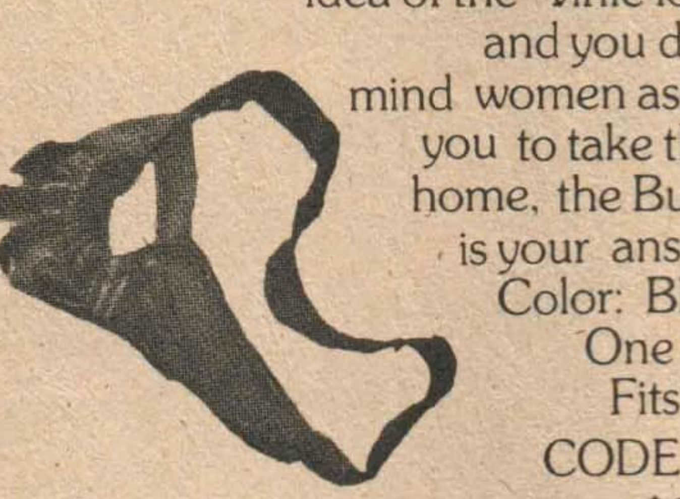

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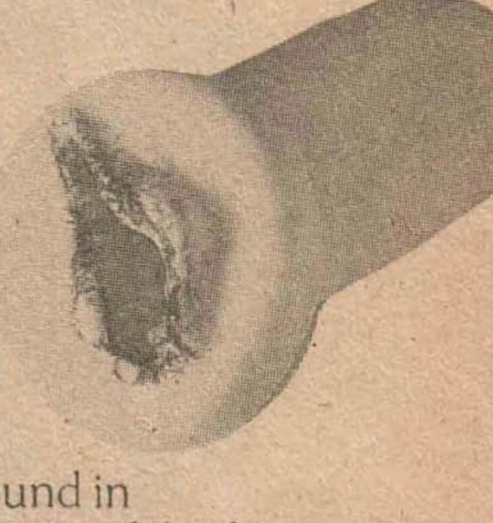

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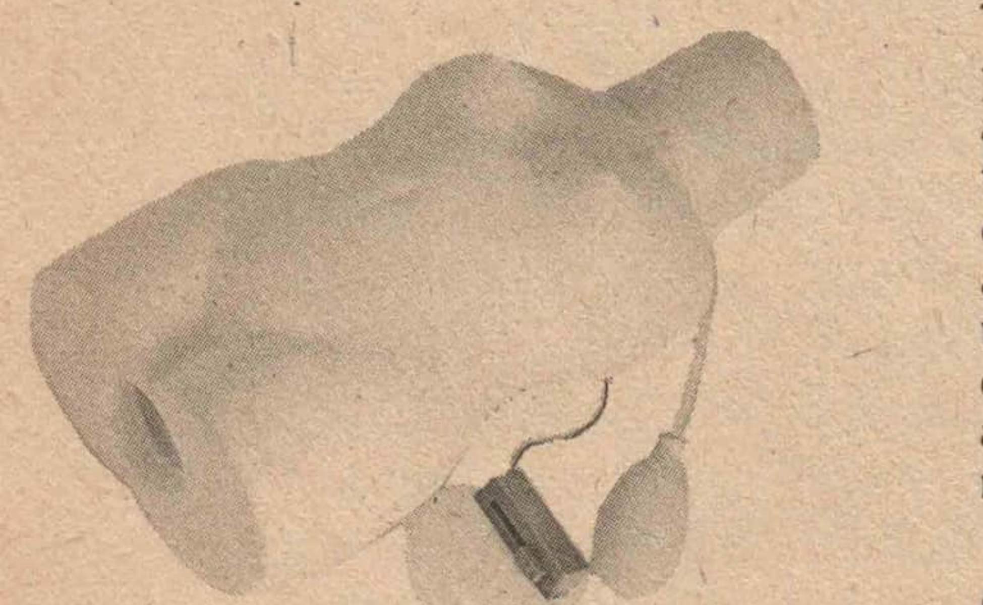

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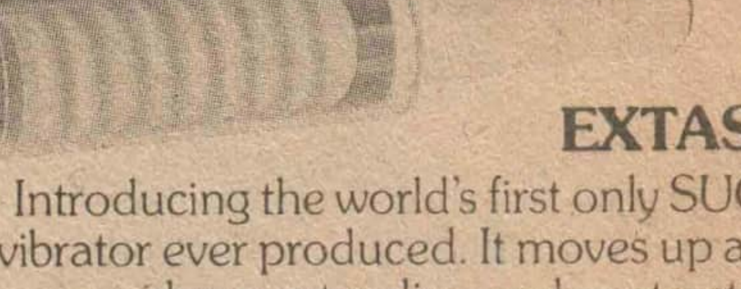

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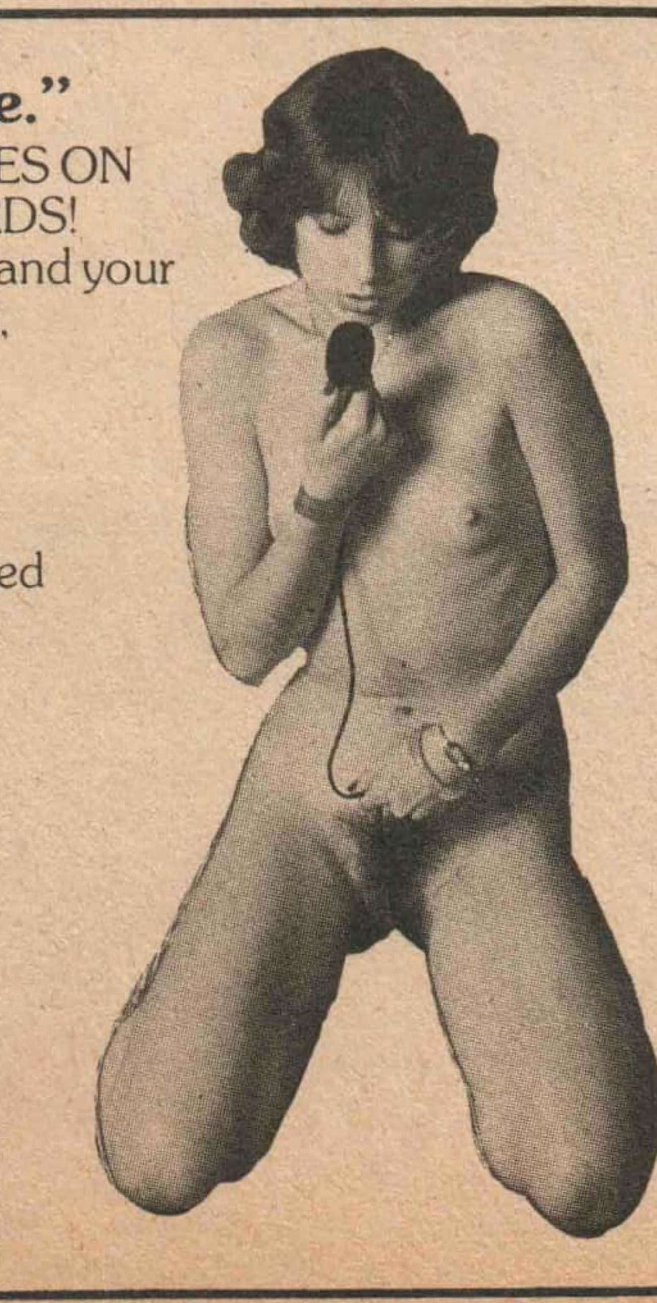

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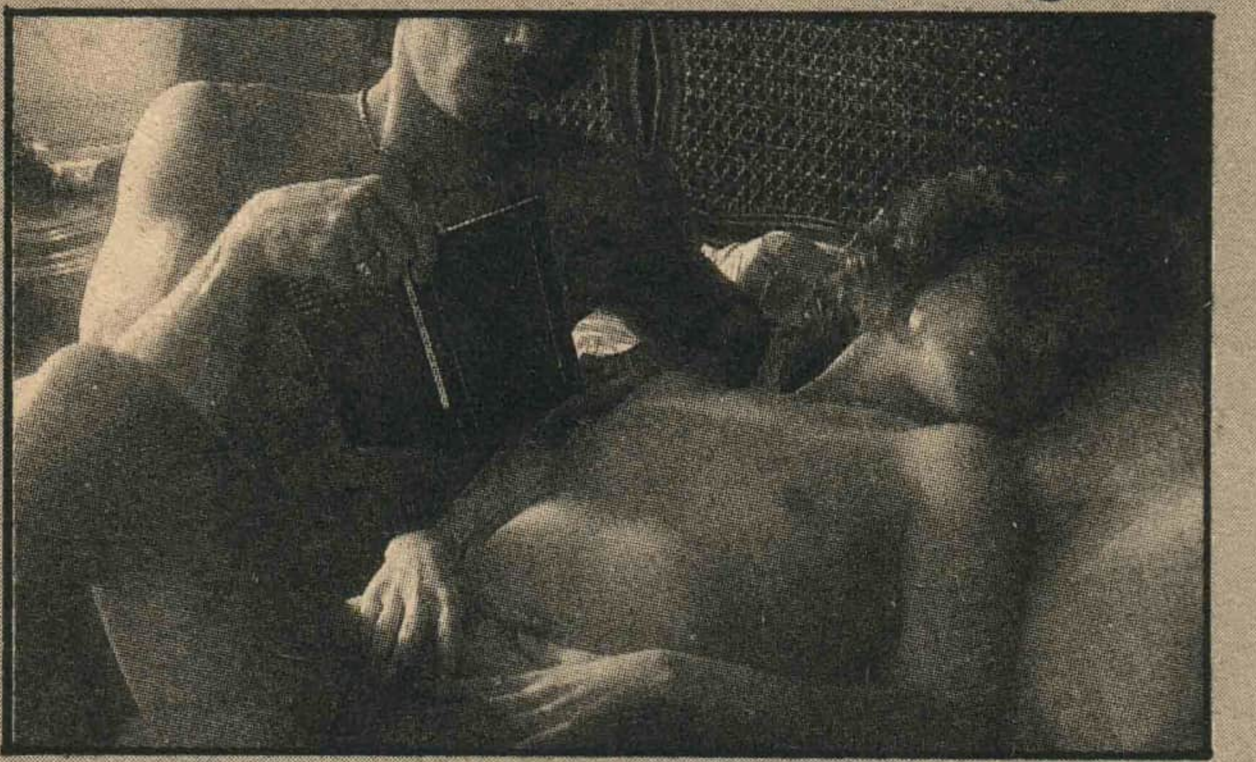

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## The Rust Bucket

*continued from page 72*

violently that her teeth chattered. She squealed and gasped as she felt my rod penetrate, deep and cruel. I shouted aloud myself at the scalding heat of her vagina, and again as I felt cunning muscles grip and draw me in. Tight, My God but she was tight.

I sank the full length of my rampant sword into her silken sheath, and she orgasmed. I felt something then that I'd never felt before, a girl's juice explode and spray against my prick. It brought me off instantly, and together we were swept away in a mindless torrent of awesome lust that had us rutting away at each other as though we wanted to crush through blood, bone, and tissue to become one inseperable entity.

It took a good few minutes after that before I could summon up enough strength to roll from her warm, limp body. She raised herself on one elbow and bent over to kiss me, her dark hair trailing silkily across my sweating face.

"Mi amora," she murmured, "Much hombre. Ver' fine fucky-fucky. Now we washy, and after fucky-fucky more. No?"

It was wonderful, bracing, and exquisitely erotic as we showered together. She soaped me and I lathered her, spending estatically long moments in thoroughly cleaning each other's intimate places. To her noisy encouragement I slide my fingers where John Henry had so recently romped, and explored all those silken inner secrets of her, feeling my fingers seized and drawn irresistibly in as he had been. With the inevitable result that I grew rock hard again and we found ourselves on the floor of the shower.

I was just nudging greedily at her lower lips when the door burst open and the room filled with girls. Girls who, on seeing us, whooped and dashed forward, flinging off their clothes as they came. By the time we were able to scramble to our feet, we were surrounded. There must have been half a dozen at least, of all sizes and colors from jet black to porcelain white.

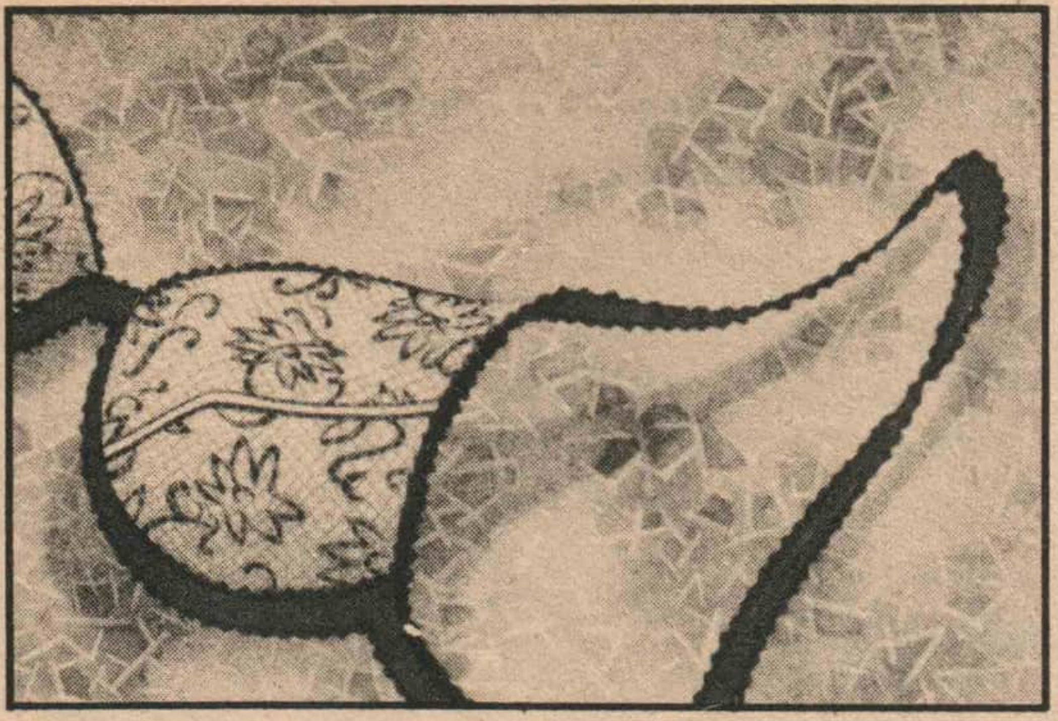
Eventually Rosalita pulled me out of the melee. She had another girl by the arm.

"We go cabin, Dave?" she asked, and when I nodded, "We bring Matilda, no?"

Matilda was slim, with wavy black hair falling to her waist, and skin of copper-gold. She had the face of an appealing waif and the body of a devil.

"Matilda my special friend," said Rosalita, trailing a scarlet nailed finger down Matilda's sweet little belly. "We all fucky-fucky, no?"

Need I say what my answer was?!♣



continued from page 23

like the segments of a caterpillar's body, and the free tip of the "V" moved forward by about an inch. She raised her thumb, and this time the same motion was repeated in the opposite direction.

"Well," gasped Dorothy. "I've heard of two-headed dildos, but not of this kind. Where on earth did you get it?"

"When Jeffrey had to go to Tokyo last September I went with him, remember. And while he was attending his business meetings I did some shopping on my own. I think they call this 'Female Love' down there. I won't even tell you what it cost me in dollars, but it's been worth every penny. It even has a special harness for the 'male' so that it doesn't slip out."

"Gloria, you won't . . ." Edith sounded both drunk and shocked.

"Of course I will. There is no point in starting something unless you intend to finish it."

"Well, then . . ."

"Then what?" interrupted Gloria.

"Then I will as well."

This vaudevillian "double take" was greeted with hoots of drunken laughter.

"So will I," shouted Dorothy.

"So will I," chimed in Carol.

They all started banging their mugs on the table and chanting, "Bring on the dancing girls" in unison. Then they saw the Little Tart at the door and fell silent.

Her beauty was breathtaking. She looked like something out of a *Vogue* from the mid-fifties. Her hair had been gathered in a bun at the back of her head and she was wearing a black, bellboy's hat with a veil. Lower down was a tight-fitting, silky, black dress with a low neckline, short sleeves, and long slits. Her arms were encased in elbow-length gloves, her seamed stockings were of pure silk, and on her feet were patent leather court shoes with the highest and thinnest heels that Gloria had been able to find.

The women at the table let out their breath together.

"Come here," said Gloria, her voice almost inaudible.

She took a few, uncertain steps into the room, swaying slightly on her high heels. Edith and Carol seized her hands and

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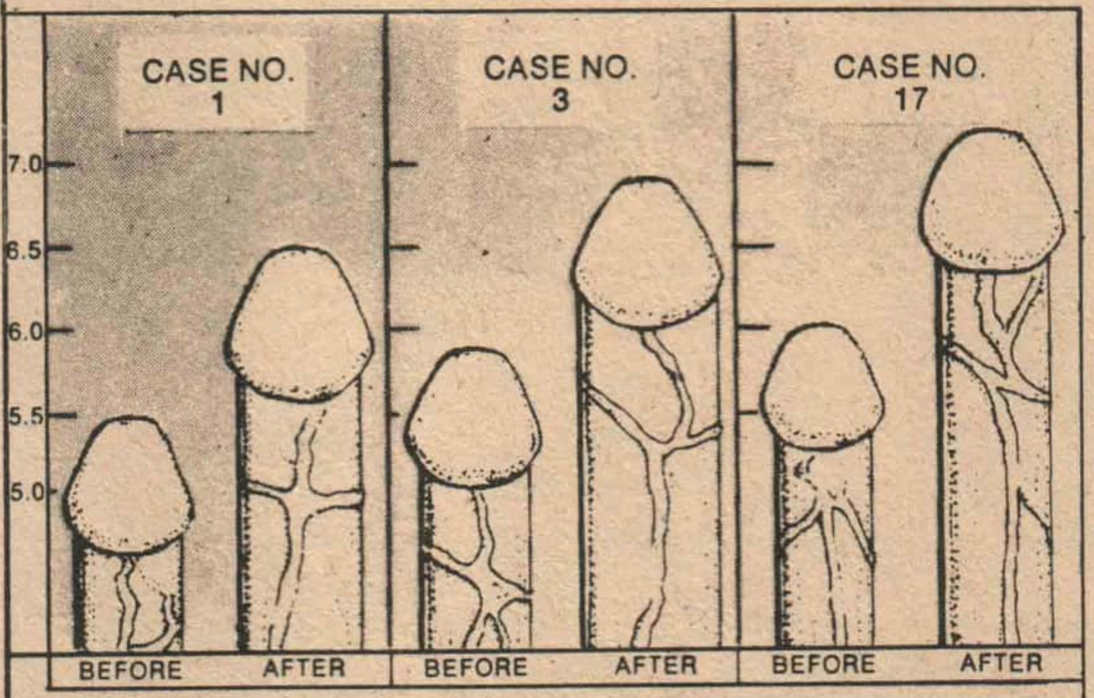

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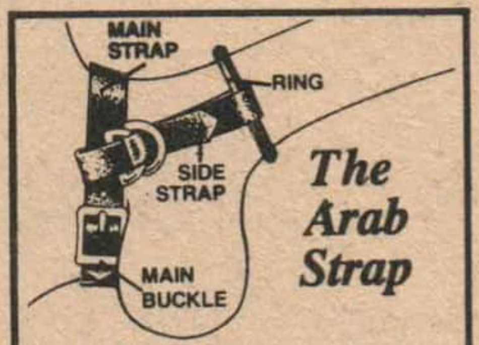

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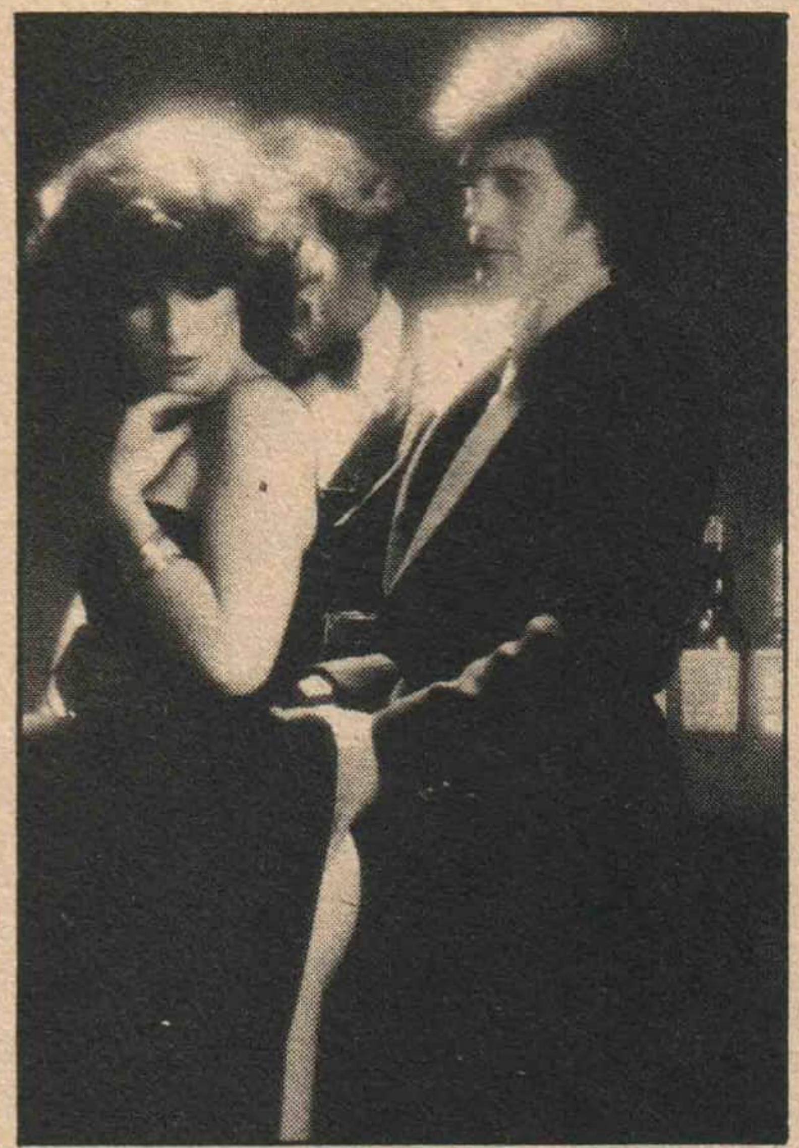

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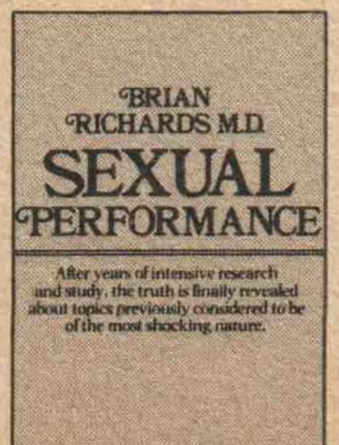

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helped her step onto a chair, and from there onto the table. Gloria started the tape.

"Come on, girl. Remember J.T. and shake it."

She started moving, slowly at first, both because of her embarrassment and the thick rug, but then abandoned herself to the music.

The music sped up. Beer cans were popping in rapid succession. Carol took a puff from her cigar and began clapping.

"Strip, girl, strip. Shake it hot!"

Slowly her hands went up to her neck and started fumbling with her zipper. She danced awkwardly, the silky material now just above her breasts, her arms held back, her body tilted forward. Then, still moving her torso, she squatted and stepped out of her dress, kicking it aside with one foot.

The gloves came next, stripped off a finger at a time, held in hands crossed above her head, and then dropped. She flung off her hat and let down her hair, shaking her head. She turned her back on them and unhooked her bra, letting it slide down her naked arms and imprison her wrists for an instant before disappearing. Her legs were tossed higher and higher and, as cymbals clashed, one shoe was neatly kicked off, somersaulted through the air, and landed in her outstretched palm. The other followed suit, and she pressed them to her shoulders, dancing with her eyes closed, oblivious now to her humiliation, oblivious to everything except the desirability of her own body.

"Strip, strip! Take off your pants!"

She fell on her back, raised one leg, and started removing her stockings, rhythmically tugging at her toes again and again like a conjurer producing a long scarf from a top hat. Her pants moved down her legs, spun rapidly around her right ankle, and then flew off.

"Dance, baby, dance! Put your shoes back on. Dance!" Gloria had taken off her pants, and was now fitting in the dildo.

As the music came to a halt Edith ran forward, grabbed the Little Tart by the waist, and forced her down on her knees. Carol and Dorothy seized her ankles and pulled her back, stretching her body out on the table. She was beginning to emerge from her stupor now and was trying to struggle, but she was exhausted and they held her firm, with Edith cupping her hand over her mouth and chin to prevent her from screaming. Gloria knelt down between her open legs and penetrated her from behind in exactly the same way Derek had penetrated her that morning.

Even before she had pulled herself out after coming, Dorothy was loosening the harness around her waist and removing the dildo. In the end they each took her twice, lifting her off the table and carrying her over to the settee, one of them holding her on her lap with her legs open while another helped herself. Finally, their lust assuaged, they left her lying on the floor.

"Get up," said Gloria.

She only groaned.

"Get up. Don't pretend that you didn't have something like this coming to you for a long time."

Slowly, painfully, she raised herself, unable to look at the other women.

"Get dressed."

"May I have my own clothes, please?" This was spoken in a murmur, her eyes still fixed on the carpet.

"Your own clothes are here, but I am going to give these others to you as a sort of payment for your services. They are not my size and they are too good to give to charity. So put them on. The men will be coming home soon, and you may be able to meet them in the street and make eyes. But I have a feeling that you'll want to be a good girl for a while. Just put some vaseline on your cunt when you get home and you'll be okay in a couple of days. At least you don't have to worry about ugly rumors reaching J.T.'s ears any more."

She dressed without protesting and was escorted to the door, a smaller figure than the woman who had rung the door bell only two hours ago.

"Really, the lengths some women will go to just to become a chairman's wife," Edith was saying when Gloria came back. "It's all due to their lower-class background, you know." She stopped when she saw her hostess.

"Quite," said Gloria. "Now, can I offer anybody anything? We seem to be out of beer, but there's plenty of booze."

"Nothing for me, thanks," said Dorothy. "God, that was the come of comes, that second one I had. And you, Carol darling, you were rubbing so hard when I was holding her, that I nearly came again."

"What you mean," said Carol, "is that we all had a lovely time – thanks to Gloria. It's strange, really, the things one discovers that one really likes. I mean, I never thought I'd want to do it with a woman, but the moment I set my eyes on her I started itching to get into her pants. But come now, it's almost six o'clock. I'll drop you off on my way home."

"I'd better be going as well," said Edith.

Gloria saw them out. Then she returned to the living room and opened a window to get rid of the stale cigar smoke. She picked up the empty beer cans lying on the table, took the dirty ashtrays into the kitchen, and erased the strip music from the tape recorder. Finally, satisfied that everything was back to normal, she sat in a comfortable armchair and began her long anonymous letter to J.T.♣

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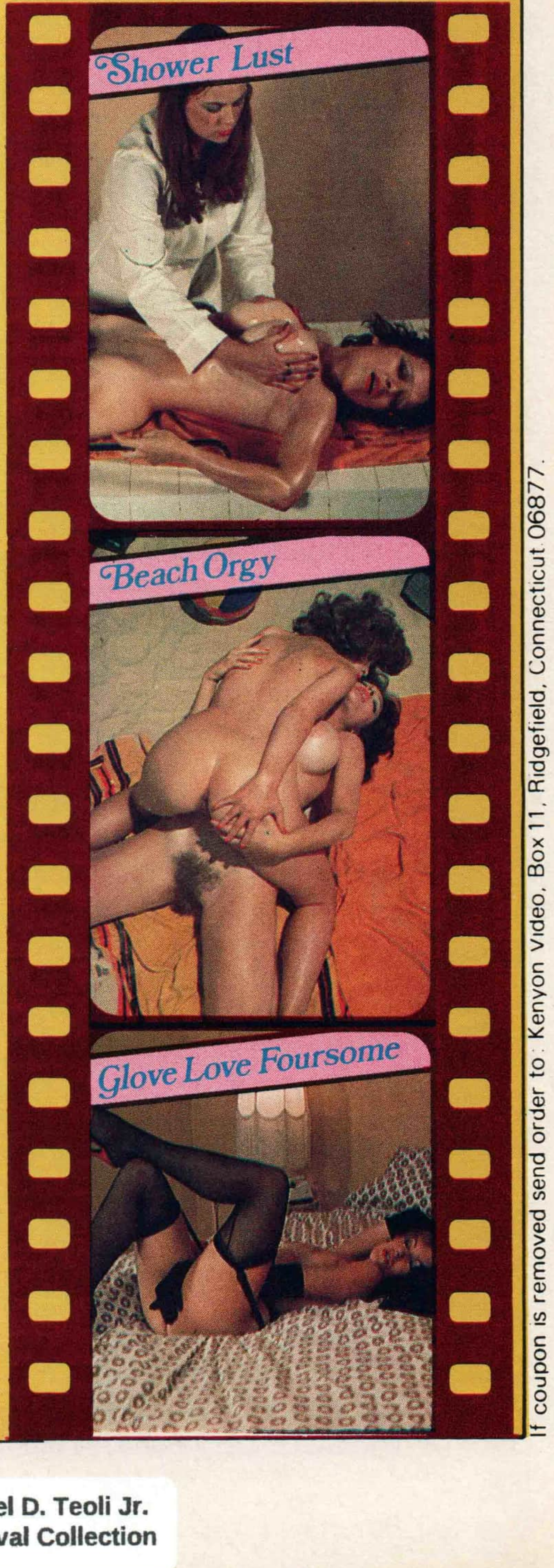

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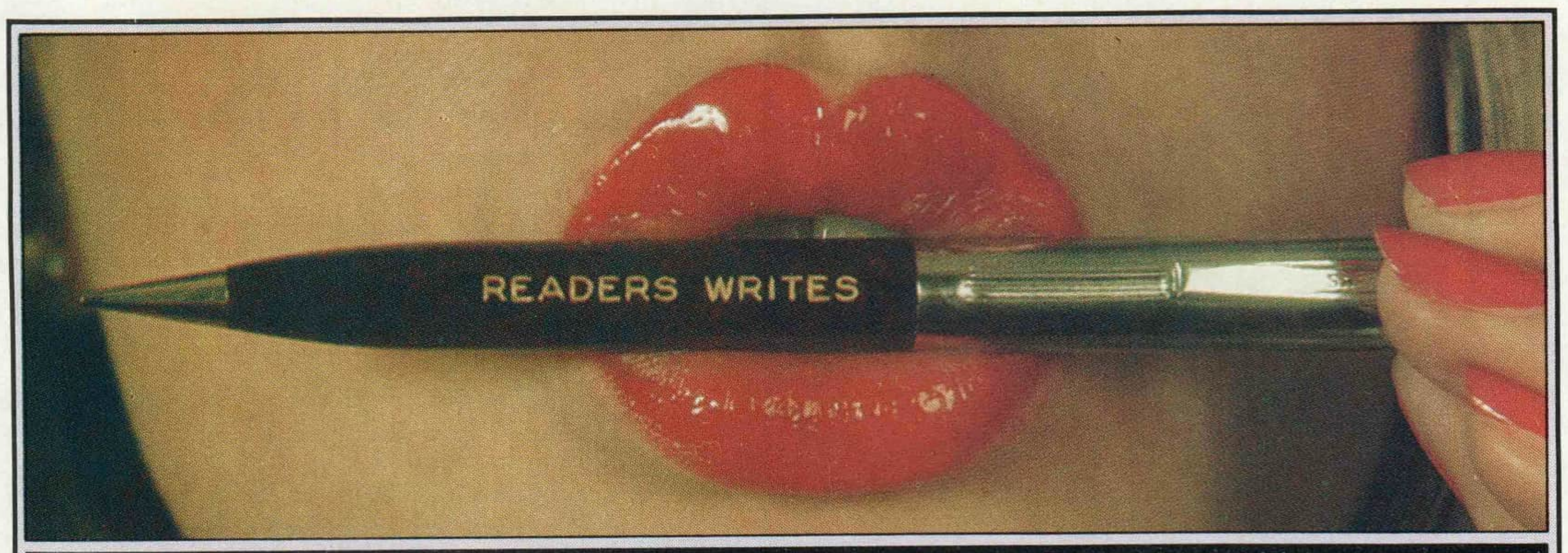


# READERS' WRITES

*continued from page 71*

when my college had a fund raising concert. Many of the parents, the female parents anyway, helped out enormously, and a group of twelve of the young mothers formed a cancan troup.

I was just 18 then, and spent every bit of my ingenuity on getting in to see every one of the six or seven dress rehearsals, in order that I might get a forbidden eyeful of plump, gartered thigh.

I even volunteered to look after the babies who were left behind the dressing room curtain, but I think that the ladies suspected my motives, despite my cherubic countenance, and I was politely, but firmly, excluded from the stage door side of things.

I was not disappointed on the night of the show, however. Those ladies had certainly practiced their high kicks, and I saw all that I'd ever dreamed of seeing.

I've gone over that evening again and again in my mind, wistfully wishing that I had been ten years older as I jerked my come over and over.

Actually, some of those "girls" were twenty years my senior. I wonder what they'd have thought if they'd known of the effect they had on me?!

*D.T., Lake Forest, Illinois*

## Cock Rings

*Sir:* I would like to express my thanks to you as a magazine which not only gives what I call visual entertainment, but also tries, through it's articles, and in my case advertisements, to both advise and help those of us who are not terribly well versed in sexual matters.

One of your advertisements showed illustrations of "cock rings," and in another of your issues I read a letter which described, in detail, the use of these gadgets.

I proceeded to obtain one from a sex shop, a cock ring of the leatherstrap variety, and I have used it to great advantage, not only to myself, but also to my girlfriend.

Katie, my girlfriend, is a good and enthusiastic screw, but I always wished that she was more inventive in the fuck department. Still, I hoped she'd come around.

On this particular occasion we were parked in a quiet spot, and had started petting heavily. Katie was in the mood, and we soon adjourned to the backseat, where we got down to things in earnest. As Katie is a comparatively new girlfriend, I have to really get her going first before she has enough guts to start playing around with me.

I had, by this point in time, fucked her pretty regularly though, and she seemed quite content with the results. However, on this occasion when she finally took me in hand, she got all excited.

"Golly, Jack!" she gasped, "you're really in the mood tonight! It feels so big . . . It feels different . . . so hard!"

My ego immediately soared! I felt as if I'd gotten a brand new cock. It really turned us both on.

This was the first time she'd ever seemed this excited about pulling my pants down in order to play with my prick. I started to roll her over and get it up her, but she stopped me, saying, "Wait a minute darling." Then to my surprise she went down on me for the very first time. Later she told me it was the first time that she'd ever sucked cock. It was fantastic to shoot my hot come down her eager throat. Then she lay back, opening her legs wider than ever before as I screwed her.

I fucked her savagely and she came four times, but with the "cock ring" on my prick just wouldn't get soft, and finally I had to take it off to get my rocks off.

Katie says that she'd always liked my prick, but that now she worships it!

*J.W., San Diego, California*

## Blind Fucking

*Sir:* I have little doubt that many of your readers enjoy party games. By this I mean swinging parties, where pretty much anything goes.

There is a variation of Blind Man's Bluff which may well interest other readers, and three couples, including ourselves, now practice it regularly.

We six have "swapped" for some time now, and have few inhibitions, so when John came up with the idea, all of us were only too ready to give this new method a try.

We put up a complete blackout, where not a bit of light was allowed in the large living room, as blankets and sheets restricted every source of light. Finally we all undressed completely and got into a blind orgy. If it had tits you screwed it, gave it oral stimulation, or it went down on you. Imagine screwing away in the dark and not knowing who you were screwing or who was getting screwed by whom. In addition, numerous hands touch you all over, trying to find out whether you're male or female, and you might well be screwing someone at the time. Furthermore, screwing while standing up is also dangerous, as you're likely to find a hard cock attacking you from behind, due to the fact that the owner did not bother to check you out.

If you're on the floor getting it off with someone, it usually turns out that a female tries to push your partner away, or else she'll want you to eat her while you're still giving it to your partner. On one occasion this one girl kept rubbing her pussy up and down my face as I was about to get it off into the doll underneath me. Luckily she came all over my chin, sank back into the blackness, and I was able to finish the job at hand.

At another session two of the men told me that they'd been around and around and couldn't find a lady. They finally found two at it together in a corner and split them up post haste.

The possibilities of this game are endless, the real advantage being that if you have a new couple who have not had multiple sex before it saves them embarrassment, and that's usually a snag with a sex group.

*A.L., New York, New York*

## Sex Tapes

*Sir:* As a student of all sexual stimulants I was surprised, when recently watching a Blue Film, to find that it did not stimulate me as much as I had expected it to. Many films that are on release were far more real to me. Perhaps the absence of a sound track in some Blue Movies causes them to lose something.

Recently I bought a sex cassette, and my girlfriend and I played it as we were lying on the bed. The sexy voice we heard as we lay together, kissing, cuddling, and petting with each other, made the pair of us more than horny.

In no time flat my girlfriend had stripped off and was frantically undressing me. She followed the voice on the tape almost to a "T," going down on me when the voice described this particular sequence, prob-

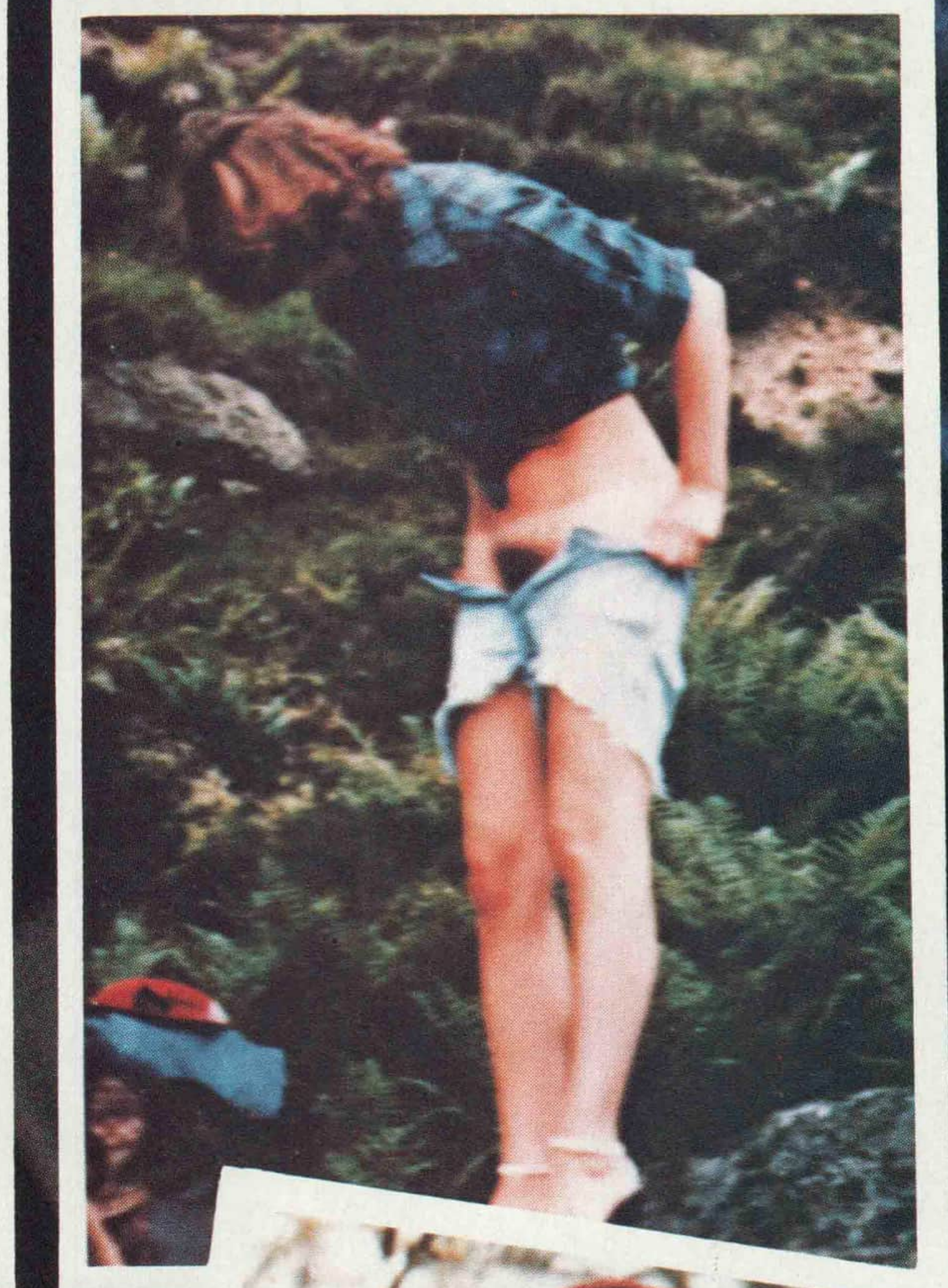
*continued on page 90*

Affectionately Yours

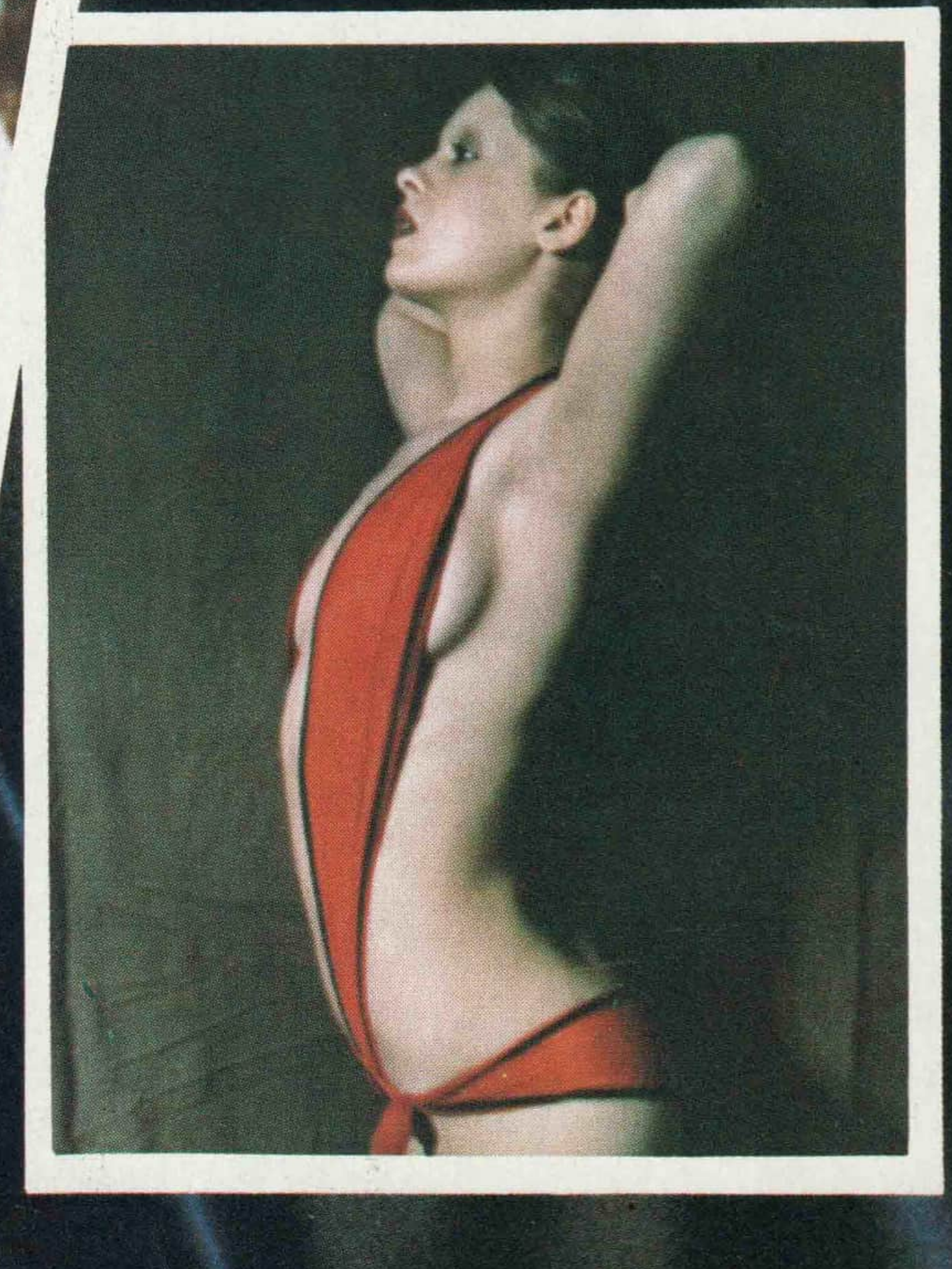
Affectionately Yours

Don't be fooled – both the blonde and brunette are Stevi, from Cleveland.

"A lady with a certain something," is how Peter Clare describes his South American lady Pia, pictured right.



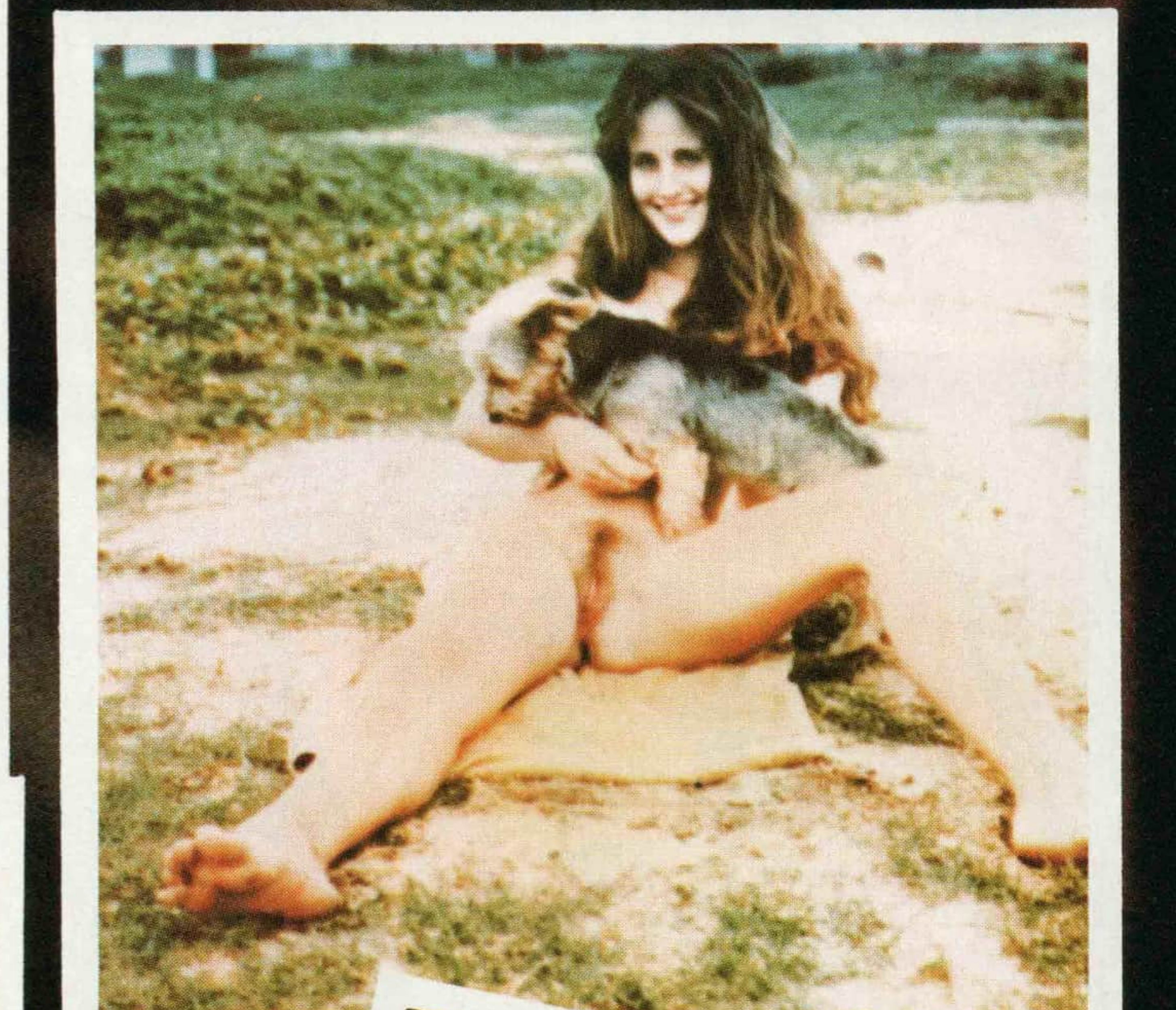
Below, a couple of shots of Suki – $50 on its way for a new bottle of ketchup!



Below, Régine, displays her considerable charms for *Club International*.

Sheri, from Madison, looks like the kind of girl who's bound to please at any time

We don't know who we envy most . . .



No face or name, but the body helps appease our great disappointment.

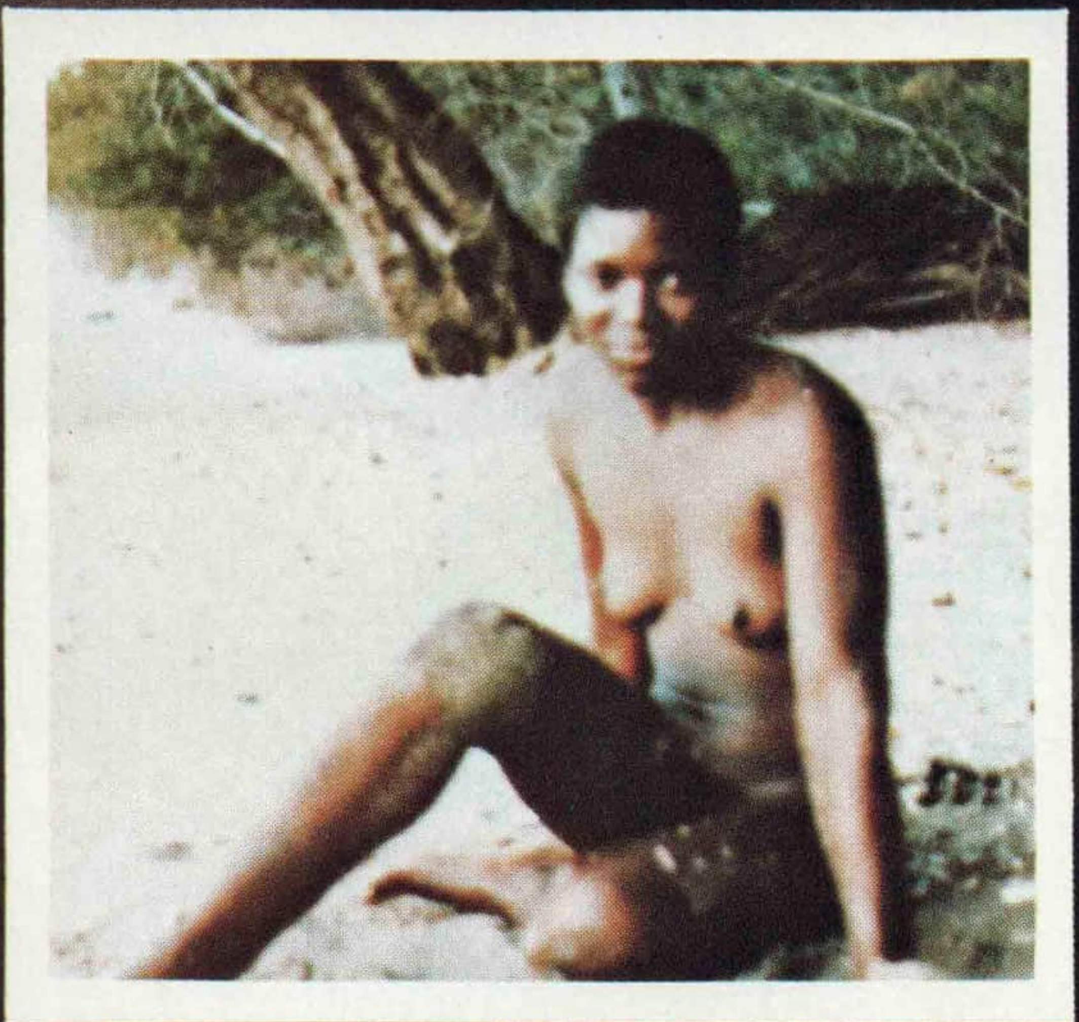
On the right, a photo sent in by an English girl living in Vermont. To help Anglo-American relations.

Affectionately Yours

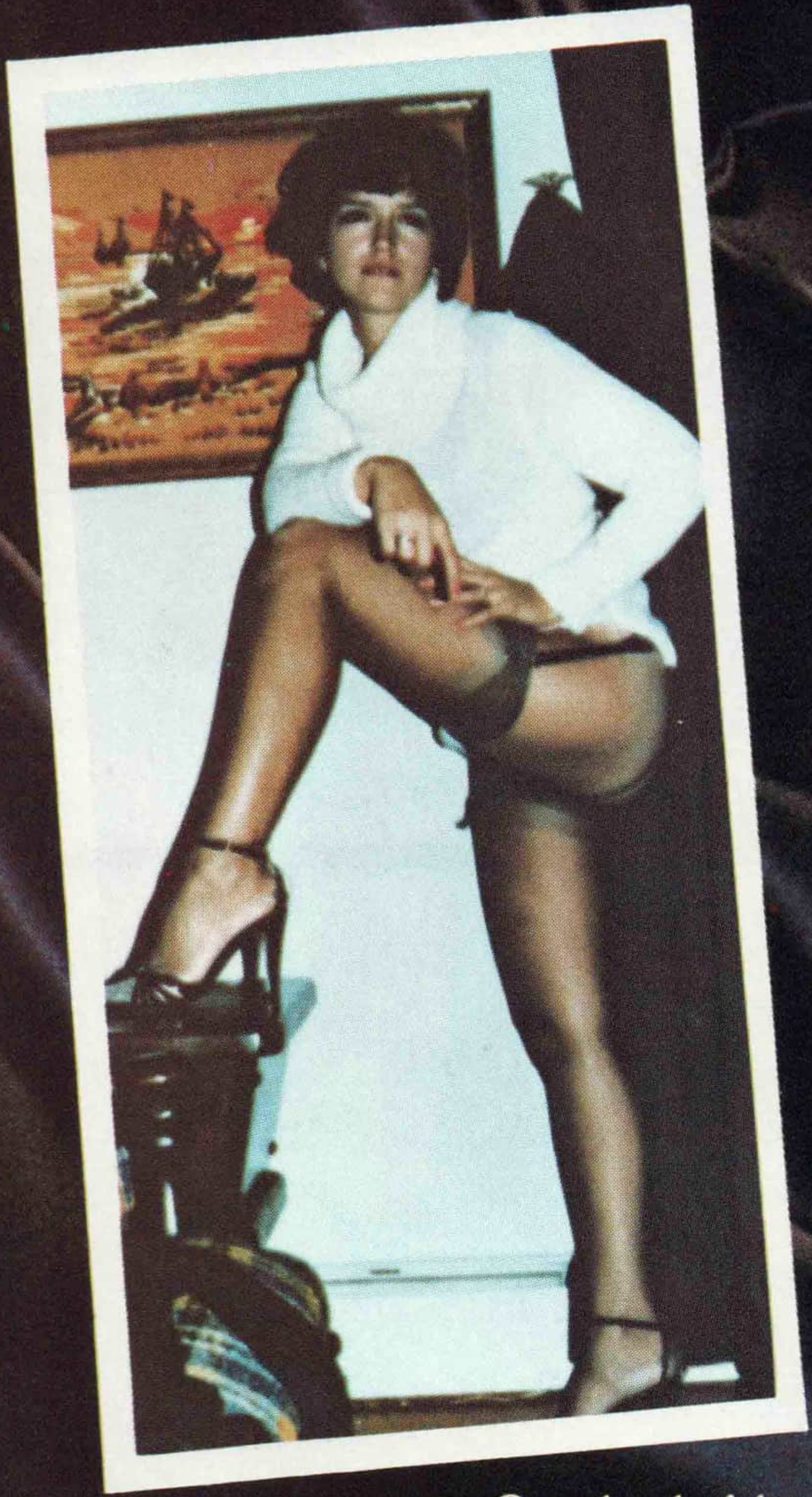
Our Editor is
in a coma after
finding this in his mail.

Below, a very original idea
by Dave, from Baltimore.
Here's $50 for eye lotion!

Two shots of Vic's wife, Tracy, who wanted to appear nude in *Club International.*

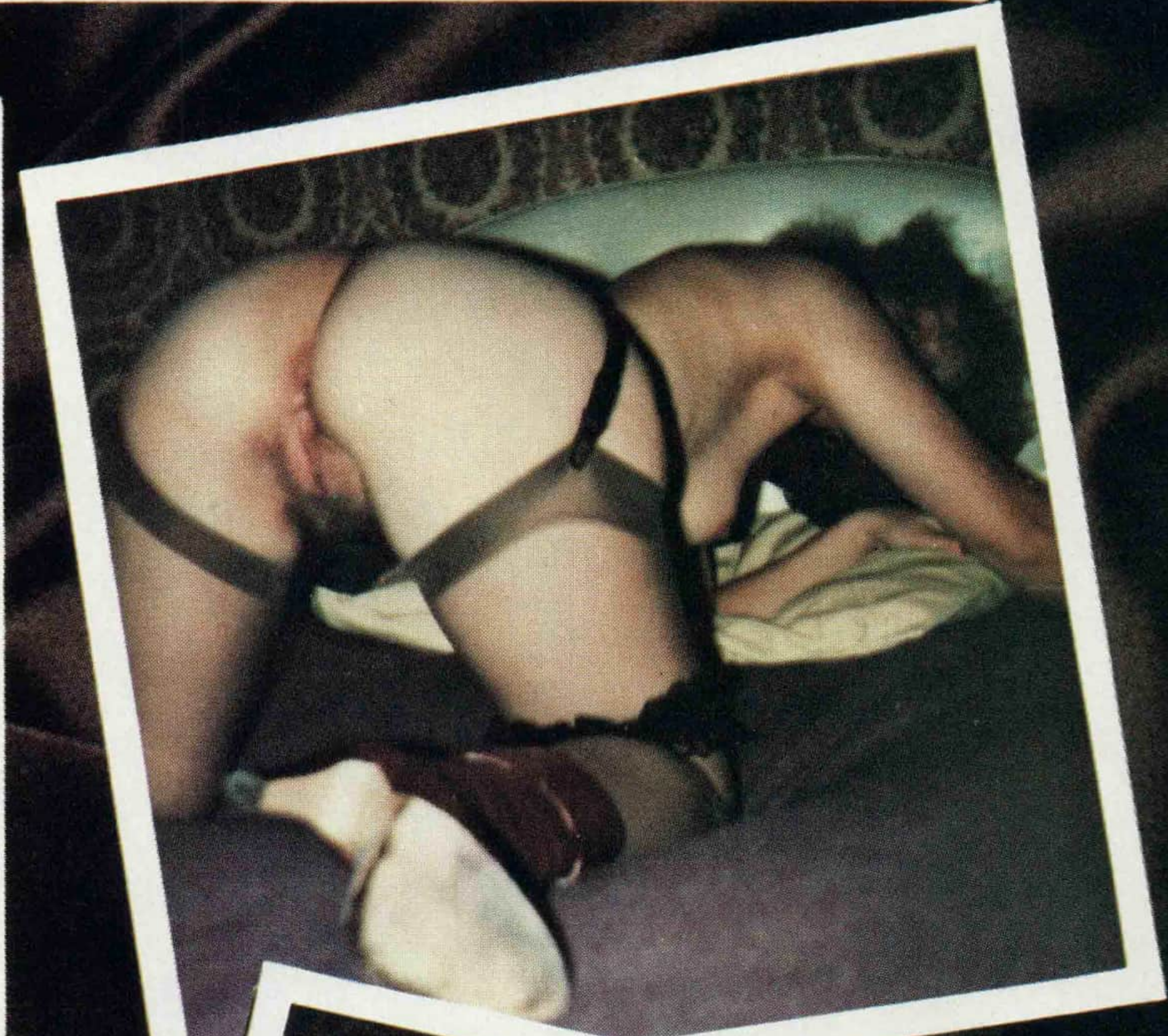


Mike writes, "Vicki and I have great fun playing Robinson Crusoe." Nothing like we've ever read, though!

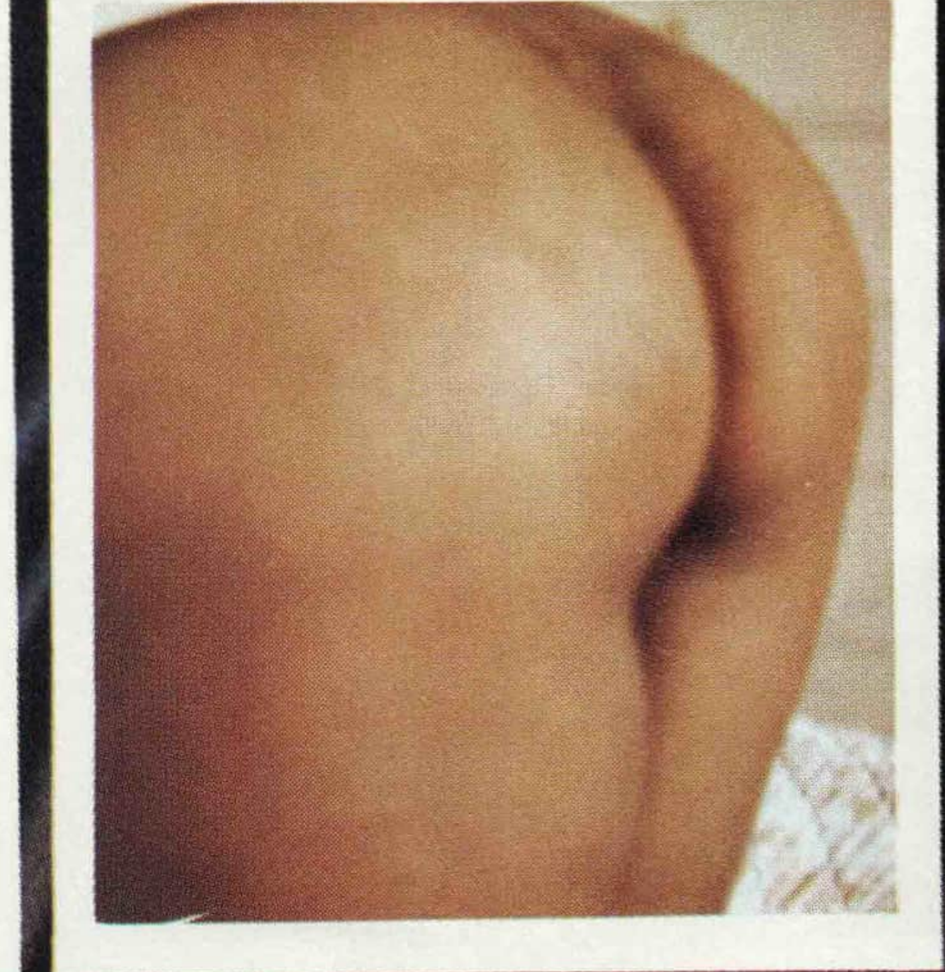


Get a load of those ultra-sexy garters!

Vera hopes, "That there's a little space for a young hopeful." Always!



No letter with this one, but we think we got the message!

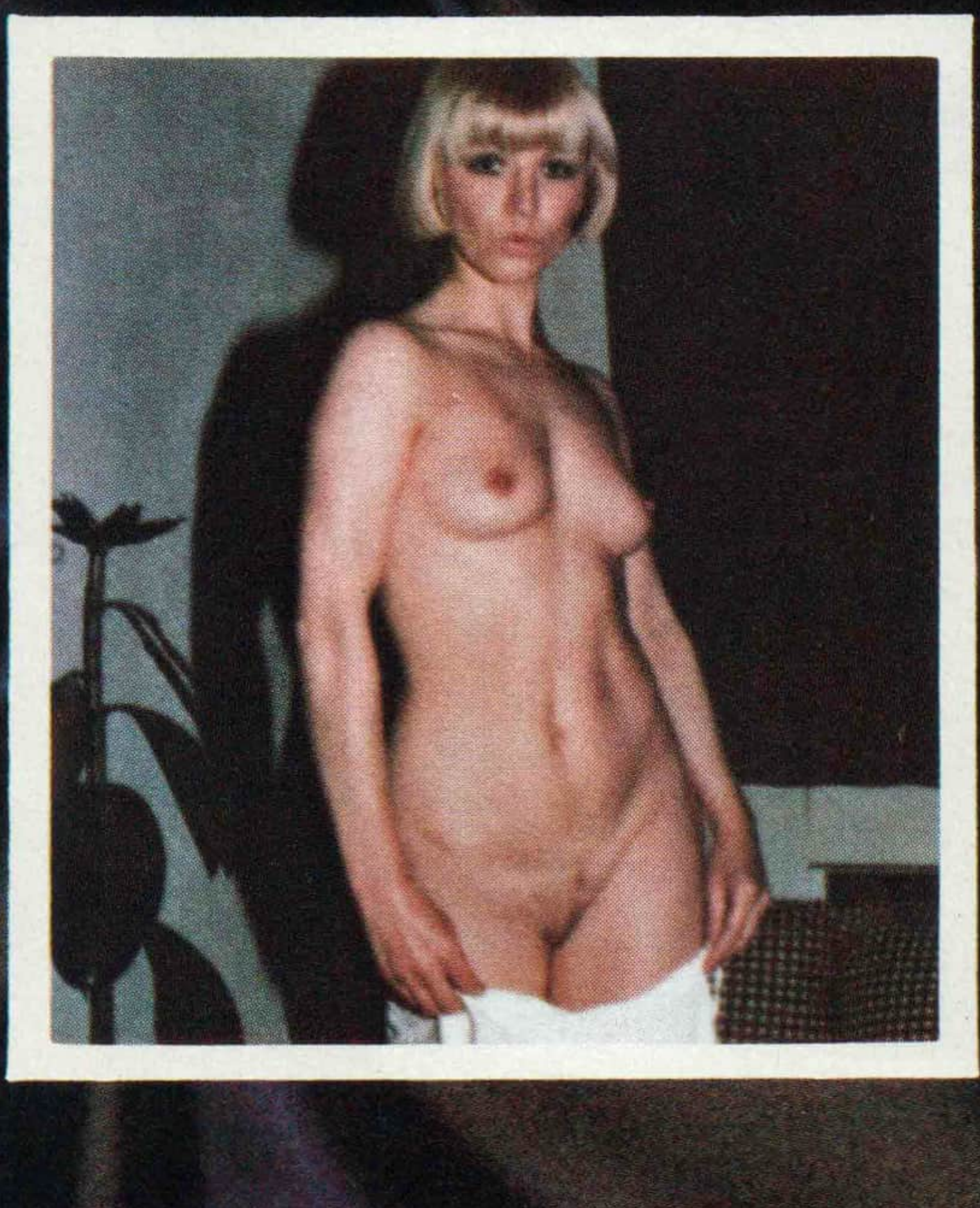


Left, Peggy, still the object of Bill's affection.

Affectionately Yours

Annwyl is another lady who knows that we're suckers for sexy undies and boots. Her exotic name matches her exotic body.

If ever their was a contender for our heavyweight competition, here she is. Truly mammoth mammaries.

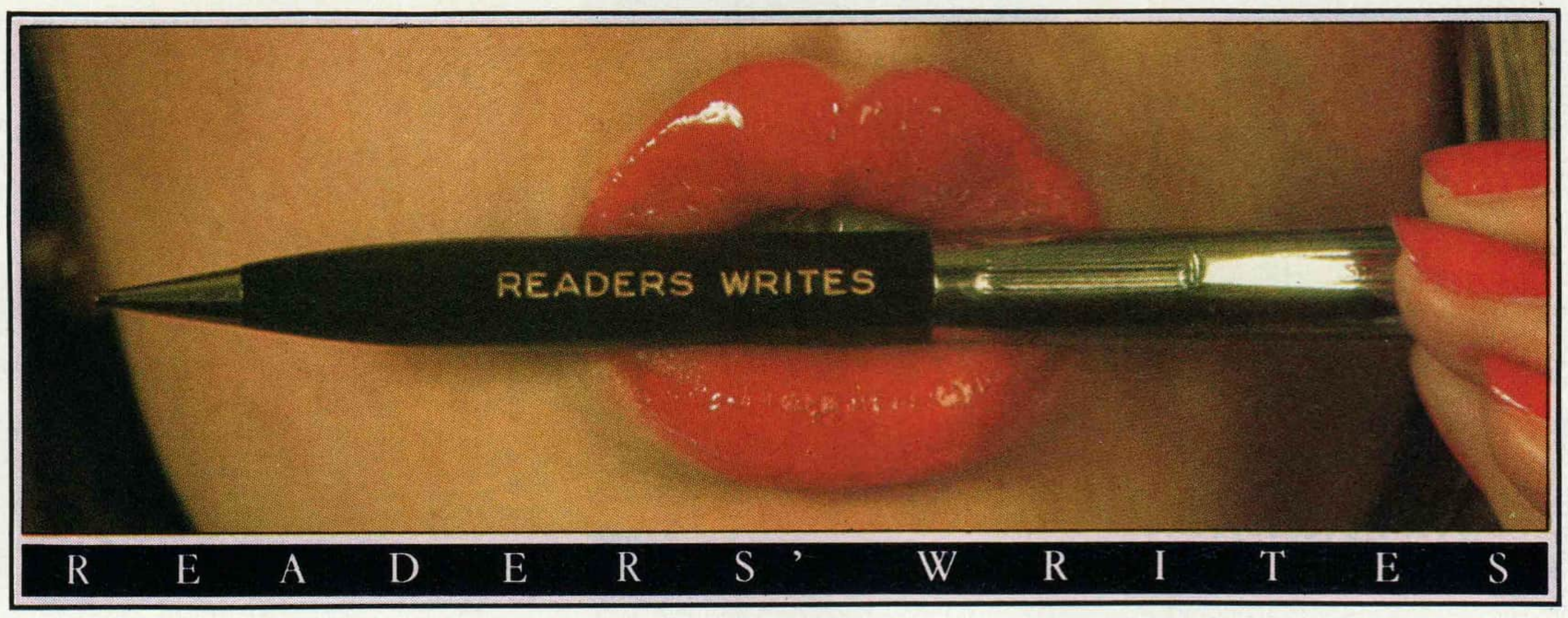


Such a sweet looking senorita – but her husband Enrico assures us that nothing could be further from the truth!

# POLAROID Princess

Thigh length leather boots do something for a lady. Especially Raunchy Rita, this month's *Polaroid Princess*. Rita's ambition is to make it with Long Dong Silver. That's everyone's ambition!

Keep the entries rolling in. The polaroid section is now a magazine within a magazine, and that's the way we want it. ♣



## READERS' WRITES

*continued from page 80*

ing my cock, and then twisting into the 69 position. It was one of the greatest fucking sessions we've ever had, and we've had several reruns since.

We then decided to make our own recording while fucking. I drilled my girlfriend in each of the positions which we would adopt in sequence, then we composed a script which we read and reread to each other until we were both conversant with it. Needless to say, during this period of "training" we got carried away several time, and deviated from the script as we began to fuck in earnest. However, eventually we knew our parts, and we were all set to tape.

Both of us followed the script for the first position, repeating the words we had memorized. That was okay. Then, during the second position, my girlfriend could not stop herself from coming, so additional dialogue found it's way onto the tape. When we got to the third position it was my turn to depart from the script. The words we had agreed upon for that sequence were, "Barney, I'm tightening my cunt muscles. Can you feel it? Can you feel it?" I could feel it alright, with the result that I forgot the tape entirely and got my rocks off.

At this point we switched off the recorder and had a cigarette, then we started again. The mere presence of the recorder whirring away seemed to have a stimulating effect on us both. Christine had a series of orgasms which she could in no way control, and her contribution to the dialogue became quite bizarre. I made a complete mess of the next one. Seeing Chris's beautiful bottom wobbling in front of my aching cock, still dripping from her orgasm, made me shoot my load all over her cheeks.

We called in some friends one evening to hear the tape. Plenty of booze was available, there were eight of us in all, and each pair had brought a bottle. What an orgy. That tape must be worth a fortune. Everybody was pretty drunk before we played it, but I doubt if that would have mattered.

As each position came over the speaker, plus the variations in dialogue caused by Chris and myself, everybody got down to some serious fucking. I later played the tape in private, and found it very funny, but at this particular party nobody had any time to laugh. The girls were going crazy. In no time all the men had come and the girls, several of them unwilling to wait, had come off either on their partner's cock or somebody else's

In this atmosphere we found ourselves doing things we would never have thought of in private, and each couple would vie with the others. Afterward the apartment smelt like nothing short of a

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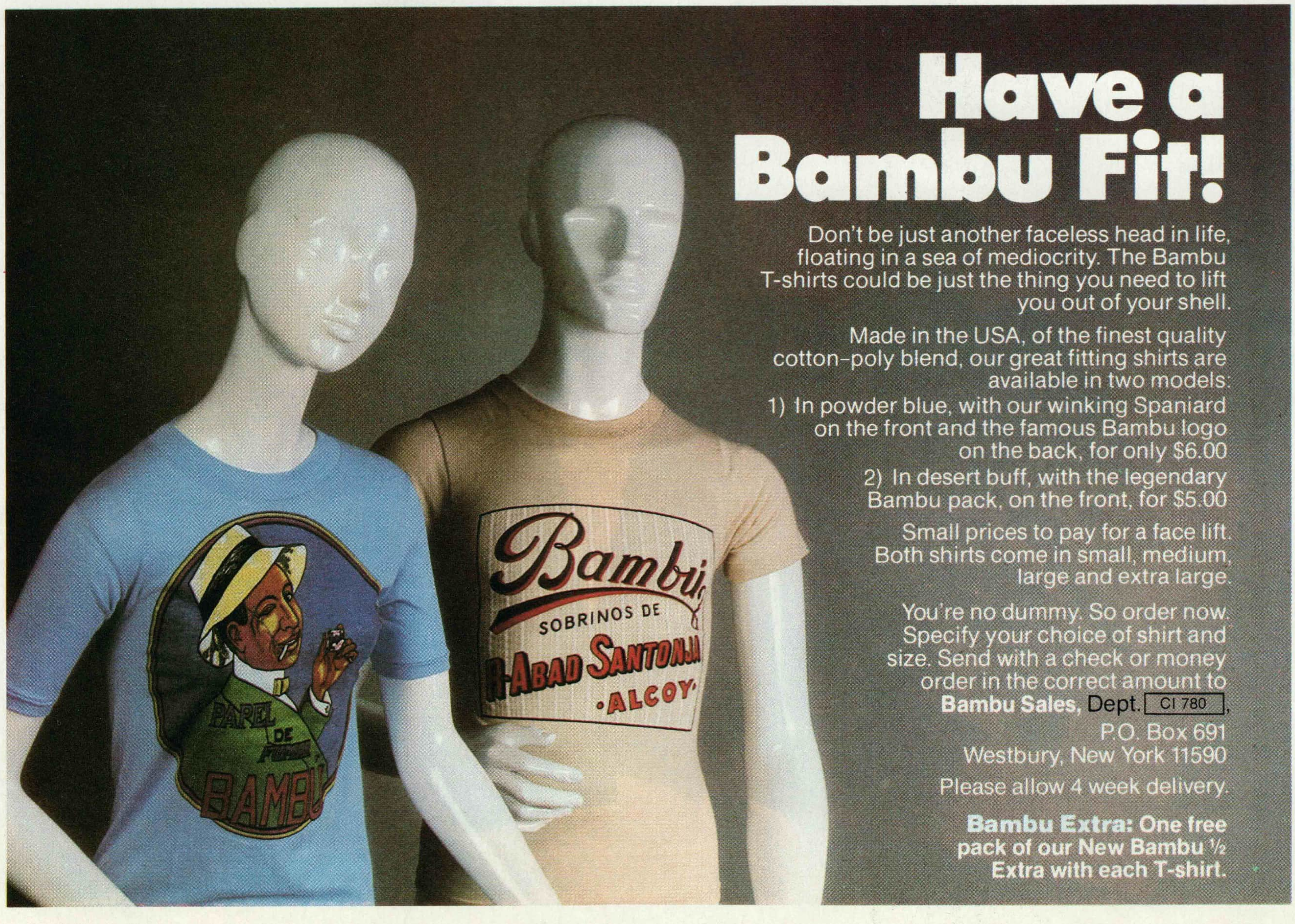

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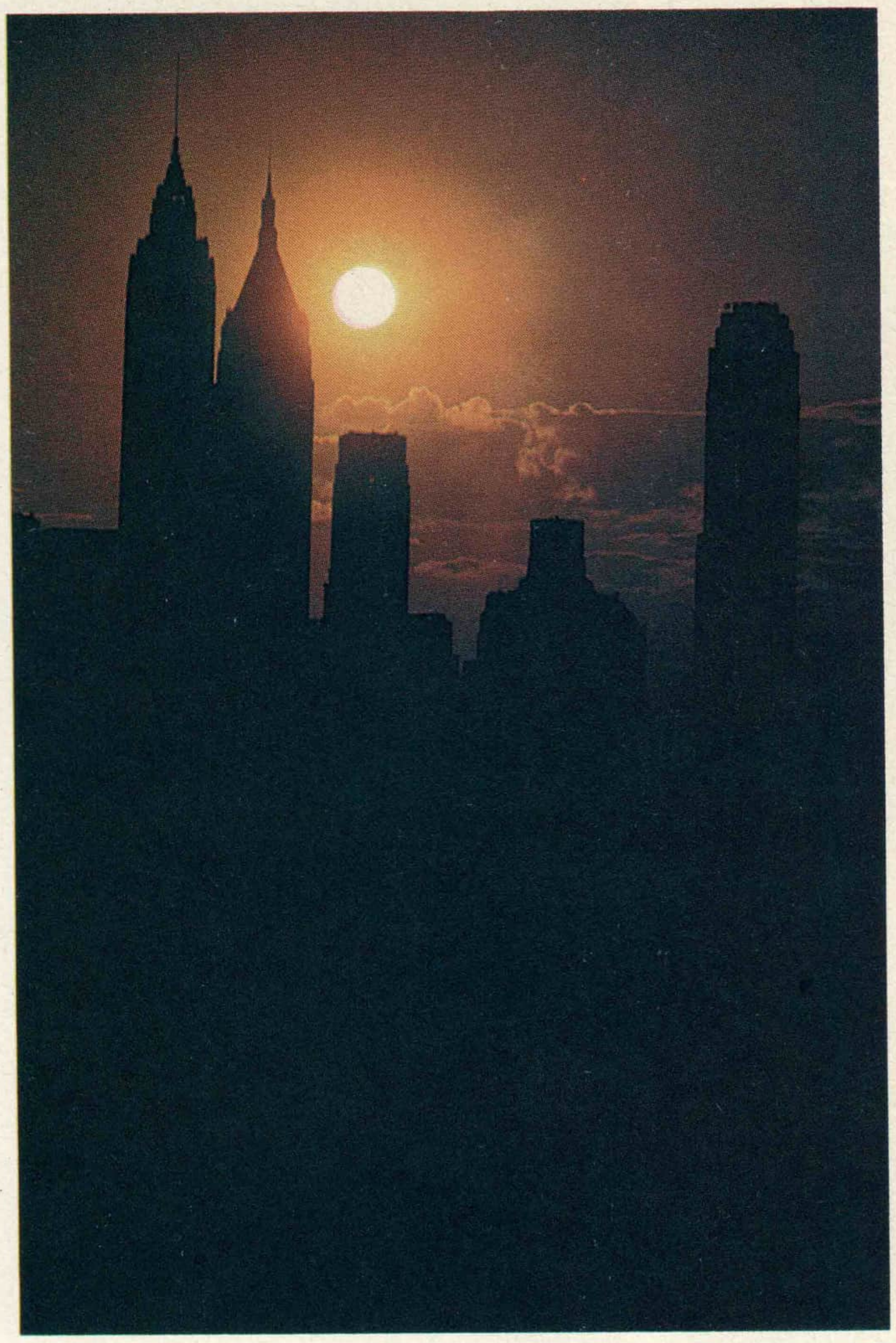
# NEW YORK THIGHLINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER



When Ian Potter left this magazine to go freelance we were anxious that his first portfolio for us, as an outsider, should be something very special. These visuals, which we almost called Wo-Manhattan, are testimony indeed to his undoubted flair behind the camera. Along with Fanny, Adam Cole, and Michel Moreau, he has joined that very exclusive breed who produce the special, visual magic which separates *Club International* from the rest. More unique ideas are sure to follow, as, like the rest of us, he has to eat.

Those of you with an eye for pretty faces will have realized the delightful blonde seen here adorning New York was last month sprawled across our front cover. Our ambition to bring you her pussy has come to fruition, and as it has not been seen in public before, our double gratitude to Ian. ♣

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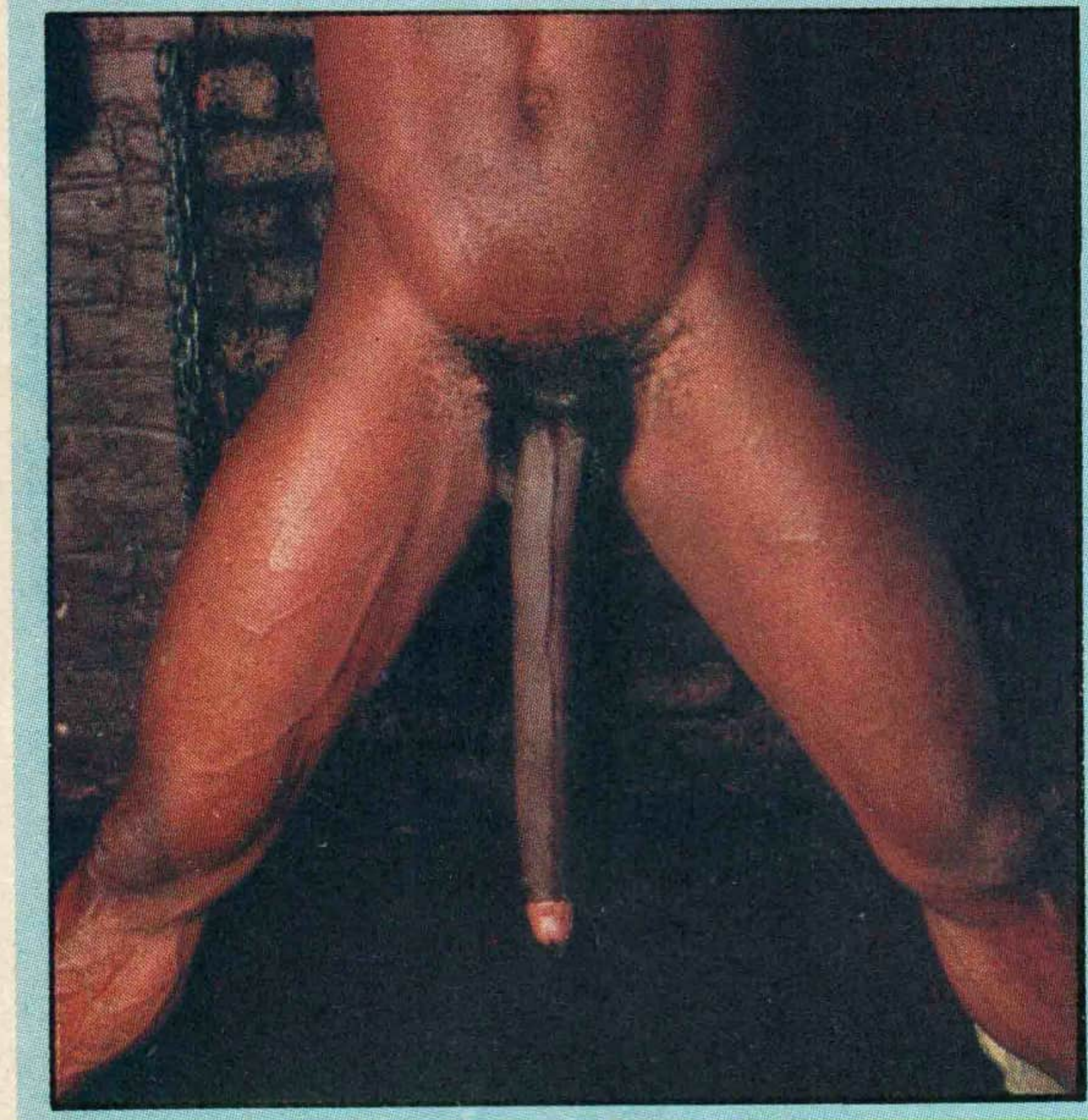

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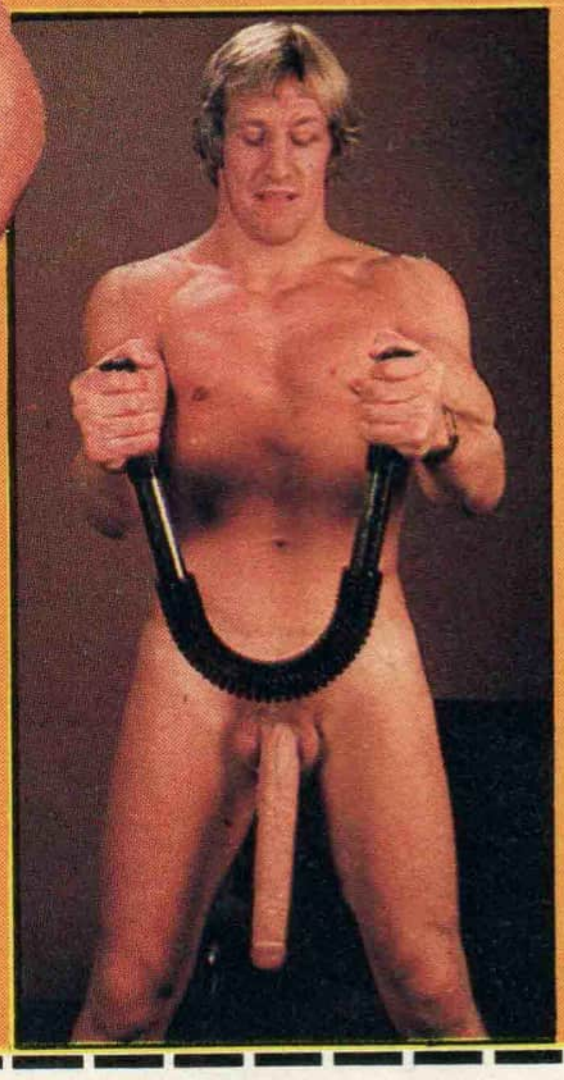

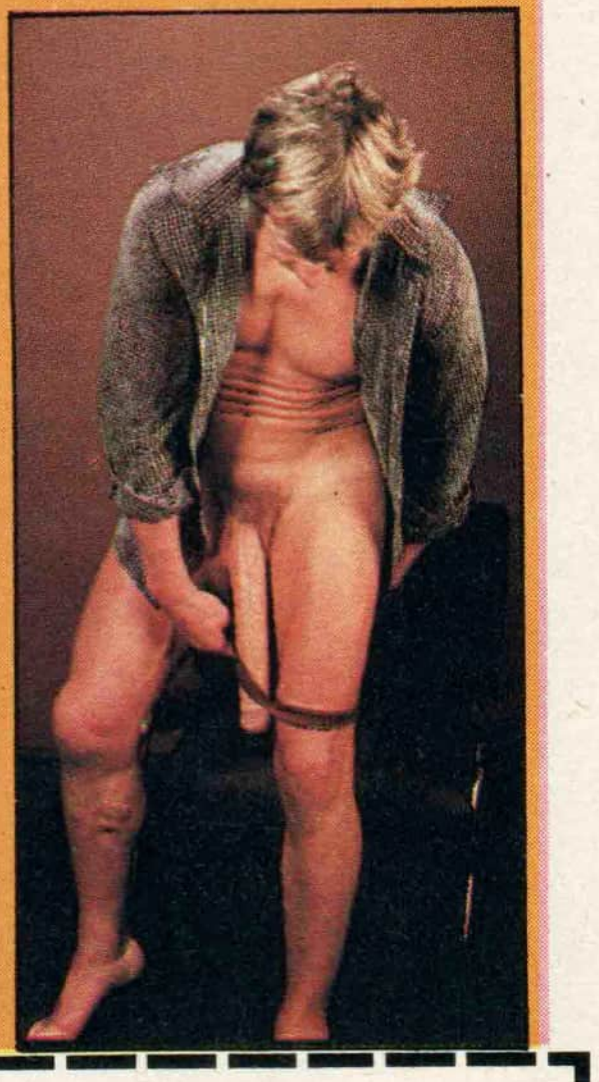

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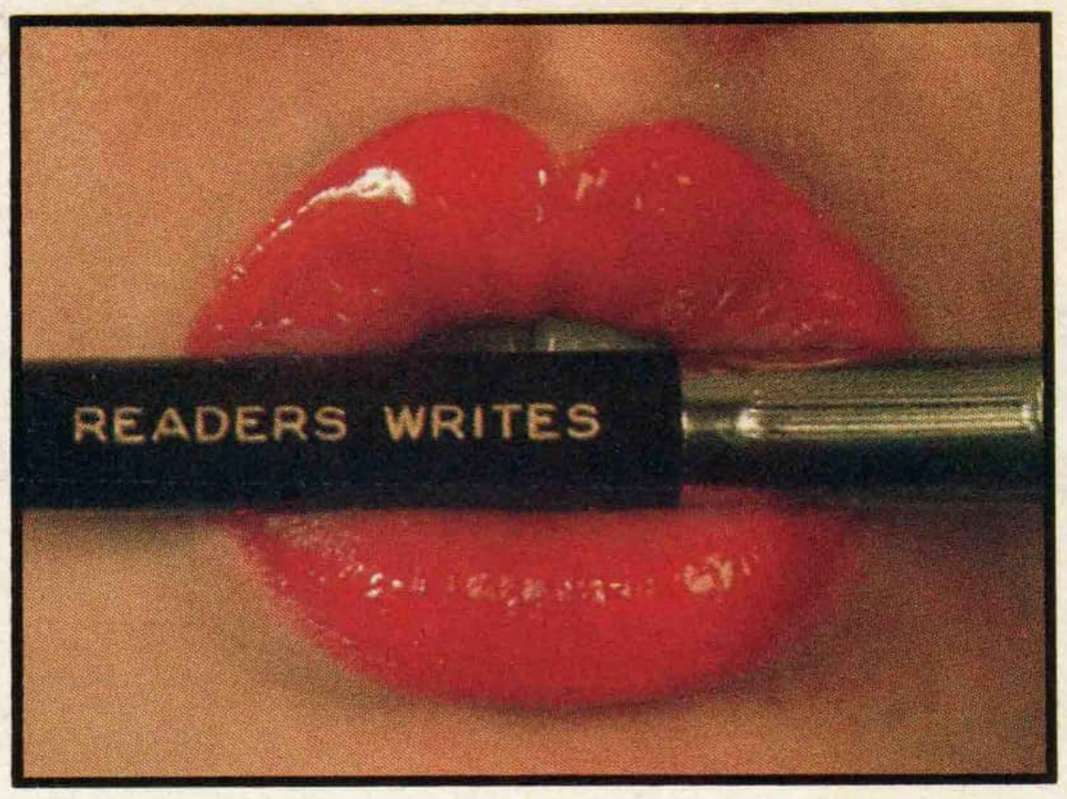

*continued from page 90*

brothel, but we sure had fun!
*C.F., Chicago, Illinois*

### It Works You Up

*Sir:* I overheard a stupid woman the other day saying that split-crotch panties were uncomfortable. In case any other men heard her as well, let me say that it's not true, but it is necessary to buy a good French pair. It's a great feeling, and so sexy, to be walking along the street with your bum warm and your cunt slippery and wet as the lips glide together. It works you up like mad.

I wear them all the time, after all, I never know when the urge is going to overtake me, and then all I have to do is lift my skirt. I've noticed that guys get turned on fast when they see little tufts of hair poking out instead of the panties they expected.
*P.L., Columbus, Ohio*

### Get Down

*Sir:* I like to eat it. I eat it until she screams with ecstasy. Then when she's orgasmed I eat it again. I think the longest time I have spent with my tongue inside that juicy honeypot was about four hours. During that time she must have had a dozen real orgasms.

I can't think of a better sight than a mound of bushy black hair, a pink slit, and that little knob which welcomes me like a long lost brother. Many guys shy away from pussy. They won't eat it, but they haven't tried it . . . And you know, once you have really eaten out a woman and given her real satisfaction she will never leave you for another. Once in a while I will penetrate her, but most of the time she massages me until I come . . .

Sandy tries all kinds of douches, and now that they have the various fruit flavors I have been regularly treated to such delights as strawberry, mint, and my favorite . . . lemon-lime. If any of you guys have been too chicken to go down on your girl, I suggest you try it . . . You'll never want to come up again, I can assure you. But make sure she douches first . . . with your favorite flavor.
*Steve, Bay City, Michigan* ♣

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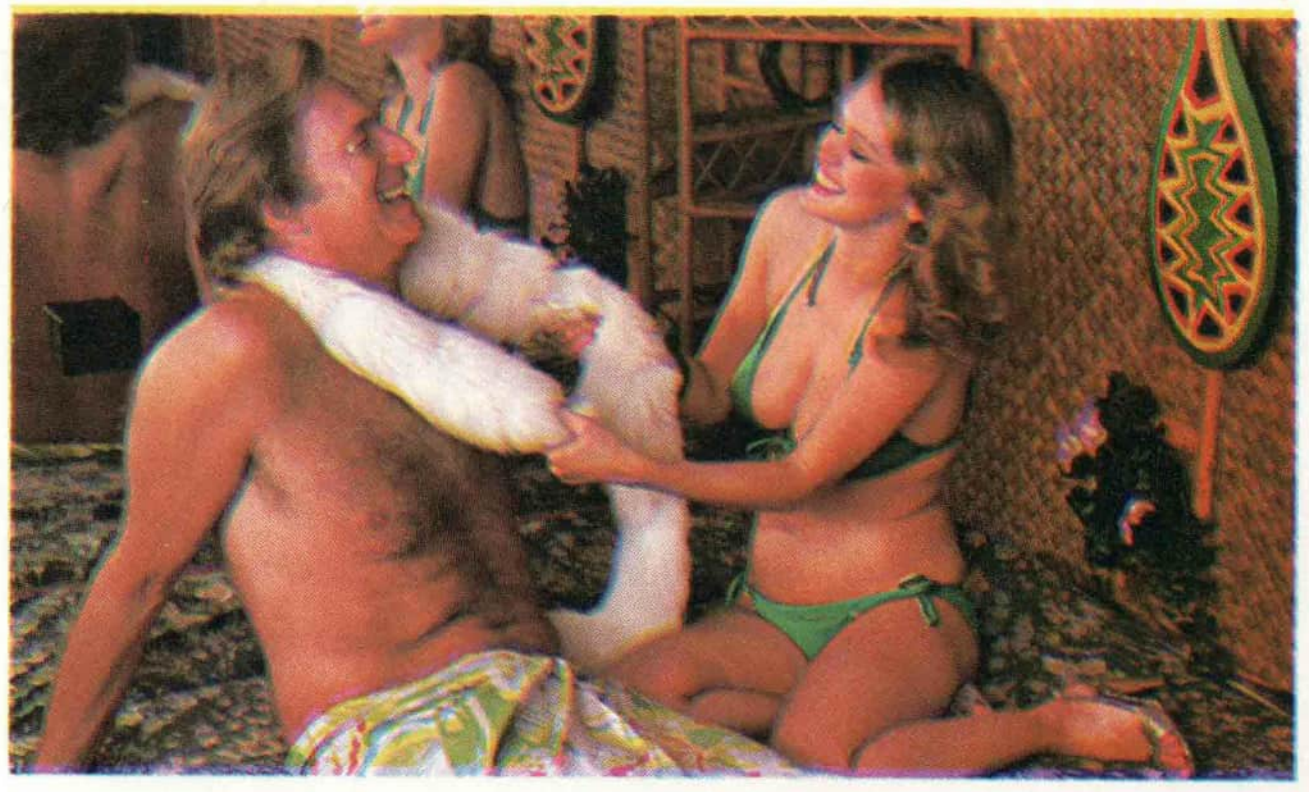
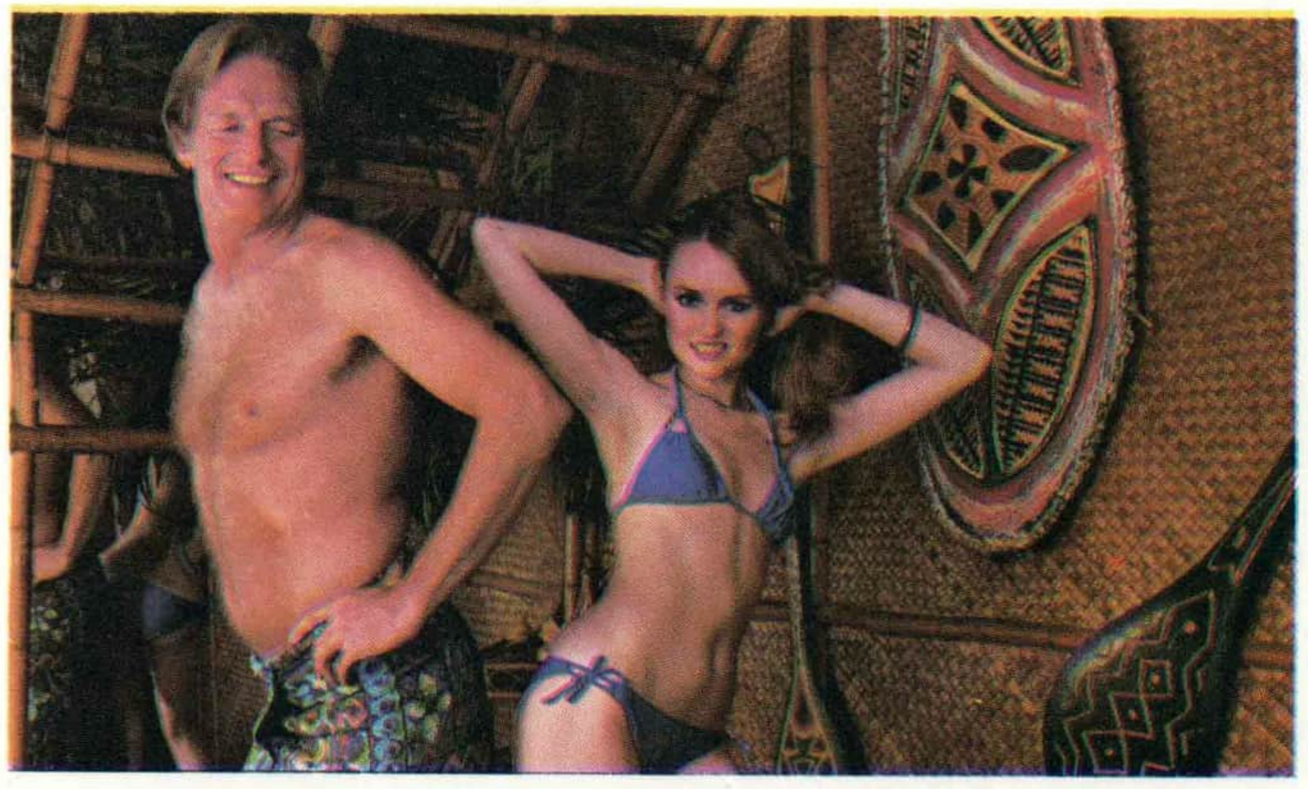


**Tickle My Fancy**—It's more fun than you can imagine. Christina loves it 'cause everybody has a different fancy.

**Sweet Nothings**—Nothing could be sweeter than lovely Laurie whispering, "We could make beautiful music together."



**Cheek to Cheek**—It's the greatest when you've got the right partner. Joanne shows you just how right the right partner can be.

**Bunny Hug**—Laurie and Christina ask, what could be nicer than a bunny hug? Two bunny hugs, of course.

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